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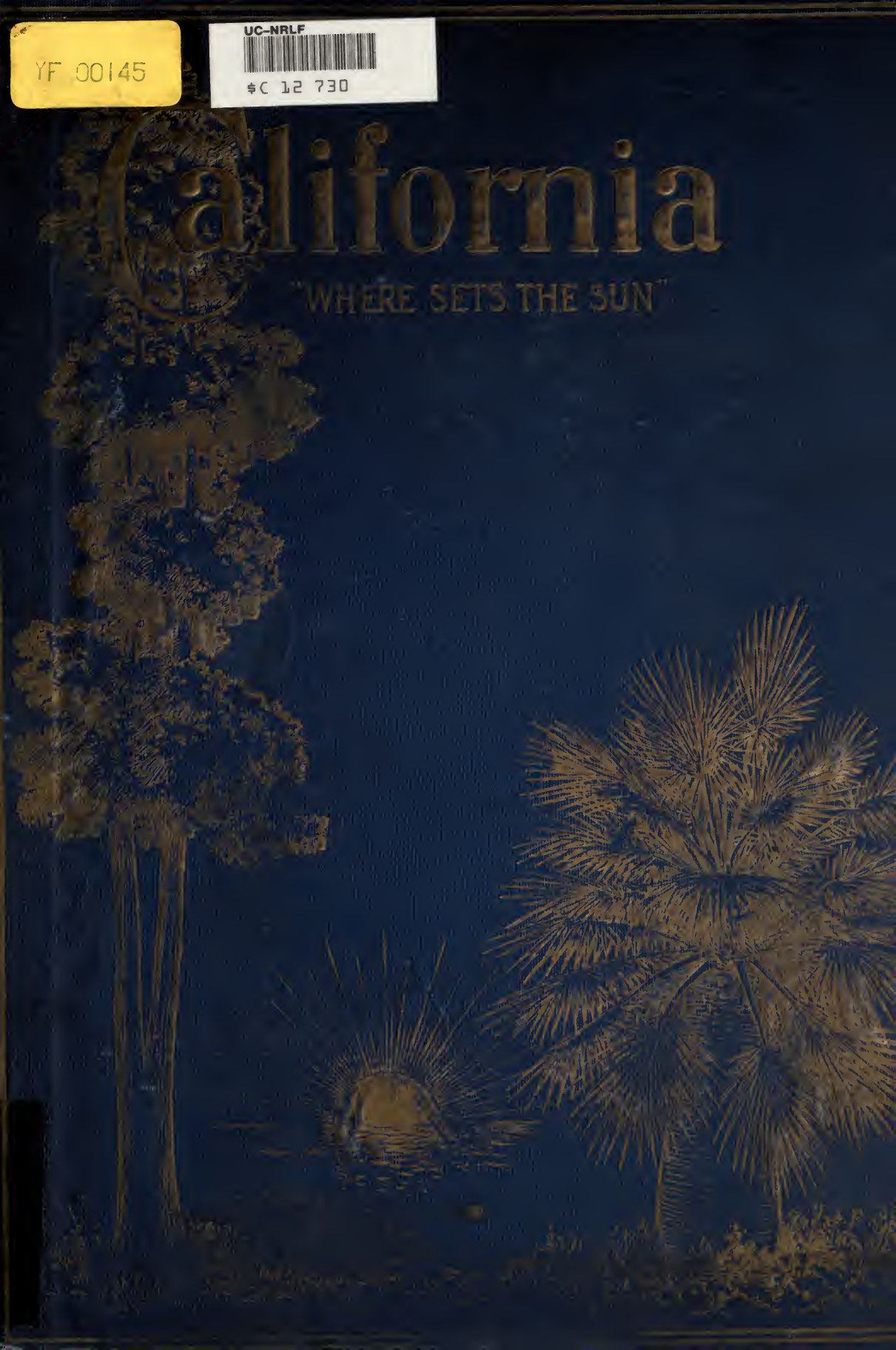
California

"WHERE SETS THE SUN"



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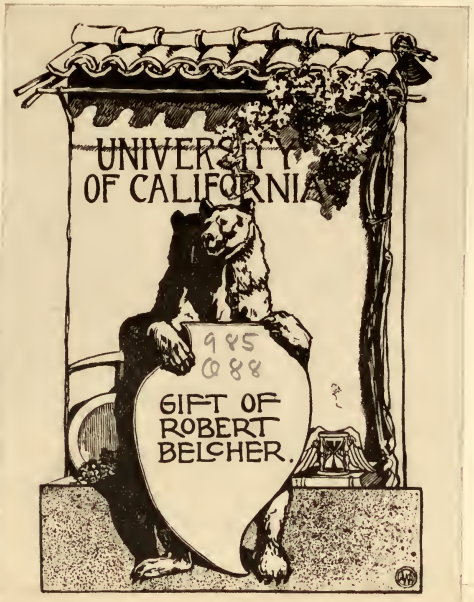

To Wm Horace Day

IN appreciation of your membership in the Eliza A. Otis Memorial Association, this volume of her Writings is presented to you by the Executive Committee, accompanied by their good wishes and those of the publishers and of the compiler.

1876-1904

CALIFORNIA

"Where Sets the Sun"

The Writings of Eliza A. Otis

(Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, long with the staff of the Los Angeles Times)

IN POETRY AND PROSE

Assembled, Arranged and Edited by Her Husband

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

IN TWO PARTS

UNDER ONE COVER

With Portraits of the Author and Other Illustrations;
also an Appendix, "Memorial Chimes"

LOS ANGELES
THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY
1905

BEECHER

Thought Journeys

In Times of Peace and War. Across the Continent from Ocean to Ocean. From Washington's Monument to the Golden Gate. From Pacific to Arctic Seas. From the City of the Angels to Old Mexico. From Childhood to the Verge of the Great Beyond.

PRICES: Popular Edition, $3.00; Edition de Luxe, $15.00.

Prefatory Notes.

The poems in this book span a period of more than a quarter of a century. Those of them produced previous to April, 1880, were written while the author lived in Santa Barbara; those written subsequent to July, 1882, were produced after she became a resident of Los Angeles.

The great abundance of literary material left by Mrs. Otis would have justified the publication of her writings in two volumes, which was at one time contemplated; but by adopting an exceptionally large page, using type of a moderate size, and separating the matter into two general sections (poetry and prose) under the same cover, a single large volume, beautifully printed and bound, is the result. The entire work on the volume—composition, electrotyping, illustrating, printing and binding—was done by the Times-Mirror Printing and Binding House.

Several of the poems on California originally appeared under that specific title. In this book these poems are numbered from II to VIII, inclusive, and appear on pages 1, 2, 3 and 4; each is separate and complete in itself, and not a subdivision. There are, besides, many others on the same favorite topic, bearing various appropriate titles.

A complete topical index is printed at the back of the book.

180128

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MRS. OTIS IN 1890.

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CALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN GATE.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Swing wide, O Golden Gate of mine!"

California:

"Where Sets the Sun."

A WONDROUS LAND. (1879.)

Thy year is one long Summer, and thy earth,
Cradled in sunshine, keeps her heart so warm
There is no room for shadow or the birth
Of devastating thunderbolt or storm.
Sweet singers in the old Past sang of thee,
And ships made paths across the pathless sea
To reach thy golden shores, for bards had told
Of thy sun-flooded plain and mountains gaunt and old;
And those brown Children of the Sun had dreamed
Of thy fair skies, until to them they seemed
Not quite of earth, for their wise ones had said:
Close by the gates of Paradise—sometimes ajar—
Broods endless Summer o'er a wondrous land,
With shining skies and golden strand,
And beauty like the undimmed brightness of a star.

II.

Dark-eyed and drowsy-lidded, with face brown
'Neath centuries of suns; with cheeks touched with
The rich carmine of the wild pink's flush, and
Wearing the gold of the wild poppy on
Her breast, regal in queenliness; her
Majestic forehead the Sierra's front;
Her breast the swelling hills, smooth-rounded, and
Her lithe limbs the fair valley stretching to
The sea, clad in rich garments of springing
Grasses and set with precious jewels of
Bright blossoms multitudinous; with a
Voice of liquid melody heard in her
Running streams and the soft whispers of the
Summer breeze, in the old past, which like a
Dream has vanished, was California,
Loved of the Sun, a maiden fair,
Wearing the golden arrows of the
Burnished West, flaming with tropic splendor,
As the rich clasp for the sunset mantle
Round her voluptuous shoulders thrown, to
Which the wanton breezes gave caressing touch,
While spicy odors lent their perfumes rare
To all her garments.
Sun-warmed and sun-browned
Were all the races, too, that told their love
Of her, with tawny cheeks warming beneath
Her ardent gaze. Upon the sunlit heights
They leaned to her and touched her robes with
Reverent fingers. The flowers which
Lay within her garment's folds had for their
Ears soft tongues of speech. Sierra heights were
Holy altars from which the mists of Morn
Uprose like sacred incense. The running
Streams babbled a prophecy of never-
Ending being as they ran on to see
The Ocean's vastness, beyond which lay the
Happy hunting-grounds, and the Good Spirit
Smiled. The wigwam's curling smoke rose to the
Blue, losing itself in sunshine. Peace was
In all the shining air, and Nature these
Her native sons fed lovingly. How fanned
The giant oaks their bronzed foreheads, and dropped
Them nuts to ease their hunger! How leapt the
Wild hare for their arrow's sport, and how stole
The deer into green thickets when their bow
Was strung, and the Sea laughed beneath their light
Canoes as swam the fishes for their rude-
Wrought nets. Ah! Nature loved them, her simple
Children, and California's heart was
Warm with their caress; yet still she kept it
Fancy free, and cast coy glances at the
Coming years, as if her dusky eyes held
Glance prophetic, and, vision-brightened, saw
The glory of her womanhood. She let
Them pass, those tawny chiefs who wooed her, and
The later race of Andalusia's
Sons, and kept her riches and her rarer
Graces veiled till came the final Conquerors.
Ah, then how gathered she her wines and poured
Them for their tasting! The orange bloom she
Twined in garlands for her forehead. The rich
Poinsettia made a ruby for her finger.
Her garments of wild grasses she threw off,
Attired herself in robes of golden wheat,
And decked herself with silken tassels of
The growing corn. White roses formed the
Border of her mantle, and "Cloth of Gold"
Was round her garment's hem. Her diamonds
She caught from playing fountains, and the light
Within her eyes was like the sunlight falling
Through swaying palms.
And then her lover came.
The one she was to wed, within his hand
The glorious banner bearing of the
Stripes and Stars. And she will be mother of
Royal sons, and Queen of Freedom's golden West,
And at her gates shall surging Empire rest.

III.

Child of the mountains and the wide blue sea,
Cradled in calm and sunshine, lo! I lie,
With hands outstretched unto the world afar,
Fragrant with Summer's breath on hill and lea,
Bright in my splendid glory as the star
Which gleams at twilight in the western sky,
Pinning Night's mantle round the breast of Eve,
As Night and Silence with soft fingers weave
The tender spell of beauty for my hours,
Which all the year are cradled with the flowers;
For e'en when Winter holds my mountain crests,
And heaps his snows upon their granite breasts,
Bright Summer dreams below, so glad, I wist,
In robes of gold or sunset amethyst.

So glad! so full of song and shining days,
Nursing the tawny hills upon her knees,
Kissing my valleys as they stretch so wide,
Long-limbed and fair down to my ocean ways,
Where, laughter-loving, creeps the silver tide,
And flings its whispers to the waiting trees.
Ah, how the days smile! how the air doth wake
To melody which bird and leaf-lute make!
The orange bloom is all the Winter's snow
That my fair, smiling valleys ever know.

Know ye the wonders of my hills and vales?
The marvels of my clime—sun-flooded, fair?
The gold that fills the bosom of my skies?
So beautiful its light, before it pales
The warm, full splendor of all tropic dyes.
Know ye the mighty forest trees, my trees—
Twin with old Time their leaf-crowned majesties—
Giants by ages cradled? When at the door
Of his white tent sat Abram, looking o'er
The plains of Mamre, lo! my trees, my trees,
My first-born children nursed I on my knees.

Giant Sequoias, old are they, so old,
Yet still not bent beneath the weight of years;
Their brows are leaf-crowned yet and very fair,
Their mighty arms are still thrust out so bold,
Catching the sunlight of the upper air,
Or daring the storm's strength as in wrath it nears.
And their grand trunks! the hills are not more strong,
And scarcely longer has to them the song
Of Earth's full-rhythmed voices been outpoured
From sea and crag and light-winged bird that soared.
And my glad hills, loved of the sun and air!
Grand in the changing lights of dawn and eve,
Calm in the yellow sunshine of the noon,
Looking upon my valleys which are fair,
And on my rivers which do flow in tune
With growing things, with harvests which do weave
Their blades of green and fruits of vine and tree,
With bud and blossom which for love of me
Make my land beautiful and pave with sweet
E'en the far bypaths of my wandering feet.

And my clear skies! how marvelous are they!
Deep as the far stars, and so wond'rous blue
They make a cloudless pathway for the Sun
Where he walks proudly from the opening day
Of the Young Year until its days are done,
With scarce a cloud for him to journey through;
And he looks down with calm, wide-open eyes
To where my pines and shadowy palm-trees rise,
And billowy seas of gardens, bright with flowers,
Fill the great lap of all my winter hours.

And my vast mountains! lo, I sit with them,
As they rise sunward to heaven's silent blue;
Their snowy mantles white as God's own light,
As if were trailing there His garment's hem;
And from their lofty crags, in misty white,
Leap my grand cataracts swift downward through
The mighty distances cleaving the air
Above the foreheads of my forests, where
Tower my cedars and my giant pines,
And wild beasts creep along their dusky lines.

Ages agone the mighty glacier ploughed
My fretted cañons, where now softly sing
Sweet, crystal streams, and granite walls loom high
Like rocky firmaments, their fronts embrowed
With ferns and chaparral; the narrow sky
Stretches a soft blue line the cañon over,
The great, broad world seems lost forevermore
In those deep bowels of the mighty hills,
Cradling tall forests and low-laughing rills.

Bride of the Sun am I! Was ever found
A bride more fair, with skies of sapphire light,
And brooding calm, and valleys blushing red
With fruits and wine, and blossoms hedging round
My hills and gardens through the whole year, fed
By the warm, nursing air, and day and night
Bosomed in my rich soil, by frost unchilled;
The winds, like song of birds, with soft notes trilled
To melody, and my rich harvests spread
Till with their fullness I am garmented.

And lord of Seas, my mighty sea, which waits
By the white sands upon my curving shores,
Laden with fragrance from the lands of balm,
Beating so softly at my Golden Gates,
Where broods the spirit of enduring calm;
And Summer holds the keys to all my doors;
Walking upon the sea or on the land,
She finds but beauty shed on every hand.
And calm of noon and calm of holy night,
And Time with smiling face above his loom,
Weaving his web of days and making room
For birth of grander empire which shall rise
Upon my soil beneath these sunset skies.

Swing wide, O Golden Gate of mine, swing wide!
Door of the world art thou, where men may come
And see my glory, see and enter in;
Borne onward by the swift, inrushing tide
Of mighty Empire, come, for I am twin
In my great future with the mighty Past;
And here shall Freedom triumph by my seas,
Strong as my mountains and my giant trees,
Unlock the doors of highest Destiny,
For love of blessed Liberty and me.

IV. (1882.)

How dieth the year in this land of delight?
In blossoms and sweetness, in sunlighted sheen,
In glory of freshness, in garments of green,
In warm tender breezes that whisper of June,
In the clasp of the roses, 'mid the breath of perfume.

V. (1886.)

Here are bird-song, and sunshine, and flowers,
And fair, tranquil, tropical hours;
Here Noon lies drowned in the sweets
Of blooming, odorous deeps,
And orange and olive and palm
Stand dreaming 'mid fragrance and calm;
In sunsets of gold die the days,
Passing down into star-lighted ways,
And summer bends low in the West,
And lays her fair head on the breast
Of the Year as it dies, and she weaves
A shroud of soft grasses and leaves.
There's no darkness or sorrow or blight,
No chill in the beautiful light
Of the days which come at the close,
But the Old Year sinks to repose
'Mid freshness and blossoms and song;
And freshness and blossoms and song
Usher in the New Year at its dawn.

VI. (1902.)

O great-browed goddess! Empress of the Seas,
Whose light waves fringe thy golden garment's hem,
Whose lofty mountains and whose giant trees
Weave for thy brow a priceless diadem
Such as no other land may proudly claim:
How glorious shall be thy future fame,
For lo! the moving tide of Empire waits
To enter here within thy Golden Gates.

The rich soil of thy vast wide valleys lies
In shining gold of fadeless sunshine rolled,
The rains with silver wands hide in thy skies,
Waiting thy Winter's glory to unfold.
And Growth, how grandly do her armies rise,
How silently the brown old Earth's surprise,
Following the wake of the first Winter showers,
Which hold within their arms thy harvest dowers.

Thy perfect limbs, how fully rounded they,
How rich the milk of Plenty in thy breast!
Splendid thy garments trail along the way,
By thy flower-sandaled feet so lightly prest.
Oh, Summer loves thee, and she folds her arms
About thee ever while she gives her charms
Unto thy keeping; wealth of olive trees
And orange-bloom and fruit, she gives thee these.

And thy great vineyards! How the golden Day
Lies dreaming 'mid their vines sun-wrapped and warm,
And her large-lidded eyes, how full are they
Of beauty's brightness, all undimmed by storm.
Thy songbirds sing through all the happy year,
And thy wild cascades, ever crystal clear,
Weave their white foam and silver-flying mist
In garments fair as rose and amethyst.

The marvels of Yosemite are thine,
And glory of vast forests wide and grand;
Touching the skies, thy highest mountains shine
With coronet of sunbeams which the hand
Of Night studs thick with stars; the strength of hills
Is thine, and all thy being stirs and thrills
With their great strength, and all thy valleys lie
Bright in their wond'rous glory 'neath the sky.

And O thy vales! where grow thy fields of corn,
And thy great valleys garmented with wheat,
Like billowy seas they catch the light of Morn,
While o'er them pass the softly-moving feet
Of the low winds that, shod with breath of balm,
But faintly stir the pulse of blessed calm
Thy children love. And O thy oil and wine
As plenteous are as thy year's full sunshine!

O gracious Queen! thy gifts thou givest free,
And giveth large as doth no other land.
No suppliant vain is Labor unto thee;
Thou holdest countless treasures in thy hand
To give to Toil, and e'er thy smiling face
Is full of promise, and thou makest place
For Plenty's stores wherever Toil abides,
For daily on the never-failing tides

Of golden sunshine thou dost freely pour
The wealth of rich abundance for thy soil.
When the long, cloudless summer-time is o'er,
At the first coming of the Winter's rain,
Earth groweth glad and Plenty laughs with life,
The buried seed awakes with quickened, throbbing life,
And all the mellow landscape feels the thrill
Of pregnant harvests on every vale and hill.

How fair, O Queen of Lands! how bright and fair
Then art thou, and how gaily thou art drest
In robes of emerald which everywhere
Are gemmed with flowers, while upon the crest
Of thy round hills the poppies' gold is seen,
Fit coronet for such a gracious queen;
And birds pour tides of song along thy way
And Winter dreams within the arms of May.

The future Queen of Freedom's Empire thou,
And proud thy scepter over land and sea;
We see thy morrow's dawning even now,
The glorious promise of thy Yet-to-be.
Within the ruts of dead and vanished years
Thy old Past lies, and now the Present hears
The onward march of Progress in thy gate,
And thou wilt keep thy trust inviolate.

VII. (1902.)

Strange, beauteous land, unlike all other lands,
Monarch of vastness, grandeur is thy dower;
Thy giant mountain peaks do upward tower,
Till Winter boldly on their summit stands
In frozen silence, while below him lies
A summer zone of tropic harvestries.

O Wonderland! The mighty "half-world sea"
Clasping the Orient and its isles afar,
Its white waves leaping as if they would unbar
In every land its hidden mystery,
Creep to thy shores and murmur but of peace,
As if they'd hush all strife and bid it cease.

The sun goes down upon thy sea's broad breast,
And leaves thy loftiest mountains all aglow
With wond'rous light like Summer's overflow;
Thy vernal valleys do in silence rest;
How vast, how vast and far they reach away,
As if they zoned at once both night and day.

O wond'rous land! Land of the Afternoon!
The long, long ages they must tell thy story,
For here shall be unfolded Freedom's glory;
For out of Nature's vastness shall come soon
Great men, grand men, kindred with mountain height
And mighty plain, all sun-illumined and bright

As the unshadowed sky. No room is here
For moral weaklings, who ever do belie
All Nature's grandeur, all her wise ministry.
Here, drinking in this sun-filled atmosphere,
The future yet may see the coming man
Fulfill the highest purpose of God's plan.

VIII. (1904.)

O California! Land of golden light,
Sleeping beside the seas, wearing the white
Of Winter snows only upon the crests
Of lofty mountains reaching to the stars:
How sweet thy Summer dreams, how full of peace!
Thy sunset's gold is bright and falleth still,
Like shining river over vale and hill;
The whisper of thy leaves is like a song,
Thy months glide brightly over flower-clad ways,
And Summer smiles through all thy length of days.

What other land can give us gifts like thine,
What other land unto the stars lifts high
Its mountain-walled, dome-carved Yosemite,
Whose Falls seem dropping from the sky's blue deep,
With shining rainbows wrapped about their feet?
Thy cloudless skies! how bright their wond'rous blue!
Thy High Sierras, O how vast and grand!
A background for the world they seem to stand,
A rock-hewn firmament the gods might dare
To climb in silence to the upper air.

Cool breezes flow from out thine ocean tides
Which ripple o'er thy beaches' shining sands.
And health and balm are in thy perfect air.
The rose of health is on thy garment's hem,
Time weaves for thee its sun-filled diadem;
Thy years of golden days are sweet as song,
December wears the blessed guise of June,
Laughs with the flowers and keeps his heart in tune
With the glad Maytime—the pathways of his feet
Are fragrance-paved by countless blossoms sweet.

Thy valleys are like empires vast and wide,
Where pine and palm do linger side by side,
Where through the year each month its harvest knows,
And the warm tide of sunshine ever flows.
Great wheat-fields ripple like a golden stream,
Thy vineyards with a wine-filled fruitage gleam,
Thy fruits and blossoms greet us everywhere,
And thousand birds with music fill the air.
Could Eden's world have been more fair than thine,
More bright its days, more gold in their sunshine?

SEMI-TROPIC CALIFORNIA. (1885.)

The world is sweet and dewy-eyed and fair,
The whole Year, crowned with blossoms, sits within her gates;
December, rosy-lidded, breathes but perfumed air,
Orange and tropic palms the Old Year's exit waits.
I wander out amid the flower-gemmed paths;
Bananas droop their branches, lilies swing
White perfumed censers, and in golden baths
Of flooding sunshine, like a scarlet flame,
The humming-bird is seen; gay roses fling
Their dewy petals to the wandering breeze,
And, with a flutter like the young heart's beat,
The bright-winged birds upon the branches sing,
Till all the air is stirred to echoes sweet.
The bees pass humming by on drowsy wing,
And like wingéd flowers, or drifting gold, fair
White butterflies and golden ones sail on
Beneath the orange-laden boughs, and there
In the soft shadows crickets chirp; upon
The whiteness of the sweet alyssum's bloom
Swings the gay beetle; in her cloth of gold
The Queen of Roses with her royal lips—
Which all the winter days have made not old—
Stoops to the purple of the honeyed lips
Of heliotrope; and at eventide
Eve's dainty footsteps o'er the golden plain
Of the warm West, its sunset gates flung wide,
Sandaled with crimson and with scarlet flame,
Pass down; then turns the sunset gold to gray,
And purpling shadows slowly are unfurled,
And a soft hush through Nature steals its way,
Sound lieth soundless on the evening air,
And Night's star-jeweled gates close round the world.

OUR SUMMER LAND. (1895.)

A land of sunshine, where does grow the palm,
The orange ripens golden as its days,
The blossoms laugh along its shining ways,
And the whole year breathes blessedness and balm.

What of its mountains lifted to the skies?
Snow-crowned their summits and sun-kissed their sides.
From which outpour the many crystal tides,
Feeding the vales where Summer ever lies—

Bright Summer, knowing only blossoming,
And ripening fruits and harvests full and free,
And song of birds, and brooks' sweet minstrelsy,
And where no clouds the lightest shadows fling.

What of its Winter? Oh, 'tis but a dream—
Rose-sprinkled, sun-crowned, color-full and fair,
And emerald-footed, bathing everywhere
In balm and fragrance. Our winters gleam

With the warm sunshine, revel in the light
Of sapphire skies. Soft south winds blow;
The dun clouds gather, and then swiftly, lo!
Winter is here, such winter as we know—

Warm with the heart of Summer, no more athirst,
Baptized one day with rain, and through and through
Thrilling with waking life, waiting anew
For the glad sunshine from the sky to burst.

Roots stir, birds sing, and Earth's laughing face
Swift gathers beauty, while the grasses spring,
Blossoms unfold, and butterflies find wing,
And Winter steals the charm of Summer's grace.

BRIDE OF THE SUN. (1897.)

O Love of mine! O gentle love of mine
Is this fair-bosomed land, with tender rose
In its soft cheek, and eyes most blue, as if
Within them lay the light-filled Orient,
With breath that smells of musk and fragrant bay,
And all the scents of ever-flow'ring climes.
Upon thy hills blooms the wild lilac, and
The poppy's gold lies like a sea, and all
The wild-flowers lift their lovely heads, each
Leaf a-smile with gladness, as if beneath
Were hid a happy soul that is beloved
Of Beauty. How thy grasses leap at the
Magic touch of rain, to garment with soft
Emerald thy bare, brown hills, that through the
Long Summer days have slumbered dreamlessly,
Cradled in loving sunshine. The waving palm
Drops his thin shadows in the golden noon,
Like long, light scimitars upon the soft
Velvet of the sod. The calla swings its
Censer, filled with its perfumed incense, sweet
As the fabled balm of blessed Gilead;
While the innocent-eyed violet peers
With wide-open lids into December's
Face and smiles. But momently, ah! ever
Constantly, my heart turns with reverent
Love unto thy mountained heights, standing like
Kingly Titans at Dawn's open door, and
At the Sunset's threshold, where the sea throws
Its great arm about the smiling shore.
O mountain world! Time pillows his head upon
Thy glorious crests, and old Eternity
Doth whisper of the Past, while kneeling in
Splendor are the lesser hills, worshiping
Thy vastness. O starry worlds! this voiceful
Choir of hills joins in the chant ye sing
To mountained majesty, whose foreheads grand
Bare themselves to storm, yet front the Sun in
Glory, and clap their hands unto the swift
Tempest, and it trembles amid their pines.
The centuries they tell like some fair nun
Her beads, and moveless stand, Sphinx-like, as when
Old Pan poured forth his tuneful notes to their
Unheeding ears. Glorious the valleys
Smiling in the Sun at their vast base, with
Sweet Summer in their hearts, holding the notes
Of mocking-bird and blessed robin's
Song, which steal the heart of Joy to make it
Fuller still of joyousness. O world of
Ours! how doth the Sun love thee, as thou dost
Lie baptized in holy calm and sunny
Gold. His bride art thou, and he will cherish
Thee till Earth sleeps breathless in the tomb of Time.

OUR FAIR SOUTHLAND. (1893.)

Behold this Southland, 'neath as perfect skies
As ever Sun shines on, or stars arise;
Laughing in beauty, redolent with bloom,
Its Winter fair as is a Summer's noon;
Where butterflies with fluttering wing drift on
The Sun's warm tides, and the gay flowers don
Their brightest colors, pouring nectared sweet
O'er all the pathways of our wandering feet.
The hills grow golden with their yellow sheen
Of light, which ever the warm, ceasless Sun
The swaying grasses; orange orchards stand
Like emerald seas, stretched out on every hand,
Filled with their yellow globes, like round moons spun
Of light, which ever the warm, ceaseless Sun
Feeds with his beams, and ever the low din
Of insect voice is heard, while spiders spin
Their webs of silver on the growing grass,
Where the light footsteps of the breezes pass,
Loitering as if they fain would steal
Some of Earth's sweetness. Busy ants reveal
Their sand-built workshops, and the dead leaves fall—
In miracle of wond'rous color all—
On velvet sward, from trees that yet have learned
Not the sweet lesson of the Winter turned
To deathless Summer. Luminous days are set
Color-full like the fire opal, and yet
Filled full of balm is the Midwinter's heart—
Days in which storms have never any part;
Days full of restfulness and Beauty's soul,
And radiant gladness, as if their whole
Brooded of birth and miracles of growth,
And all the wide, sweet land were nothing loath
To drink its fill of sunshine and be steeped
In light, while the sweet passing hours up-heaped
Roses 'round them, and all the birds' souls woke,
Brimming with song, and from the silence broke
Till the whole air with melody was drowned,
And trees chimed in with many a whispering sound
From leaves innumerable. The still noons,
Golden with light, are full of happy dreams

Akin to summer's brightest; running streams
Syllable in music the dreams they hold
Of ripening harvests gleaming in the gold
Of yellow wheat and corn and orange spheres
And amber wines; and, ever listening, hears
The passing hour the swift advancing tread
Of Ceres coming, by Pomona led.
The hum of bees December bends to hear,
Poured in soft murmurs to the waiting ear;
In greenest meadows the sleeek cattle feed
'Mid the lush grasses; note they not nor heed
Midwinter's presence. No mad moods has he
Of storm or cold or elemental revelry;
Sandaled with blossoms, lo! he passes here,
Sun-crowned and fruitful, monarch of the year.

THE LAND WE LOVE. (1901.)

O Land of Sun! beneath this radiant blue
How fair thou liest! how thy mountains rise
As seeking heaven! Upon their summits high
An angel's footsteps well might halt to rest,
While the bright world lying beneath his feet
In golden glory did his vision greet.

No cloud is in our heav'ns, the deep-blue skies
Seem infinite, and the great Sun doth march
From the far East unto the West's wide door,
Like a proud monarch clad in robes of light,
And lo! his beams upon the Earth's broad floor
Make Summer in this land forevermore.

She lies a-dream within our fruitful vales,
She nestles where our vineyards stretch afar,
Like wine the fragrance of Earth's wond'rous bloom
Fills all her senses till she smiles with joy.
And when the rains come, O how swift the feet
Of the young grasses as they spring to greet

The glory of new growth! The vital air
Throbs with fresh gladness, while Summer steals
Like a young maiden to the Passing Year,
Till his old heart is gladdened by her smile,
And, age forgotten, like a king he stands,
Crowned with the flow'rs from her own tender hands.

October's light is now within our skies,
October's mellow ripeness floods the air;
The shimmering leaves are breeze-touched—pines and palms
Wave branches green, while gold-winged butterflies
Skim paths which birds have paved with happy song,
And naught reminds us Summer days are gone.

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE. (1896.)

Land of the Sun! of skies divinely blue;
Of Summer dreaming 'mid her flowers and dew;
Where all the months their rosary of days
Tell of the gold of Light's unclouded rays.
The snow-clad mounts, the elder priests of Time,
Are now uplift in majesty sublime;
Mantled in white, their foreheads in the blue
Of shining skies, their base in sparkling dew
Soft bathed, while smiling Summer, blossom-crowned,
Sheds the sweet fullness of her fragrance 'round;
The orange bloom the valley's only snow,
And perfume-laden all the winds that blow.
In valleys wrapped in grassy emerald sheen,
With laughing streams their flower-decked banks between,
We sit and dream, O heights! below thy crest,
While Summer soothes us to delighted rest.

Glad August comes with the full-ripened year,
The flooding sunshine fills the ambient air,
And Nature lies in sweet content so fair,
Nor dreams that Autumn's steps are drawing near.

For Autumn is but Summer in disguise
In this fair clime where it is June alway
In its glad brightness, or the nursing May,
Whose hands are filled with flowers, whose skies

Have wond'rous deeps so warm and clear
That Growth walks 'neath them ever, and does see
Each month enriched by ripened harvestry,
Even when our so-called Winter cometh here.

Our Winter! Ah! how laugh its emerald vales,
How gleam its hills with golden poppies' glow,
How fragrant are its orange blossoms' snow,
How bright its roses bloom, nor ever pales

The fair white splendor of its lilies' forms,
Whose perfect fragrance cheers us everywhere,
Nor dieth bird-song on its balmy air;
And when do come the Winter's welcome storms,

Beauty is born anew, the hillsides smile,
Life stoops to kiss the lips of all the flowers,
The pearls of raindrops through the happy hours
Shimmer upon the forest leaves, the while

The light winds breathe as if they were asleep;
The clouds hang tenderly above the land
As if they were a mother's sheltering hand,
And would from harm the springing grasses keep.

The rain, it is a baptism of birth,
It ushers in Earth's resurrection morn,
And golden sunsets with rich color warm,
And Summer's life unto our waiting earth.

December walks the air-ways of the skies,
And counts his golden rosary of hours,
His glad amen is heard in Winter showers,
From out of which the new-born blossoms rise.

Glory of color and of growth are ours,
December as a king his robes of state
Puts on, jeweled with flowers, a fitting mate
For blooming June with all her golden hours.

For not a single leaf doth he cast off
That ever-gracious Summer smiling wore,
And richer are his countless gifts to us
Than all the Summer's rich, unnumbered store.

II. (1900.)

Great light-robed land, all mountain-crowned and fair,
With thy grand heights uplifted to the Sun,
Where bird notes in melodious rivers run;
Land blossom-paved, whose softly pulsing air
Lies as 'twere anchored in delightful dream
On seas of sunlight, golden as the day
When Summer walks unclouded all the way
From dawn to starry dusk,
With fragrant smell of musk,
And orange scent within her shining hair,
And violet-odors smelling fresh and sweet
As the rose anklets bound above her feet.

Land glorious in beauty! Thy broad fields
Are orchard-nursing breasts, while vineyards wide
Drowse in the daylight, with their purple tide
Draining the sunshine, which forever yields
Its ripening splendor till the soft warm Eve
Drops down upon the land, its starry eyes
Filling with tender light the far-off skies—
Eves when the song of bird
Is tremulously heard,
Falling within the starry silences,
In the dusk-gardens where the blossoms sweet
Baptize with fragrance ev'ry wanderer's feet.

I love thy warm rich zone of cloudless light,
Thy purple mountains lifted to the skies,
Thy broad, rich fields of endless harvestries;
Thy countless song-birds, winging in their flight
The golden air and flooding it with song;
Thy blossom-nursing summers which do go
Flower-laden to the lap of Winter, so
Sun-kissed that he doth seem
A sweet June-laden dream,
Perfect in beauty, garmented in light,
With blossoms breathing balm like Summer's breath,
While bird-song unto bird-song answereth.

And thy great Future! O it is to me
Like some enchanted vision that doth hold
My fancy captive; like some epic told
By bard divinest while we wonderingly
List to the marvels that he doth unfold,
And the air stirs delightfully, and thrills
With conscious gladness as each echo fills
Our list'ning fancy's ear.
Oh, it is near, so near!
The wondrous Future of this land of ours,
And, empire-shod and promise-crowned, I see
No shadow darken its grand destiny.

III. (1900.)

Summer has scarce a month of sunny ways
To walk before the coming autumn days
Are with us here; yet still she smileth sweet,
And all the pathways for her dainty feet
Are blossom-strewn and fragrant as the dew
Dropped from the chalices of June, when new
The flowers awoke to make the whole world fair,
And perfume all the shining deeps of air.

But in this clime of ours fair Autumn's face
Is twin with Summer's, and she lacks no grace
That sweet June wears, and even Winter's feet
Walk Summer's paths, and, wooing, he does meet
Her in the wood and on the hillsides fair,
And hand in hand they wander everywhere;
Birds sing and blossoms smile, and breezes stir
As soft for him as e'er they did for her.

And they are wedded amid buds and bloom,
And Winter seems not to have reached the noon
Of joyous life; youth rests upon his brow,
His face is fair as that of Summer's now;
Age touches not his form within this clime;
He walketh like a young man in his prime;
Decay shrinks from him and his way is rife
With perfect beauty and unfailing life.

IV. (1903.)

This perfect day! I sit me down
And watch its light and watch the sky—
The vast, blue, cloudless vault on high,
Without a scar, without a frown.

I see the glory of the trees
On which the golden sunlight rests;
I see the shining mountain crests
And catch the whisper of the breeze.

And lo! The little opening flower
Smiles upward into Winter's face,
Each blossom lending earth the grace
Of wond'rous Beauty's dower.

The waters flash beneath the sky,
Enwrapped in smiling silver sheen,
A mirror the green slopes between,
And bright-winged birds above them fly.

The tropic palms wave green and fair,
Dropping their shadows at our feet,
Earth dreams of silence where they meet,
And finds a quiet place for prayer.

Our Winter, with bright Summer's soul,
Pours perfumed incense near and far,
It smiles like her at sun and star,
Filling with sweetness every bowl

Of opening lilies that we see,
Waking the happy birds to song
From every day's resplendent Dawn
To Evening's silent mystery.

O love! O love! We find it here,
God's love in every bush and tree
Which He has formed so perfectly
Within this sun-filled atmosphere.

Here all our days are warm as love,
And, color bright, they smile and bless
With all their fadeless loveliness.
How can we doubt it is God's love

That makes them fair, that makes them bright
As those first days when Earth was young,
And earthly Time had just begun,
When all was good in God's own sight?

Dear land of beauty, land so bright,
Wrong should not find a foothold here,
No sound of strife should smite the ear,
We should pave pathways for the Right.

OUT OF DOORS IN SUNLAND. (1902.)

I see the butterflies within the air,
And bees are buzzing in the sunlight, too,
And beauty lies about me everywhere,
From the bright earth unto the skies so blue.

There's music, too, amid the whisp'ring leaves,
There's glory on the crests of flow'r and tree,
And wond'rous are the robes October weaves,
And light her steps and full of ecstacy.

Like a glad maiden, lo! she wraps her 'round
With countless blossoms bright with Color's sheen;
Th' myriad grasses' stir gives forth a sound
As the soft breezes lightly creep between

Their many blades; 'tis but a whisper low,
Yet Nature hears and smileth at the voice,
There's nothing still of all the things that grow,
And all things 'round me seem to cry, Rejoice!

How old, how old the little stone that lies,
So shapely round and smooth, beneath my feet;
Since first was spread above the bending skies
It has not failed the opening morn to greet.

The long, long years of Time the hills have known,
The water's voice the ages all has thrilled,
And the glad chorus of the blossoms, too,
Since Time began has never once been stilled

In this sweet Summer-World where we abide,
Where on the hills the Morning lifts her wings,
Golden with light throughout the passing year,
And where in every tree the glad bird sings.

A GOLDEN SUNSET. (1900.)

O ye grand mountains! pillars of the upper air,
Last eve I saw ye standing wondrously fair;
The glory of God's touch was on ye, and His light
Transformed your highest crests until they all grew bright
As angel pathways, and I seemed to clearly see
The footprints they had left. Gold, and the witchery
Of Earth's regal glory upon your topmost height
That wrapped your royal shoulders. Gleaming amethyst
Was on your shining foreheads, and the sky leaned down
To look into your faces, and to lay the crown
Of Earth's regal glory upon your topmost height
Ere it should steal behind the curtain of the Night.
How glorious were ye when in the distant West
Night laid her first bright star upon the Evening's breast.
Your purple robes flowed 'round ye, full and warm,
And on your crest Light smiled as never cloud or storm
Could darken them or make the glory 'round them pale.
O mounts! ye are my teachers, and ye never fail
In your divinest lessons. Grandeur and power
Breathe in their fullness 'round ye as ye tower,
Fronting the stars, and littleness is crucified as ye
Voice ever the omnipotence of Deity.

A ROYAL SUNSET. (1900.)

The Sun kissed the Earth good-night as he stood
On the threshold of Eve afar in the West,
While his smile lit with glory the face of the sky
And one crimson cloud he wore as his vest.

The Earth gazing upward looked rosy and fair;
Her hoary old mounts uplift to the sky
Were transfigured with beauty and color and light,
As if, sandaled with brightness, th' Lord had passed by!

The light breeze fell asleep in the cradle of Day,
Not a leaf was astir; the Earth was as still
As the great soul of Silence; the spirit of Calm
Had enfolded the whole world at its will.

Then Evening stole into the deeps of the blue,
Sowing the star-worlds wherever she trod,
And Nature looked up, and in them she saw
Th' footprints of Creation's omnipotent God.

II. (1895.)

The mighty hills are 'round us, mountains grand,
Mantled with glory. The soft air breathes on
Them, and opalescent lights cradle their craggy
Forms and clothe them tenderly with beauty.
The blue bursts into golden brightness, fair
As the Sun when he, enamored, breathes
His calm good-night, and 'round the old Earth weaves
The splendor of his beams, melting in glow
Of rosy colors, which, like a river's flow,
Sweep on and onward till we only see
A world transfigured in the mystery
Of lights that glow and pale, then sink away,
Cradled in darkness with the dying Day.

TRANSFIGURED. (1876.)

. . . O mountain heights! but yesterday I saw you stand
Touched and transfigured by the setting Sun,
Reaching far up into the heavens, so grand
I deemed your crowned heads must wear
The glory of the upper spheres. Your feet
Were cloud-wrapped, and the curtained mists,
Fold over fold, like saintly garments shone,
While through them, like the gleam of amethysts,
The molten tide of glory surged and rolled.

CALIFORNIA'S YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Bright the sunshine shone, its splendor
Touched the Summer earth and skies;
All the mountains stood resplendent—
Altars lit for sacrifice.

Flamed the treetops in their brightness,
And the rocks were touched with fire,
As upward through heaven's cloudless pathway
Climbed the round Sun high and higher.

Like an ocean stretched the valleys,
Reaching to the horizon's rim,
Save where rose the grand Sierras,
Walling all their vastness in.

Here and there were ranch and cottage,
Bleating flocks and lowing herds,
Lonely shepherds in the silence,
Only cheered by song of birds.

And the Indian stood and worshiped
Where his altar fires did glow,
Saw his God within the sunrise,
Felt His breath in breezes' flow.

Here he reared the Missions olden,
Planted olive tree and vine,
And his new-learned aves chanted
At the Mission's sacred shrine.

Yet undreamed of was the glory
Of the gracious years to be,
All unborn the mighty Empire
That should stretch from mounts to sea.

Not till o'er this Land of Sunshine
Were the Stars and Stripes flung free,
Did our germ of Empire brighten
With the flower of Liberty.

Now the glory of the ages,
Fairest gem in Freedom's crown,
Is this mighty State now smiling
Where Sierra's heights look down.

On the wide and gracious valleys,
Where our emerald orchards grow,
And the fruit-crowned vineyards glisten
In the golden sunlight's glow.

Here forever in the future
Shall the sons of Freedom turn,
Nursed by Nature's grandeur, shall they
All the tyrant's shackles spurn.

Here shall Freedom's grandest triumphs
In the coming years be won,
Growing Empire's steps shall hasten
Hither toward the westward sun.

MY LADY OF THE ANGELS.

The days dawn beauteously and the sky
Bends cloudless above the fields of green;
The sun his golden lances flings between
The radiant blossoms, as passing by
The winds toy with them, lifting up their leaves,
And kissing their sweet faces; Nature grieves
For no rich benison that is not poured,
And all the mighty mountains, skyward leaning,
Thrust their long, peak-like fingers 'mid the stars,
And lift their heads above Earth's cloudy bars;
The eagle to their utmost height has soared,
And turns his face where the full sunlight streaming
Bathes him in Light's unhindered atmosphere,
And there, in the far ether, cool and clear,
He beats his wings against the silent blue,
Or dreams alone upon some craggy height
What fruits are there that do not glad our sight,

O land! sun-loved, thou lookest to the skies
With eyes as clear as in the planet's glow,
With breath as fragrant as the lily's own,
With voice as sweet as is the robin's tone.
What beauty is there that ye do not know?
What blossoms are there that the sun hath kissed
In any land, however fair and bright,
That ye amid your wealth of bloom hath missed?
What fruits are there that do not glad our sight,
That tropic lands have nursed to ripeness rare,
But we may pluck from out our gardens fair?

O land! fair land! My Lady
Comes down your hills of green,
And weareth on her shoulders
The sunlight's golden sheen;
And on her warm, sweet forehead
She wears a shining wreath
Of woven buds and blossoms,
But, O her face beneath
Is fairer than the lily,
Is rosier than the rose,
No tinted daffodilly
Such beauty can disclose!

My Lady wears a sunny smile,
So sweet it is, I ween,
June never showed a fairer face
In eastern lands of green.
And when December cometh
She trips as gaily down
As in the bright May mornings,
And wears as dainty gown,
All sprinkled o'er with blossoms,
And still her shining hair
Is golden as the sunbeams,
And still her cheeks are fair.

O Lady! Lady royal!
The Sun himself doth woo
You with his lavish kisses,
Beneath his tent of blue.
And dainty are your garments

Of orange petals white,
And daintily your slippered feet
Peep outward to the light;
My Lady wears a lovely veil
About her shoulders fair,
And golden sunbeams pale beside
The splendor of her hair,
And never any earthly bride
Was ever half so fair.

II.

Mantled with gold and robed in light,
Serene and calm, behold she stands,
The glory of these southern lands,
With eyes of blue and forehead white
With the sweet snows of orange bloom;
Twisted within her sunny hair
Are thousand buds and roses rare,
And 'round her brightness and perfume.

Her mountains lift their crests of snow
Above her Summer vales that lie
In tranquil dream beneath the sky,
And perfume-laden winds do blow,
Soft-footed creep they 'mid the flowers,
And drink December's golden wine
Of blessed warmth and pure sunshine,
And croon unto his cradled hours.

The Sun her lover, and he folds
His mantle 'round her when the year
Is elsewhere chilling, bleak and drear,
And then with tender clasp he holds
Her jeweled hand, whose fingers gleam
With diamonds of dewy light,
And on her breast, clear, sparkling, bright,
Her Kohinoor of lakes is seen.

When Winter takes his icy throne
Upon her lofty mountain crests,
Still Summer in her valleys rests;
Gay bees among her blossoms drone,
And silver-footed raindrops fall,
And set their busy looms astir,
And splendid garments weave for her
Of rose and emerald, and all

The blossoms do like jewels lie
Amid her robes of green, and burn
The poppies' splendor as we turn
Our eyes hillward; beneath the sky
Those "blossom-beacons" we may see,
As if the rains had spilled the gold
Which the long, shining year doth hold,
Flooding with glory hill and lea.

Her city lies beneath the face
Of the grand mountains. Here we see
Strong, great-browed Progress, ceaselessly
Work for the future, and in place
Of that dead Past that lay asleep,
And, dreaming, never seemed to thrill
With high endeavors, but lay still
In the old ruts where centuries keep
Their stagnant years, we see uprise
A city fair as any one
That lies beneath the gracious Sun;
And here, crowned by her cloudless skies,
'Neath her warm Ocean's flowing tides,
Whose soft waves fringe her garment's hem,
While mountains weave her diadem,
In growing beauty she abides.

III. (1886.)

I see a city smiling in the Sun,
'Tis one of valleys and of emerald hills,
And rolling river that its green banks fills,
And mountain peaks that pierce the upper air.

I see a city smiling in the Sun,
Where tropic palms lift up their emerald crests,
And orange orchards on the glad plains rest,
Where rarely shadows of the storm-clouds come.

Afar the Sea its sapphire length uncurls,
And island mountains watch above its blue,
And songful birds the clear air winging through,
Till Night drops down with all its starry worlds.

I smell the fragrance of the orange flowers,
The odor of ten thousand budding sweets,
And, lo! my listening ears the bee's hum greets
No less in Winter than in Summer hours.

I throw my windows wide to catch the Sun,
Whose soft, warm kisses press December's lips;
While crowding lilies through his finger tips,
He wakes the blooming roses one by one.

The nestling pinks and pansies ope their eyes,
And yellow-belled arbutelons swing wide
In airy dances, as if they were beside
Themselves with gladness under such fair skies.

The highest tree-tops are alive with song,
The mocking-bird has every note attune,
He scarcely for the robin leaveth room
While telling all his gladness to the Morn.

And soft airs lull me in the lap of Night,
And gentle breezes bring me balm and sleep—
In restful slumber all my senses steep,
Till on the hill-tops wakes the morning light.

IV. (1887.)

Her smiling face she turns toward the sea
That gleams across the broad, sweet land bordering
Her garment's hem, vine-clad and orchard-crowned,
Upon whose breast the grasses stir when
Kissed to billowy waves of verdure;
And butterflies, poised on light wings, seek the
Wild-flower's heart, and sip the honeyed sweets
From cups of blossoms with satin-tissued
Leaves, and colors more than rainbow.
The land
Runs down to meet the sea, as if to say,
"I love thee, let me rest beside thee, pillowed

On sunshine and kissed by soft, white lips of
Laughing waves that cling with shining ripples
To my shores."

Behind her purple-shouldered
Mountains rise with snow-crowned foreheads, fronting
Her smiling vales like monarch Titans; their
Eyelids' fringe the lofty pines; their throbbing
Pulse, the cañoned streams outflowing from their
Mighty heart of rock; their frown, the awful
Precipice; their garments, the sun-lit haze
Transfiguring them in beauty; their smile,
The sunrise and the sunset glory which
Warms the valley with reflected glow,
Upon whose breast eternal Summer sleeps,
Rich in her tropical charms.

The winds touch her
But lightly, breathing in perfumed whispers,
And scarce a day but she is sun-kissed and
Flower-crowned. For jewels wears she daintily,
The lily white and creamy roses and
Royal fuchsias. Flames the poinsettia
'Mid her tropic tresses. Geraniums
Climb like vines and wrap her in their beauty,
And countless orange groves breathe fragrance, their bloom hanging like
Perfumed clouds between her and the sky. Her
Red wines run like the warm blood of youth through
Her veined vineyards, and her oranges, like
Golden apples of Hesperides, swing
On her emerald boughs. Like the far isles
Of spice that smile upon the tropic seas,
Or emeralds bright in glowing sunshine set,
'Mid tropic green smiles fair Los Angeles.
And bright-winged birds love all her sunny air.
Afar the story of her sunshine's wealth
Is told, and the sweet calm that fills her
Summer's noon, and her Winter's balmy breath
Is sought for healing.

The world turns to her,
Jewel of the West, and diademed queen
Of sunset. We hear the rustle of her
Garments' folds, and the light stir of her flower-
Sandaled feet, as turns she with her voice of
Welcome. Her touch is soft as velvet, and
Her hand is warm and tender as a
Mother's hand, and like a lover woos she
All who come to sun them in her brightness.

THE HOME OF THE FIESTA. (1896.)

Upon these sunset shores shall Freedom place
Her crown of Empire; here shall arise the
Cities of the future, resplendent with
The liberty which maketh great. The love
Of Freedom shall be strong as the ramparts
Of these eternal hills, whose heads, pillowed
Upon the world-old firmament, for aye
Defy the earthquake and the thunderbolt,
And tell the patient stars the story of
Their centuries of life. Passed hence the
Sun-browned children of the soil whom Nature
Had so fondly nursed and fed, that here beneath
These skies the later offspring of progressive
Time should build his fairest citadels, and
Science light his torch, and poets sing, and
Modern Raphaels find divinest power,
And statesmen shape the laws for human good.
And here we resurrect those golden days
That pleasure loved and noble manhood sought,
And our Fiestas crown with glory like
The Olympiads of old, and men shall come
From the fair sunrise to our sunset shores
To share the Carnival's gladness and delight,
The marvels of our clime, our bright golden
April days, upon whose breast Summer lies
Sleeping, crowned with fruits and flowers,
And golden suns shine fair in cloudless skies,
And birds sing in the golden dawns and eves,
And all that's grand and beautiful in life
Beckons to us and bids us be both glad
And great, greater than old Hellas, and
More wise and perfect in all things that pertain
To Manhood and Beauty's grace.
O glorious Empire of the Golden
West! Time itself shall slumber in decay,
And the wide and billowy ocean cease
To surge, and the transcendent mountains fall
Prone on the sunlit valley's breast before
Shall perish here the love of all that tells
For Freedom, for beauty and perfection.

ANGELENA. (1896.)

She sitteth at her mountain's feet—
Her mounts with crests amid the stars,
Uplift above Earth's misty bars,
Yet anchored in her valleys sweet.

And lo! she lifteth up her eyes—
Large-lidded, gracious eyes are they—
And looketh toward her ocean way,
Her ocean vast as are her skies.

And through the future's open gate
She looks afar and tiptoe stands,
Her flowing skirts clasped by her hands,
And sees approaching Empire wait.

And then she moves across her plains;
Her trailing robes are very fair,
Broidered with blossoms everywhere,
By fingers of her winter rains.

And sweet the rose-hue of her mouth,
And bright the splendor of her hair,
As suns were in its meshes fair—
The bright suns of her golden south—

The suns she loves, for nestle warm
Their golden beams within her breast,
And peace and calm find there full rest,
Nor broodeth fear of cloud or storm.

And as she walks men follow near,
And follow her with loving gaze,
And ever still about her ways
Do fair and happy homes appear.

A girdle of such homes she wears;
The morning weaves them robes of light,
Weaves them in red and gold and white,
And all the colors Nature dares.

From mounts to sea they stretch adown,
In every one home-voices swell,
And little children come to dwell,
And farther onward grows the town.

And then her gracious hands she spreads—
Her loving hands, so warm and white,
Jeweled with days of golden light—
Above her many children's heads.

And one hand's rosy finger tips
She lays upon her Mountain's side,
And one on Ocean's silver tide,
And then the whisper from her lips:

"O waiting Empire! fair with hope,
Let here thy halting footsteps stay
In my wide valleys which do lay
Between my sea and mountains' slope.

"You cannot dream how fair these vales,
How rich with harvests manifold,
Where never doth the year grow old,
And where its beauty never pales.

"Through all the year my birds do sing,
Through all the year my suns do shine,
Ripen my fruits and flows my wine,
And Summer never taketh wing.

"And Freedom's soul is on my heights,
And in my aisles of pine and palm,
Where broodeth ever Nature's calm,
And gleaming world-cathedral lights."

Then Empire smiled and stepped within
Her bloom-lined valleys; seas of gold
And seas of harvest round her rolled;
It seemed an Eden without sin.

And there beside her templed shrines,
Star-lighted and star-crowned she stood,
In perfectness of womanhood,
And Empire halted on her lines.

And here beneath her orange trees,
Beneath her lightly-swaying palms,
Within her noon of golden calms,
Between her mountains and her seas,

Shall Empire stay, and she shall see
Glad Freedom ply her loom anew,
And golden threads draw through and through
The warp of human destiny.

ON A HOLLYWOOD HILLTOP. (1904.)

The far horizon's glowing line I see,
Shining above the placid ocean's deep,
Where the light waves come creeping, half asleep;
The winds are hushed, scarce stirs the leaf-clad tree.

The great wide plains, outstretched before mine eyes,
Tree-dotted, fair, with sleeping hills around,
With the bright glory of the sunlight crowned;
Above, the cloudless glory of the skies.

The slumb'ring grasses in their dark earth-bed
Are dreaming softly; soon will they awake,
And with their emerald glory they will make
A magic carpet for our feet to tread.

The rain and sunlight! Cunning fairies they,
And busy weavers of the beautiful;
We only wait the rains to give us full
Rich patterns, growing day by day

To perfect loveliness; the hills will breathe
Of freshness when the glorious raindrops fall,
The lovely flowers will answer to their call,
And in the loom of Silence they will weave

Such glory round us when the shining sun
Follows the rain and wakes the sleeping earth,
And million grassy blades are given birth,
Making Earth fair as when Time first begun.

We wait the rains that bring earth growth and life,
Then come with me and look from this far height.
When comes the rain the poppies will unfold
And scatter round us all their wealth of gold,
The bannered trees will wave before our sight,

Rain-washed and fair, their many shining leaves
Clapping their hands in gladness when the breeze
Comes hand in hand with sunshine to the trees,
While Growth sits by, and silently she weaves

Grass, bud and blossom into perfect form.
No sound, no noise, yet still forever spring
The grass and vine and every growing thing,
Up, up, still up, the offspring of the Storm.

This land we love, with mountain heights and vales
That lie outstretched as if God had unrolled
The mighty distances, smoothed fold on fold,
And left the mountain heights to guard the dales,

Is fair indeed beneath the shining skies;
But when the rains do harvest-laden come,
And Growth her tireless labor has begun,
It wears the beauty of a paradise.

We love it then, we love it even now,
With its soft airs, its calm, its golden days,
Its fragrant nights, silvered with bright moon-rays,
As if God's hand rested upon their brow.

The clouds are hanging dark within the sky,
The winds are cradled in their silent sleep;
From out these clouds will not the Storm-God creep
And ope their fountains as he passes by?

Our Father, send us rain and make the earth
Glad with Thy bounteous blessing in its fall,
And full Te Deums shall rise from all
As we behold fresh Growth's rejoicing birth.

* * *

Sound the loud paeans of praise, thanksgiving and joy,
The morning has come and the rain pours down from the sky
In plenteous fullness; the clouds, like God's mantle, do over us lie,
And each leaf-tongued thing upon hillside and plain
Shall join with our hearts in a thankful refrain
For God's blessing, bestowed in the bounteous rain.

LOS ANGELES TO CHICAGO. (1886.)

We stretch our hands across the seas
Of waving grass and springing flowers,
O city grand beside the lake,
And greeting send from sunny bowers.

We waft you breath of orange bloom,
We send you fruits of ruddy gold,
And wines that sparkle in the light
Of the warm sunshine that they hold.

Here, where the trellised roses climb,
And press their lips on Winter's cheek,
And days pass like a dream away,
In fragrant morns and evenings sweet,

We turn to greet you, and we send,
In orange bloom and orange gold,
Such story of our sunny clime
As any words could not have told.

In them our golden sunshine caged
Gleams through the yellow of their cheeks;
Of tender warmth and breezes mild
The fair, white, fragrant blossom speaks.

Our tempting wines their story tell
Of lands as fair as those of France
Or cloudless Italy, in whose fields
The gay and merry peasants dance.

The land is fair, its gates are wide,
And California beckoning stands
To those of winter-frozen climes,
With Summer's warmth in both her hands.

CALIFORNIA AT ST. LOUIS. (1887.)

[The following impromptu lines, read by Mrs. Otis at the press banquet given in Armory Hall, St. Louis, on the evening of Sept. 28, 1887, during the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in that city, were written by her after arriving at the hall and before the banquet began:]

Our California, azure-eyed and fair,
With golden sunbeams for her crown of hair;
Her blood the rich, warm wines that crimson all her breast,
Her breath the orange perfumes 'neath her hillsides pres't;
Land of the Sun, by western gates ajar,
Set with the jewel of the evening star;
With broad, fair acres, whose great harvests stand
Waiting each month the busy reaper's hand;
Land of broad valleys, on whose shores shall stay
The march of Empire on its westward way:
From her great heart, sun-warmed unto its core,
She sends you greeting, and her bounteous store
Holds she in keeping for the Nation's sons;
For those storm-weary, and for him who comes
Searching for health, her hand, outstretched and free,
Holds every good; and all her pulses be
Loyal and true.

O great Grand Army! who
Saved for her sons and for the whole land, too,
The Flag of Freedom, all its stars still there,
Within the azure of its fields so fair:
She sends you greeting, every pulse astir
With feeling while clasping hands with her
Who gave us Blair and Lyon, whose great soul
Passed on for Freedom. One of that great whole—
The matchless UNION—she her greeting sends;
Proud of your deeds, rejoicing in the might
Of the Grand Army, greeteth she tonight
You one and all, a bannered host of braves,
Loyal to right, who saved for Freedom's own
The Flag we love. Mightier than king or throne
Ye who brought peace and freed the land from slaves.

FAIR WESTLAKE. (1898.)

I look from out my window and I see
The dimpled lake reflecting sky and tree;
A world of beauty lying in the sun,
And all the brightness that the day hath won.

How cool the shadows that about it teem;
Its placid waters lying in a dream
Of happy stillness, while th' encircling steeps
Are mirrored brightly in its azure deeps.

This placid lake, it lieth still and fair,
A dimple on the face of Nature, where
She sleeps serenely, or gleaming like a gem
Set there within th' glorious diadem

She wears so proudly, with such wondrous grace,
Above the splendor of her smiling face.
The lovely park is garmented and green
With robes of tender grasses, while between

Their emerald folds the odorous blossoms peep,
Smiling in color from each lovely steep,
Guarded by bended trees with leaf-clad arms
That fold the Summer in such windless calms.

She never wakes to turbulence and storm,
But breathes serene and smiling with her warm
And tender hand like a soft rose-leaf to her face
Lifted, as if to keep within their place

Her golden locks of sunbeams which do fall
In warm and shining fullness over all,
Her mountain shoulders and her far, wide sea,
And the broad beauty of each smiling lea.

I love to sit within the park and look
At Nature's face, as 'twere some open book
That God had writ, such wonders I do find
Of charm and beauty where the broad paths wind.

Dropping sometimes unto the water's brink,
Where skies lie mirrored, as if there the link
'Twixt heaven and earth were hidden, and the door
Were just ajar through which we reach the floor

Where angels tread, and then they onward go
Where palms and flowers and emerald grasses grow,
And hills slope downward, rioting in bloom,
And all the air is drowned in rich perfume.

O life is sweet, while musing here we sit
And winged with light the passing hours do flit,
And lovely blossoms smile into our eyes,
And overhead are bending cloudless skies.

The leaves, breeze-touched, do clap their many hands,
The crystal streamlets shine like silver wands
As they flow lakeward, rushing, leaping down,
Sparkling and bright and wearing ne'er a frown.

Lilies are moored upon each shadowed pool,
And there dim lights are falling, sweet and cool,
Upon the waters, which do seem to lie
Hushed and a-dream beneath the cloudless sky.

Great beds of flowers, like happy souls at rest,
Lie charmed and still upon the green slope's breast,
And palms wave brightly in the shining air,
And peppers rise like grand domes green and fair.

The eucalypti thrust into the blue
Their tall, straight shafts, pierced by the sunshine through;
Bananas wave their fronded plumes in air,
And like wingéd jewels floating everywhere

The many butterflies, with noiseless flight,
Sweep through the air, while song-birds meet our sight,
And all the year seems like a day in June,
Earth, sky and water in unbroken tune.

IN WESTLAKE PARK. (1901.)

O days of joy! I sit and view
The sunlight fall like rain
From the deep heavens above so blue—
So old and yet forever new—
Upon the fair green plain.

The lake before me lies outspread,
All dimpled o'er with light,
The leaf-clad trees above my head,
As to the living sunshine wed,
Turn golden to my sight.

And happy song-birds fill the air,
Or twitter 'mid the trees,
And blossoms open everywhere,
And fragrance steals around them there,
Soft-footed as the breeze.

Within the sky one faint white cloud
Like angel's wings I see;
About it teeming fancies crowd,
While winds are hushed nor breathe aloud
Their message unto me.

Before me lovely palm-trees rise,
And eucalypti tall,
As beck'ning to the bending skies,
Like silent high priests in disguise,
They tower high o'er all.

Beside the tropic palm the pine
Stands dreaming in the sun,
And sombre cedars fall in line,
And cacti girdled with sunshine
Stand motionless and dumb.

The tender grasses never die,
The roses ever bloom,
The spotless lily's golden eye
Turns upward to the smiling sky,
While all the earth makes room

For countless blossoms to unfold,
And on the park's wide breast,
Bathed in the nursing sunlight's gold,
Our world of Nature, never old,
In fadeless youth does rest.

The soul of song is hidden here,
I feel it in the streams
That pour their shining waters clear
Into the lake, and fill my ear
Like lullaby of dreams.

I hear it in the sighing trees,
As million-leaved they stir
At the soft whispers of the breeze,
Which finds a voice in all of these—
Each leaf-tongued worshiper.

And Care slips by as here I dream,
And Joy's own face I see,
Visions of Hope steal in between
Each shadow like a glad sunbeam,
And weary doubts do flee.

II. (1902.)

The trees, the great high priests of Nature, stand
About me here on every hand,
Their swaying leaves drop rain of shadows down,
While on their crests the sunshine as a crown
Rests gloriously; the flowers look up
Like angel faces, while the lake's full cup

Of crystal waters, like another sky,
Holds floods of sunshine; the light waves drift by,
Kissed by the breeze and moving silently,
Like things of life, as if sweet Joy a-dream
Lay floating drowsily upon the stream.
The hills rise round us here, home-crowned and fair.
And mountains are behind them everywhere,
Seeking the skies; how far they upward lift
Their sunlit crests! the clouds below them drift
When storms arise, as if the Storm-King there
Unfurled his banners. But sometimes the air
Burns in the golden sunset; then we see
Transfigured mountains, all gloriously
Aflame with light, like piles of amethyst,
All sun-encircled and by Color kissed
Into new glory; then they upward rise
Like flaming altars to the bending skies,
And this fair park lies like a threshold grand
Or some wide-open door to Fairyland.

ELYSIAN PARK. (1901.)

Fair lies thy lovely face beneath the sky,
Kissed by the golden sunbeams and by dew,
And by the breezes as they wander by,
Light-footed, all thy winding pathways through.

Thy hills rise upward, emerald-clad and fair,
Green forests drop cool shadows on their sides,
Bright blossoms toss their fragrance everywhere,
And rippling bird-song on each zephyr glides.

The gracious Day looks smiling from thy heights,
Noon decks herself with brightness on thy breast,
And Eve comes softly with the starry nights,
As in thy tree-girt chambers to find rest.

CATALINA. (1895.)

O Summer Isle! asleep upon the blue
Of Ocean's breast, the clear and dimpled seas
Creep softly to thy silver sands, pressing
Them as lightly as a young babe's lips its
Mother's cheek. Thy rounded hills, grass-clad and
Color-flecked, are eloquent of beauty;
Veined with fair valleys and many cañons,
Emerald-lipped, where tiny rills sing
Ceaselessly, and glad birds carol to the
Morn, and ever the gay butterfly does
Traverse, winged with beauty, paths of shining
Sunbeams. Summer fills all thy full year of
Golden dawns and dewy eves, and twinkling
Stars lean, tender-eyed, above thee from thy
Clear deeps of skies. The oak and sombre
Pine clasp hand with tropic palm;
The banyan tree thrusts out its thousand arms,
Catches the nursing sunlight for its million
Leaves, and with its many limbs makes its own
Forest—a dense, wooded deep, which shadows
Haunt forever. The oak, child of the gray
Old centuries, spreads its cool emerald
On all thy hills. Thy gray sea-walls, rock-ribbed,
Front the eternal seas, with here and there
Bright wild-flowers, like a smile upon their
Stony lips. Facing the harbor's blue sits
Avalon, rose-lipped and lily-crowned, and
Full-breath'd with fragrance. The winds lie hushed and
Sleeping in the sheltering arms of her
Fair hills, dreaming of summer calm and rest.
Like things of life, the light skiffs sail thy seas,
Companioned by the sunbeams, swiftly gliding,
As o'er smooth, liquid sapphire floors,
The dimpling waters laughing at their sides,
And murmurous music breathing in our ears.
O Summer Isle! bride of the Sun art thou,
And jewel of the seas. We love thee well,
For thou art Beauty's soul and Summer's heart.

UNDER THE OAKS.

(Berkeley, 1894.)

The oaks are here above me, century
Old, yet not hoary, but, gnarled and strong, their
Giant arms knotted and vigorous, stout
To do battle with the tempest, and to
Beat the winds like playthings, catching them 'mid
Their boughs, which leap with them into mid-air,
Then, as the winds pass on, send with them a
Swirling host of leaves, flying like mad furies
Where the tempest leads. But today the winds
Breathe softly, scarce stirring the drowsy foliage;
The sky is one vast, shining sapphire, with
The Sun set in its heart. The Earth is like
A tesselated floor, flecked with sunshine
And thick with shadows. The brook flows silver-tongued,
Low-voiced and musical beside me,
Gurgling like happy infancy. And here
The gay dandelion curtsies to me,
Bright as of old, when I, a little child,
Dreamed it a golden star dropped amid
The meadow grasses. The daisies nod their
Heads as if in playfulness. The tall and
Sombre pines stand like cathedral spires, or
Titan fingers pointing to the blue, the
Sun touching their tops with glory. The
Butterflies wing swiftly by me in their
Soundless flight, a bit of color gladdening
The air. The happy flies flit in and out
From shadow into sunshine. The
Striped caterpillar crawls lazy in the sun;
Birds make gayest twittering, and Nature
Smiles while all things voice her gladness. A blush
Is on her cheek, and she is donning now
Her robes of emerald. The hills are drawing
Mantles of bright green about their shoulders,
Pinning them with gay blossoms such as the
Bee loves; and the merry sunbeams dance about,
And kiss in very wantonness, and the
Coy breezes whisper soft words like lovers.
I wonder if all this stirs the old oaks'
Hearts, and sets them to throbbing while dreaming
Of their youth, so long vanished. Do they

With undiscovered lips pour out their hearts
Into the ready ears of brook and leaf,
Of blossom, sky and star? O giant Sphinxes
Of the Forest! ye are eloquent in
Silence, dumb but to human ears, ye grand
And ever-voiceful orators of Time!

SANTA BARBARA AT SUNSET. (1876.)

On rocky hillside, resting in the sun
We sat and gazed.
Blue skies were bending overhead,
And such a picture at our feet was spread;
The valley lying like a sunbeam's smile,
Afar, like bulwarks of a world, a pile
Of ragged mountains. Sunbeams darted down
And kissed them, and though old as Time, and brown,
They blushed a rosy red from foot to crown,
Then stole in lovely hues of violet
And amber shades, and purple shadows wet
With the kisses of white mists creeping
Across the channel in a veil of mist,
Changing now to opal, now to amethyst,
Rose the far heights of Anacapa's isle,
And Santa Cruz, where Mount Diablo's crest
Scorns Nature's smiles and Nature's wild unrest.

II. (1886.)

Beside the sea she sits with calm, fair skies,
With emerald robes, flower-jeweled in their folds
Of dewy grasses, with her radiant eyes
Turned to the South, where shining seas expand
And island mountains front the shoreward land.
Rising like mighty Titans from the deep,
Their garments' hem the lightly curling crests
Of laughing billows, which in murmurs creep
And lie in ripples where in beauty rests
The tinted seashell, in which the murmur low—
As 'twere some wordless story of the great Sea's heart--
Sounds on in pauseless, unremittent flow.
The breath of orange floats adown her vales,
And roses pour their incense to her air,
And flowery perfume fills her lightest breeze,
And bee and bird are singing everywhere
Through all the year beside her Summer seas.

SANTA BARBARA THEN AND NOW. (1887.)

Long years ago, warm nestled in the arms
Of hills encircling, and lying calm
And still within the lap of sunshine,
Wearing jewels fair of wild sweet blossoms,
And the dewdrops hid in lilting grasses,
With fragrant breath of lily and of rose
Filling the air with perfume, and the voice
Of birds pouring melodious song o'er
The bright length of valleys and in the tree-
Tipped cañons, where leaping waterfalls joined
In harmonious symphony with blue
Bright skies above her like a sapphire dome,
Lay dreaming Santa Barbara. Beneath
Her red-tiled roof dwelt the señora and
Dark-browed Spanish don, and señoritas
With their midnight eyes shining like starry
Dusk. The fiery bronco sped across the
Plain, bearing his rider with sombrero
Crowned, with the heavy spur upon his booted
Heel, with which he woke the untamed fury
Of his steed, until he flashed like lightning
Down his way, yet answered ever the steady
Hand upon his bridle-rein.
The great world
Then was far away. Its noisy traffic,
Its tumultuous life, its giddy whirl
Of pleasure, and its cruel avarice
Stirred not this quiet land. Here, 'neath these oaks
That for long centuries the Sun had nursed
And the light breezes kissed, might Rip Van
Winkle in his dreamless slumber slept, and
Waked and found no change. Above him, white and
Still, might have watched the Mission walls, and their
Evening chimes have been his soothing lullaby.
The growing vines mayhap their interlacing
Tendrils would have woven into a roof
Above him, and the squirrel reared his
Little mound, a soft, fresh earth-pillow for
His head. But noise of builder's hammer would
Have disturbed him not, nor any human
Hand of Change. The skies would shine above him
Sunlighted through the day, starlit by night,
While still he breathed unconscious perfume.
The walled adobes, gray and old, were built
For the centuries, and the glad Children
Of the Sun who dwelt within them were full
Of sweet content. The noisy wheel of
Progress rumbled not for them. To sit
Within the sunshine's golden flood, and bathe
Themselves in its warm splendor; to watch the
Hills with changing glory crowned, and see afar
Their grazing herds, or in the warm-browed noon
To steal in wide veranda's shade the cool
Siesta, or watch at times the cock-fight
In the plaza's space, or fling the sure
Riata when manly sports were rife, and
Then to worship at some holy shrine
Within the Mission's walls, and traffic once
A year or so with the merchant ships touching
These shores—this was enough for them. This wealth
Of sunshine and this fragrant air, these lordly
Acres, all unpressed by foot of alien
Interloper, was all they cared for, while
Marching Empire halted at their gates, nor
Sought for entrance.
But the years since then have
Brought swift changes, and Santa Barbara
Lies today like a rich jewel in the sun. The
Hand of Change has polished her and set her
In the golden rim of Progress. Fair falls
Her sunlight as in olden days; green are
Her hills as when by Spaniard trod; as full
Of perfume all her flower-strewn ways;

Richer her fruits that ripen in the sun;
Fairer the homes among her gardens set.
The world has touched her, o'er her threshold passed,
Life thrills through all her veins, and hand in hand
She'll walk with Change, while happy homes
Grow on her breast like flowers.

SANTA BARBARA.

Sunset Musings. (1884.)

I see a city by the sea, and on
Its mountained forehead's front is falling the
Crimson gleam of sunset light, as 'twere a
Spirit's wing just touching it in passing.
The valleys green rest at the hillside's feet,
And the sweet soul of Fragrance multiplied
Hides in their thousand flowers. The sea holds
Up its mirror to the sun, and the stars
Nestle in its deeps unruffled, rimmed round
With curving shores, while on its channeled breast
Do fairest islands sleep, whose lofty peaks
Curtain the farther seas from curious
Vision, and when the day is done they flame
Like altar-fires lit by the sun departing.
How soft the breezes whisper to the seas!
How sweet their breath upon the quiet land!
In lightest dalliance toy they with the
Leaves, then kiss them into silence as they
Pass, breathing a balmy lullaby. The
Olive shimmers in the fading light, and
The gold-sphered orange hangs upon its boughs
A miracle of sweetness. As if the
Trailing robes, all perfume-laden, of some
Fair goddess swept through her garden ways, her
Roses drown the air in fragrance, and her
Myriad flowery forms answer the
Far stars in number. Summer sits dreaming
In her warm Winter's noon, while Winter comes
Disguised in June-like brightness. Fair Santa
Barbara, Nature doth wear thee on her
Breast, of all her jewels manifold the
Fairest and most priceless.

UNDER A PACIFIC SKY. (1877.)

I lay beneath a sapphire sky
Through which great golden sunbeams fly,

Through which sweet birds with downy wing
Make paths of song and warbling;

Through which the zephyrs dance and kiss
Me into dreamy drowsiness;

And Fragrance steals, and from her wings
A world of perfumed sweetness flings;

And all along the shining beach
The foam-fringed waves their circles reach.

Far off the cloud-like islands lie,
Wrapped in the blue of sea and sky.

And shining through the golden gleam,
Before me sun-kissed hillsides beam.

Behind them, reaching to the sky,
Great purple heights of mountains lie,

And smiling in the golden rain
Of summer sunshine, rests the plain;

And all along the valley's calm
Stretch eucalypti, oak and palm.

And fair, the emerald hills between,
Lo! Santa Barbara sits a queen.

CASTLE ROCK.

In the warm splendor of the South,
Where golden Summer suns are hung,
Facing the open channel's mouth,
Beside which mountain isles are strung;
Resting upon the broad blue deep,
Like rubies in the sunset glow,
Or gates of amethyst hung low
'Twixt Ocean and the horizon's sweep—

Rises upon the curving shore,
Above the beach's yellow sands,
Old Castle Rock. The billows roar,
Or touch its feet with silvery wands
Of rippling waves; the sea-birds spread
White wings within the tranquil blue
Where the year's sunbeams filter through
From cloudless skies spread overhead.

Towards the sea its gray sides lean,
With many a scar and hollowed cave,
As if some secret were between
Its stony heart and Ocean's wave;
Rent from the green height of the land,
Like some old storied Sphinx, whose gaze
Pierces the distance, through the maze
Of sunny deeps, we see it stand.

Behind, within the valley's calm,
Where perfumed morns and noontides rest,
And eucalypti, oak and palm
Drop cooling shade upon its breast,
And purple heights of mountains rise,
And lovely, sun-kissed hillsides gleam,
Fair Santa Barbara sits a queen
Beneath these bright Pacific skies.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

(Santa Barbara, 1890.)

Across the bright blue channel's breast
Fair islands sleep upon the wave,
Whose shores the shining waters lave,
As in Love's baptism their crest
On the blue-bosomed sky does rest.

O mountained isles! the sky leans down
And pours its tides of sunshine round,
A golden mantle for your breast;
Brooks leap in laughter, silver-like;
The opal distance gleams and glows,
The ripples' kisses softly smite
Your Summer shores, while tints of rose
Melt into clear and shining blue
All the wide ocean spaces through.

O LAND OF SUN! (1903.)

O Land of Sun, O Land of Light,
Of glorious vale and mountain height,
Where Night's stars twinkle in the blue,
And shine on us the whole year through,
Scarce dimmed by clouds or veiled by storm;
Night smiling as our sun-filled morns—

Our sun-filled morns! Oh, who may say
What light and beauty crown each day,
What blossoms brighten all the land
With color waves on ev'ry hand,
What seas of fragrance flow and flow
Whichever way our steps may go?

O Sabbath Land! It seems to me
Ye kneel in worship's reverie;
In such a land of light and calm
The ear must hear the angel's psalm,
Must hear the echo of God's word
Which the pure air of Eden stirred

When God looked on Creation's face,
Each thing created in its place,
The smiling Sun within the sky,
The mighty mountains lifted high,
And swaying in the gentle breeze
The tall and glorious leaf-clad trees.

And then a bird's note sounding clear
Within the fragrant atmosphere—
How sweet and full the song it sang,
As through the listening air it rang,
And fuller was the air with balm
As Nature listened in the calm

Of that glad day to that first song
From feathered throat. As borne along
Above the flowers, each lifted face
Seemed smiling with an added grace,
And, Light of all light, there God stood,
And this fair earth pronounced He "Good."

And it is good, and this fair land,
Which stretches to the Ocean's strand,
Is Earth's best land, her fairest place,
Which she so tenderly doth grace
With beauty and with grandeur; high
Her mountains rise unto the sky—
Her vales like empires are outspread,
Her giant trees above our head
Tower like great Titans. Th' soft air
Is filled with sunshine ev'rywhere,
And O to be, just be, is bliss
In land so beautiful as this!

WINTER HERE AND THERE. (1902.)

In the far East the Storm-King's angry tread
Shakes the great forests, while the boughs o'erhead
Writhe like the arms of demons in the blast
Of his keen breath; their leafy treasures cast
On the dead Earth are hidden 'neath the shroud
Of Winter's snows; the winds scream loud
As if in fury; no song of bird or bee
Breaks the sad notes of Nature's litany.

The pendant icicles the Frost-King leaves
On every roof—the frozen sheaves
Of Winter's harvest, cold and white—
They mock the glimmer of the noonday's light.
The stars shine clear and still within the blue
Of snow-wrapped Night, as if they, too,
Were shivering and mourned the Summer gone,
While breathing but the breath of chill and storm.

But here the days are gloriously fair,
Flooded with sunshine is the golden air,
The flowers burst into full and perfect bloom;
The air is filled with song, and maketh room
For bird and bee and bright-winged butterfly,
And days there are all cloudless, when the sky
Bends like a shining sapphire, and the Sun
Shines as November and the June were one.

O Land of Sun! of bird-song and of flowers,
How gladsome are thy so-called Winter hours,
Thy emerald grasses jeweled with the dew,
Thy fragrant roses blossoming anew,
Thy lilies paving pathways for our feet,
Thy tides of song forever flowing sweet,
No wild winds rave amid thy leaf-clad trees,
No frozen Winter's maddened revelries.

ON THE BEACH. (1903.)

I sit upon the silent shore
And look the great wide waters o'er;
Afar, afar across the tide
I see the sun-kissed island's side,
And leagues beyond the waters roll
To the far silence of the Pole.

But here is sun and here is light,
And seas of blue and seas whose white
Foam-crested waves just seem to glide
In laughing gladness with the tide,
And demon storms find here no place
In all the shining, sunlit space.

The golden Noon a-dreaming lies
Beneath the splendor of the skies;
I think I see her amber hair
Floating upon the water there,
As she with outspread arms lies low
Within its cradling overflow.

The kindred fields are very fair,
The mountains reach the upper air,
And God's own glory seems to lie
Upon the wide-embracing sky,
And softly, softly roll the seas,
Scarce breathing their antiphonies.

The rosy Morn! 'Tis here I deem
It first might waken from its dream
That it was dreaming in the East,
When stars were round it and a feast
Of silence, folded in the white
Of silver gleams of coming light.

I turn my eyes shoreward and see
The beauty of the leaf-crowned tree,
The lovely hills that quiet rest
So fair on Mother Nature's breast;
I see the flowers unfolding, too,
Nurtured by sunlight and the dew.

And far, so far, the plains are spread
As are the boundless skies o'erhead,
And all the world is fair with light,
And changing colors, gold and white,
And glowing red and amethyst,
And silver of the sunset mist.

The changing hours of Day do here
Seem beads of gold dropped from the clear,
Fair skies o'erhead. Morn, Noon and Eve
Such wondrous patterns here do weave!
The mounts like jasper walls do rise,
The seas seem seas of Paradise.

And there the palms do lift their heads,
And here the emerald pepper spreads
Her wondrous branches, which are swung
Full-leaved, with clustering jewels hung.
Nature we feel is here so true,
So beautiful unto the view.

And so we sit beside the sea
And hearken to its ministry;
We see the sunset's crimson lights
Glow warm upon the mountain heights,
We see the purple shadows fall
Upon the vales and treetops tall.

But O the wondrous sunset bars
Of gold and crimson where the stars
Will soon come out! Sweet Day, good-night,
You have been fair, have blessed our sight,
And here beneath these evening skies
How near seem gates of Paradise!

THIS FAIR, SWEET LAND WE LOVE. (1897.)

O great-browed Land! majestic, beautiful,
With thy grand forehead lifted to the stars;
Thy face the face of youth, fair, wonderful
With glory. O tender face! No frown mars
Its sweet, calm beauty, and thine eyes of blue
Hold heaven within their glance, without a cloud
To dim their summer brightness; flow'rs blossom new
Through all the year upon thy breast, and the loud
Winds are hushed, and here but sweet peace and calm
Breathe in thy sheltering arms, and thy full lap
O'erflows with harvests, and no thought of harm
Steals o'er our senses, for ne'er dost thou wrap
The mantle of the Thunder round thy breast,
Nor gird thyself with lightnings. O so sweet
Thy tender touch! Thou givest to us rest,
Dost pour its perfume on our weary feet;
Thy golden days slip past us like a dream
Filled full of song, and fragrance and delight.
Time holds his tides for us upon the stream
Where only sunny Beauty pours its white,
Full radiance. The soul of Day we feel
Within its light, a-dream, a-dream with bliss;
Just peace and happy tenderness do steal
To glad the world with Nature's loving kiss.
Peace and perfume and endless Summer days,
And great glad mounts uplifted to the Sun,
And plains and hills and blossom-laden ways,
Until the golden year its course has run,
And calm of sea, and smiling calm of land,
And twilight melting into softest balm,
And moons of Night with stars on every hand,
And orange tree and tropic waving palm—
These are thy gifts, O blessed land and fair!
We drink thy sunshine as we drink thy wine.
We love thee as thou art, and we would share
With the wide world thy loveliness divine.

Trees, Grasses and Flowers.

"O warm-hued Passion-Flower, loved of the Sun."

THE LAND OF THE ORANGE TREE. (1886.)

Swing out, O golden globes amid the trees,
In the bright glory of December days!
The fabled apples of Hesperides,
Which gods partook of in their days of ease,
While wandering through those garden, flower-strewn ways,

Were not more golden than the fruits we know,
Which our warm, smiling winter, blossom-crowned,
Kisses to ripeness 'mid the glossy leaves
Of orange boughs, which the bright sunshine weaves
Into cool emeralds 'bove the sweet-breathed ground.

How rich the perfume that the Winter air
Drowns in delicious fullness all the day;
And on what odorous flowers our footsteps fall,
And through the trees how oft the glad birds call,
As though December were in sooth the May.

And through the flowering limes the wild bee's hum
Falls in delicious drowsiness of song,
And in the aisles begirt with orange trees,
The golden globes, touched by each passing breeze,
Sway like to bells by fairy fingers swung.

To the tired dwellers beneath eastern suns,
Where hoary Winter wraps the Earth with snow,
And tempests fill the hollows of the skies,
Well may ye seem an earthly Paradise,
O sunlit land which Summer loveth so!

THE GREAT SEQUOIAS. (1901.)

O would that I could read your story, giant trees,
As old almost as Time! In his young morning's hour,
Out from the Earth ye sprang—the passing centuries
Have watched your growth, and the angry tempest's power

Held ye in arms as mighty as the gods of old;
Nations have passed and tribal peoples vanished quite,
New nations have upsprung, new histories been told
Since first your full-leaved boughs did greet the morning light.

Yet still as glorious ye stand, as green and fair,
As in Time's olden centuries ye proudly stood;
Old as the mountains, breathing the same sweet air,
Like deathless monarchs of the mighty hills and woods.

And shall ye long as Time, O wondrous trees! endure
As Earth's immortals, old, yet still forever young,
Your giant trunks uplifted, so steadfast and sure
As if your boughs on heaven itself were hung?

O storied trees! O mighty giants of the wood!
Children of centuries! Yet still more deathless far
Than ye is Man, and we who 'neath thy shade have stood
Shall outlive all things else, time, earth, and sun and star.

THE SPIRITS OF THE TREES.

I dreamed a dream, a dream that I
Was standing 'neath a sunlit sky,
Each flower around me lifted up
A sweetly-fragrant, dew-filled cup,
And morning in the bright East lay,
The nursling of the waking Day.

The robins fluttered in the wood,
The lofty mountains wore a hood
Of wondrous colors, soft as light;
Afar the ocean flashed its bright
And dancing waves of silver sheen;
The broad vast valleys lay between

The place I stood and that wide sea—
The mirror of immensity.
And then methought below me stirred
A something neither beast nor bird,
A something neither man nor maid,
And yet most gloriously arrayed.

It stole from out the tree-top high,
Unfolded wings as if to fly,
And lifted up a face more fair
Than ever human form did wear;
Like shining suns its wondrous eyes,
Its words like lute-strings' melodies.

Its robes were of a golden sheen
Like that the fluttering leaves between,
And its sweet smile!—an angel fair
Could no diviner sweetness wear;
And all the leaves of all the trees
Broke into whispered melodies.

And then the form drew near, and I
Scarce dared to breathe, so wondrously
It poised itself above me there,
Like some bright spirit of the air,
Or like a star so wondrous white
It seemed to blossom into light.

And then it spoke. Low-toned and pure
Its words fell round me as they'd lure
My heart to gladness and to peace—
To thankfulness that would not cease:
"Daughter of Earth, I come to thee,
The living soul of yonder tree.

"I fill its branches and its leaves,
Each sound they make my finger weaves,
And I am here to glad the sky,
To glad the winds that pass me by,
To set my crown on hillsides fair,
And pour my blessings everywhere."

And then he gently laid his hand
Upon the trees and on the land,
The gleaming skies above him bowed,
The winds no longer breathed aloud,
But hushed as in a rev'rent mood
To silence all that solitude.

MONARCHS OF A CALIFORNIA FOREST.

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"God through me blesses all the land,
Pours out His wealth on every hand;
I give you shade, I give you rain,
I help to clothe the hills and plain;
Then spare the trees, they are your friends
Which God in gracious mercy sends."

His voice was hushed, and then I woke,
And from the tree-top near me broke
A glad bird's notes, so sweet and clear,
It filled the morning atmosphere,
And then I thanked God for the trees
And all their blessed ministries.

FLOWER SONGS. (1879.)

There are beneath my window growing
Such fragrant clusters of December's flowers,
All the fresh brightness of the young June showing,
Fair as the children of warm Summer showers.

They nod their heads and whisper secret things
To the soft breezes as they silent pass;
I almost look to see their unfledged wings
Hid in the emerald of the growing grass

Which clusters round them there—wings which the touch
Of some strange power in Nature hid
Shall yet unfold; nor would I wonder much
Were there a soul beneath each petaled lid.

Sometime, when moonlight fills the silent Night,
And starlight rains its beauty on the air,
And the great Sea drops kisses on the white,
Pale, wave-washed sands stretching so cold and bare—

When all the world is flooded with the sweet
And fragrant incense of all budding things,
Such time, I fancy, that it will be meet
For these fair blossoms to put on their wings.

One night the moonbeams poured a silver rain
On the green earth, and breezes stirred,
All winged with silence, when again
I either dreamed, or else I really heard

A sound steal through my window—music low
As the soft murmur in the seashell sighing,
And then I saw a long line come and go
Of tiny forms, all sunny-winged and flying.

Such lovely sprites! Such dainty, fairy things!
One wore a lily for her charming dress,
And like a veil about her slender wings
Fell the bright gold of many a shining tress.

They filled the room, they swept around me there
Like a bright cloud tinged with the golden ray
Of Summer's morn, and all the moonlit air
Grew sweet as the bloom-scented breath of May.

And music sweet as all the song of birds
Which ever since bright Eden's day have sung,
Like a great wave of song the silence stirred
Till e'en the stars in listening silence hung.

Scarlet Passion Flower. (1887.)

O warm-hued Passion Flower! loved of the sun,
Lifting thy starry eyes to meet its gaze,
With face as holy as the kneeling nun's,
Devotion looks from 'neath thy glowing lid,
And holy meaning in thy heart is hid,
As Nature's priestess stand'st thou 'mid her ways.

Purple Passion Flower.

What meaning dost thou hold of Calvary?
Its thorny crown within thy holy breast,
Its cruel nails and binding cords are pres't.
Dost thou, a silent witness 'gainst our sinful race,
Stand through the ages, lifting up thy face?
Or, to thy blessed leaves while drawing near,
Still, "Father, forgive them," may our spirits hear,
And looking deep within thy mystic eyes,
Behold the shadowed hope of Paradise?

Seaweed.

Oh, what rare beauty manifold
Is hidden in the sea!
The mermaids join in happy laughter,
Their brows all crowned be
With seaweed flowers of shape untold;
The Sea-King cometh after
His love, and finds her beauteous head
Wearing its aureole of red
And gold; her beauty's grace
Is hidden by a web of lace
Wrought of the tesselated leaf
Her deft hand gathered from the sheaf
Of floating seaweed; like a spar
Framed from the bright beams of a star,
It lay before her intertwined
With all the colors that the mind
E'er dreamed of; the sunset's light
Fell on the waves and sank from sight,
And its bright colors must, I ween,
Have dyed her lace's glowing sheen
While dropping its fine threads between.

Wild Pink and Alfileria.

Sweet flowers! the hillsides love thee, and their breasts,
Warm in the flooding sunshine of the Winter's day,
Nurse thee in tenderness, till your blossoms' crests
Clothe them in beauty and strew the way
With smiling presence and warm, tender light
For the Young Year's footsteps, as he comes to greet
The tropic splendor of our sunny skies.
Amid the grass ye lift your faces sweet,
Like the fair beauty of some little child

Playing at hide-and-seek amid the blades
Of green alfileria, whose purple smiles
In lovely blossoms in the loneliest glades
Of changeful March, till e'en his face
Grows wonderful in loveliness, and dear
'Tis like a god's, all flower-crowned and fair;
His garments sunshine, and the emerald web
Of growing grass, all jeweled with the rare
Sweet wild-flowers by the warm sun fed,
And sprinkled with diamonds by the soft, glad rain,
Whose veil of clouds hides for but brief space the face
Of the clear skies and wealth of warm sunshine.

Scarlet Hibiscus.

I think the Sunset, jealous of your flame,
Did pluck its crimson glory from your stem,
And there above the amber of the West,
A glowing ruby from its diadem
Has laid it shining on the dead Day's breast.

The Pansies.

Oh, you darling pansies!
With your meek little faces,
And your airy, fairy graces,
Filling the garden's quiet places,
I'd really like to kiss you,
And oh! I really wish you
Knew how very much I miss you
When I fail to see you in your garden bed.

Heigh-ho, you darling pansies!
You quicken all my fancies.
Oh, how the soft winds love you!
How sweet the birds above you
Sing royal music to you,
As if they really knew you
Were happy fairies—do you
Not dance at night until you

See the early coming of the golden dawn?
Here's one yellow-breasted,
And it is purple-crested,
And with sunshine 'tis invested.
Its bended head is rested
Upon a Mushroom's shoulder;
And some secret it has told her,
And its look is growing bolder.
Does the Mushroom love the pansy—is that what it said?

Here I kneel and bless you,
While loving winds caress you,
And all the flowers profess to
Joy in your happy faces,
In which they see the traces
Of charming human faces—
Of happy children's faces
That are fair and sinless as when the world was new.

Here is one whose eyelids
Veil eyes of royal splendor,
And glances soft and tender.
Whose lips make me surrender
The kisses that I keep
For everything that's sweet.
It is a little dusty,
But it is never musty,
Nor sullen-faced nor crusty,
As sometimes wayward little children are.

I think the blue skies love them,
They bend so bright above them.
I almost think they covet
The pansies for their starry deep.
And the moonbeams love to creep
To their purple hearts and sleep.
And I'm sure the wood-nymphs,
When one comes their way, think
Nothing would so delight it
As a pansy-leaf for a royal mantle.

Pansies are Nature's children,
Her darling little babies,
Her winsome little ladies,
Her precious little laddies.
And I'm sure their smiles delight her,
And with tricks they never fright her,
Nor with rough blows ever smite her;
But they live to brighten
Her fond heart, and lighten
All her cares with beauty;
And to bloom is a duty
Which the child-faced pansies love.

Golden Poppies.

Ah, golden poppies on the hillsides growing,
Where the breeze's breath like a tide is flowing
In ripples o'er the grasses,
Which curtsey as it passes—
You lift your heads a-smiling,
The Sun's full light beguiling,
To shine out from your faces
And light the hillside places
With a glory like a crown.

Ah, golden poppies swaying
As if your bells were playing
Some sweet, melodious chime
To fairies' song and rhyme.
Like a sunset cloud you're lying
'Neath where Summer birds are flying—
Hold your hearts their happy song,
Does it glad you when are long
All the golden Summer days?

All your golden bells ring lightly,
While the spider spinneth brightly
Rope of silver as he passes
Cheerfully amid the grasses.

Soon or late some smiling fairy
To your bells this rope will carry.
Then your bright bells' silver chimes,
Mingled with the passing winds,
Shall be rung by fairy hands.

Then the world will pause and listen,
While the fields with dewdrops glisten;
Swing, ring, and the world will say,
Oh, the notes that we hear to-day!
What is it, Sweet, this music low
That breathes through the winds and sunlight so?
But only between us, you and I,
Shall the beautiful, gladsome secret lie,
And be sure we never will tell.

THE SECOND BIRTH OF THE FLOWERS.

I've heard it said that when from Eden's bowers
Eve turned forever, all the blessed flowers
Drooped low their heads, each hung upon its stem,
All colorless and dead, and the Earth then
With sorrow and with pain grew pale and gray,
And all of beauty slipped from it away.

The clouds were thick within the Summer sky;
The bird and bee and bright-winged butterfly
Sailed nevermore within the silent air.
And not a brook made music anywhere.
No violet blue with tender, drooping lid,
Was anywhere within the grasses hid;
No daisy, golden-eyed, with smiling face,
Turned as the breezes sought it in its place
In the wide meadows, and no roses sweet
Brightened the wayside, and no clover bloom
Could the bees find within the hungry noon.

O sad and heavy-eyed, our Mother Eve
Fainted along the wayside, and did grieve
For her lost flowers—those smiles of God so fair,
Making an Eden for her everywhere.
Then hand in hand did Eve and Adam go,
Too sad for tears, so heavy was their woe,
Before them all the wide world lonely lay;
They cared not whither they did take their way.

So passed the years, and all the Earth was bare,
Without a blossom to make sweet the air,
To brighten with its beauty the green sod,
And whisper to them the love of God.

But by and by a little baby fair—
With soft blue eyes and shining, golden hair,
With cheeks like lilies, and with lips as sweet
As Eden's roses which Eve's eyes did greet
On that first morning when she woke within

The blessed garden free from stain of sin—
Was born in a white tent upon the great wide plain,
And then it seemed as if at once again
The world grew glad, and that to match its eyes
Sprung the sweet violets, looking to the skies,
With their clear gaze so dewy soft and dear;
And then the budding roses did appear—
Red as the baby's lips—and lilies sprung
Round the tent's borders, and on green vines hung
The morning-glory's bells, which light winds stirred
Till Eve's glad ear the sweetest music heard.

And once more Earth grew fair and bright again,
The fields were glad as with the baby's smile,
For thousand blossoms sprang to life the while;
Brooks leaped in laughter, and e'en Eve forgot
The sadness and sorrow of her lot;
And as the baby grew, where'er it trod,
Each footprint woke a blossom from the sod.

THE CHILD AND THE PANSIES. (1892.)

Did you see the little fairies,
That are hiding in the grass,
Who lift up smiling faces
Unto us as we pass?
Some purple-eyed and lovely,
And some with amber hair,
And round their pretty shoulders
Such dainty things they wear.
The wind it stops to kiss them,
The sunshine seeks to hide
Right in their hearts so golden,
As if wishing naught beside.

Oh, such dainty little faces!
Such dimpled little things,
Growing in quiet places—
Don't you think that they have wings?
Oh, look! just look and see them,
I think they want to say,
You darling little child you,
I wish that you would stay.

Oh, you darling little posies!
You're lovelier than the roses,
Than the lilies' whitest snow;
Please tell me what your name is,
For I'd really like to know—
And tell me if you love me,
Because I love you so.

Then all the little pansies
Lifted their pretty eyes,
And curtsied as the wind blew
And made their sweet replies:

We are only quiet blossoms,
But yet we love to grow,
To make the earth more beautiful,
As does the lilies' snow;
As does the roses' color,
And the violets' lovely blue,
And all the thousand fragrant flowers

Of many-colored hue.
And long ago we think that
Some angel in disguise
Did drop a smile upon us,
While bending from the skies;
And that smile lit up our faces
Till they grew, like children's, fair,
And he called us little pansies,
And that is what we are.

LILIES. (1901.)

A fragrant lily in my garden grew,
White-lipped and fair; the bees' hum softly fell
Around it there; at dawn the silver dew
Lay in its heart as in a crystal well.

The roses grew and nodded by its side,
The pansies upward looked about its feet,
And all the spaces of the garden wide
Drank in its flowing tide of fragrance sweet.

The world was brighter for its presence there,
Although it was a little thing within
The great walled spaces where all things were fair,
And Beauty from each growing thing did spring.

How like the lily in this world of ours,
The Christian's life when it is pure and true,
How sweet the fragrance which it daily showers,
How rare the graces which it brings to view.

The fragrance of self-sacrifice it yields,
The whiteness of its purity we see,
And like the lilies of the Summer fields
It sheds a sweetness that is full and free.

God walks with us if we but walk the way
That Jesus trod. His presence makes it sweet.
Take Thou our hand, O Father! be our stay,
Lilies of Faith make blossoms round our feet.

WATER LILIES. (1891.)

O lilies fair! upon the water's breast,
Say, are you dreaming 'neath this sunny sky
Of the sweet song-birds that above you fly,
Ever joy-winged upon their happy quest?

How soft the shadows fall around you there,
While silver ripples hold you in their arms—
Just kissed to stirring 'neath the spreading palms—
Your faces holy as a nun's at prayer.

The happy flies, a silver cloud above
The still blue softness of the clear pool's breath,
Make 'twixt you and the azure of the West
Its rainbow shining soft as smile of love.

The small gray sparrows drink your breath of balm,
As if it held the spirit of their song,
Nursed by the spring and gently borne along,
Filling the world with music's sacred calm.

The swelling buds are silent-lipped as they
Throw off their hoods and sunward lift their eyes,
Filled with the wonder of Birth's fresh surprise,
And look so gladly in the face of Day.

The noon-bright air seems lost in reverie,
And Earth seems dreaming of diviner things;
Now quietly the water 'round you clings,
Not e'en one ripple stirreth silently.

Then Night comes with her million starry eyes,
And curtains you with shadows and with dreams,
Brightened to loveliness by starry gleams
From far-off worlds, those dwellers in the skies.

BLUEBELLS. (1884.)

Bluebells, bluebells, bluebells, blow!
Ring your bells and ring them low;
From your hearts let music leap—
From your chambers where asleep
All the dainty fairies hide,
And their thoughts to music glide;
Where the winds with fragrance sweet
Make a cover for their feet;
Where glad bird-song on the ear
Falls in notes most sweet and clear.

Bluebells, bluebells, bluebells, ring!
While your perfumed tongues you swing,
Pour your music low and sweet
Round about our passing feet.
Ring! and let the Summer lean
With her dainty ear between
Bud and blossom as they sway,
When the light winds pass their way—
Lean and listen while shall ring
Voice of praise from everything.

THE BIRTH OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS. (1891.)

In the far Orient, where the rosy Day
Opens glad eyes and sees along his way
The cradled dawns asleep, waiting the calls
Of fair Tomorrows, and his full light falls
Like sifted gold through tamarind and palm,
Or gleams in languorous quiet in the calm
Of the full noons where lotus blossoms lie
In roseate brightness on the water's sky,
Departing Summer passed as Autumn neared—
A dusky queen—with all her forests speared

With brightest splendor; gold and crimson shone—
All colors of the dawn within her zone
Of swaying leaves, as if the Sun had there
Melted the live fire-opal, till the air,
Pillared with mighty forest trunks, did stand—
With mountained altars lift on either hand—
Autumn's fit temple. But where beside her shrine
Were Nature's priestesses—the Mogra fair, and vine?
Where all sweet Summer's sisterhood that made
The world divine with beauty, and that laid

Mosaics of rich bloom 'neath swaying trees,
Feeding with perfume every passing breeze
From cups of lilies, mango, violet,
Jasmine and heliotrope, and the dew-wet
Kroona-flowers? And where the purple lines
Of morning-glory bells, swinging from vines
Wind-swept with melody; and where the stars,
'Mid bamboos shining; where the glowing bars
Of red warm bloom lying against the Dawn,
Filled full of fragrance as the breath of Morn?

As day had faded in the crimson West,
Summer had wholly past, her glowing vest
Pinned with a star, and backward she had cast
Incense of gathered bloom—she held them fast
Within her arms—roses and lilies white,
Verbena, iris, violet, and the bright
Full-blooded pinks, and flowers like twilight dim,
So purple-tinted, but which seem to swim
In fragrance, and gay-hued lotus flowers—
The dreaming souls of Summer's fairest hours.

Then Autumn leaned and touched the Earth anew,
With voice as sweet as Israfel's she drew
Close to her breast, and with her glowing lips
Kissed her brown cheeks and dusky finger-tips;
Filled with new charms her many faded bowers;
Set new fair moons upon her sunset towers;
Touched her pale dawns with gold and shining red;
Poured flaming beauty through her woods, and said—
Speaking through lingering south winds breathing low—
"Sad Earth, I'll bless thee ere from thee I go."

Softly the Orient Night dropped o'er the plain,
The clear, bright stars filling the sky's blue main;
The white Moon shining like a silver bow;
The dreaming waters tinkling soft below;
The dusk-winged birds upon their many nests;
The long, slant moonbeams falling on Earth's breast
In plumes of light, radiant, soft and clear,
They silvered all Night's balmy atmosphere.
But as they touched the Earth they cloven fell,
And in each half a bud began to swell,
But when the miracle of Dawn was done
Earth oped her eyes to greet the coming Sun;
All shadows fled, the rosy sunbeams flew
To kiss her eyelids, while the shining dew
Decked her with diamonds of purest light,
When, lo! her breath as sweet as lilies white,
Lingering she drew, as when with swift surprise
Of large, pleased vision she had turned her eyes
Where were the blossoms from the moonbeams sprung,
Glorious as sunrise on their tall stalks hung.

What coils of splendid color, crimson-hued,
Dappled with gold and purple tints she viewed;
And some like wine when through it light is shed;
Some hundred-petaled like the tousled head
Of a great sun-dog, and some brightly white
As snow wreaths in the Sun; some held the light
Of "pink and purple censers," such as swing
In summer gardens full with blossoming.
"I am content," Earth cried, "let Autumn come,
No flower outshines her, proud *Chrysanthemum.*"

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE. (1899.)

An angel leaned from heaven and earthward turned
His starry eyes. The skies did brighter shine
As his full glance fell on them, and they spurned
The lingering shadows; a glowing line
Of silver moonbeams touched the face of Day,
Soft as a mother's kiss they falling lay,
And the Earth woke and lifted up her eyes
To her blue tent of overarching skies,
Her inmost being thrilled as she stirred.
With ear attent her listening spirit heard
The angel whisper, "Smile, O Earth, once more!
Let not your heart be any longer sore
Over the blight that sin hath cast on you."
He, pausing, smiled, and then the silver dew
Fell on Earth's face with its baptismal flow
Of silent blessing, and then, looking, lo!
Earth's eyes grew bright again with glad surprise,
As round about her she did see uprise,
Like little children clad in fragrance rare,
The sweet rose stalks all blossoming and fair.
The pulsing air grew gladder with their breath,
And from the Earth seemed lift the curse of death,
When glowed Day's herald star full bright and clear
In the cool deeps of Morning's atmosphere,
And purple Dawn waxed golden in its glow,
And glad streams tinkled in their seaward flow,
Past bamboo tufts and pulsing lotus leaf,
And the rich yellow of the harvest sheaf,
And the fair East kept brightening to the blue
Of the high zenith; the faint dusk grew
To glowing crimson, scarlet amethyst,
Till Morn's star sank in floods of golden mist.
All shadows fled, the gold-wingéd sunbeams flew
To kiss Earth's eyelids, and the shining dew
Decked her with diamonds of the purest light,
While her full breath was sweet as lilies white,
And lo! the rose with angel beauty born
Smiled its charms into the face of Morn,
The sad Earth lift her sorrow-laden eyes,
And dreamed once more of Hope and Paradise.

Roses. (1884.)

They whisper to the air which around them
Lingers, drinking in quiet ecstacy
Their perfumed breath like some lover fond, and
At its touch the dewy petals softly
Stir and tremble in their fragrant gladness.
The dew sends soft-lipped kisses down; the
Sunshine pours its wealth of tenderness, and
Writes its perfumed poem in pale orange
Tints, which, mingling, lose themselves amid the
Shades of pink and rich, deep red and crimson,
And all the roadside lies, so fair and sweet,
A symphony in color, a rhythm of
Sweet odors, a wayside psalm of beauty.

Golden Abutilon. (1886.)

Swing, swing, O airy golden bells!
To the whispered music of every breeze that swells.
All the leaves are leaning from the trees to listen,
And on the rose and lily, growing underneath your boughs,
Like pure-faced nuns, who've breathed their holy vows,
I see the shining dews of gladness glisten;
And the birds within the tree-tops fold their wings to hear
Your airy, fairy music in its cadence low and clear.

THE SPIRITS OF THE FLOWERS. (1878.)

A shining globe, a silver sphere
Lay sparkling and bright in the morning clear;
It had drifted down through the starry air
And made its bed in the Lily fair;
And when the dawn of the daylight broke
A thousand rainbows in it awoke;
They stretched themselves to its unseen poles
And glimmered above its tiny shoals;
And there from every shade and hue
Out peeped the face of an elfin crew.
Their heads were crowned with shining hair,
Formed of the gold from the sunbeams fair;
Their eyes were sparkles of starry light,
Dropped from the star-born meteor's flight;
Their gossamer wings of azure hue
Were woven from the lightest winds that blew,
And filled with woof from the sunset's deep
On whose golden sea they were wont to sleep.
Their breath was sweet as the Lily's own,
And sweeter than music's sweetest tone
Their gurgling laughter rose and fell
To the soft time-beat of the Asphodel.

But the Sun beat warm on the Lily pale,
And the dew-drop spread its misty sail;
It floated up on a sunbeam's crest
Into the blue of the ether's breast;
It rose aloft like a swift balloon,
Past the shrinking form of the pale white Moon—
Upward and upward, higher and higher
Towards the Sun's great burning heart of fire.

But out from the dew-drop's shattered sphere
Stole the fairy Elves, and downward, sheer
Through the golden, shining air they sped,
Into the heart of the Lily's bed;
Into the deep of the Roses curled,
Wherever its petals were unfurled;
Into the blossoming Heliotrope
And the bosom of every Pink that oped.
They swung on the edge of the Mignonette,
And danced where the sweet Geranium set,
They sipped the dew from the Gillyflower,
And in Orange buds they built a bower;
Into the Night-blooming Cereus stole;
And touched its stamens with glints of gold;
They nestled down in the Daffodil,
And kissed the Iris, rainbow frill;
In Sweet Alyssum they sat and dreamed,
From the heat by a cobweb curtain screened;
From the Apple Blossom's milk-white sheen;
They plucked a robe for their virgin queen;
And a leaf they stole from the sweet Peach flower
And hung as a curtain for her bower;
And deep in the Honeysuckle's bloom
They found a gorgeous palace room.
And they waved their wands, and with honeyed sweet
Was the full deep cup of the flower replete.
They stole to the Violet's drooping head
And with perfumed nectar the floweret fed;
And they carved the Lilac's fragrant bell
Into a breeze-rocked citadel.

And one tiny Elf with fairy bride
Stole softly down to the water's side,
To a crystal lake in the sunshine bright,
Starred here and there by the lilies white;
And they stole to the heart of the Lily's gold,
And its fragrance wrapped them fold on fold;
And he plucked from its stem the Lily sweet,
And they pushed far out on the waters deep;
Then the Hornet flew as their pilot down,
And the Butterfly perched on the Lily's crown,
And he spread his wing for a snowy sail,
And they sailed far out where the shadows lay,
And the sunshine fell in a column pale,
There in the cool of the forest's May.

An hour they strayed in the forest deeps,
And it took new scents and perfumed sweets;
It shone in new and charming dyes,
And Nature waked to a glad surprise,
For wherever the fairies' sweet breath fell
Waked flowers as bright as the Asphodel.
And the azure flush of the Violet made
Their scented path through the wooded glade;
And the Mountain Laurel lifted high
Its pink-white blossoms to the sky,
And the tinted leaves of the Eglantine
Gleamed on the edge of the forest green,
And drowned in its perfume the sunshine lay,
And the winds were drunk with its sweets that day.

Then back o'er the waters the fairies sped,
Leaving a world of bloom behind,
Still by the dusky Hornet led,
And the Butterfly's sail spread out to the wind,
They reached the shore—'neath their tiny feet
Up sprung the honeyed Clover sweet;
And the Bluebells gave a musical peal
At the springing touch of each fairy heel,
And the Cowslip stirred in its shrinking grace,
And the gold-eyed Daisy raised his face,
And with crimson petals and golden heart
The Tulip stood by itself apart,
But the purple Night dropped down its shade.
And the glowing light in the West did fade;
Then the Firefly came with his shining spark—
A beacon-light through the growing dark—
And they climbed his back, a willing steed,
And back to their fairy camp did speed.

And the winds were soft, and the dew fell bright,
Like a rain of silver through the Night,
And the Elves they danced on the grassy green,
And each had a cup his wings between.
It was fastened there by a gossamer thread,
Which they had plucked from the Spider's bed;
And there were the dews of Night distilled,
Till every cup was with nectar filled.
Then each unclasped the silver thread
And with cup in hand to the flowers they sped,
And they bathed each flower with nectar there,
Then waved their wands in the star-lit air.

Each bathed in a drop of pearly dew,
Then three times swung his wand anew,
Then faded out each form and face,
And only perfume filled the place.
Their work was done, and each had passed,
A perfumed soul, to his flower at last.

Mission Days.

"Romance beside you dreams."

SAN FERNANDO.

[On the centennial celebration (Sept. 9, 1897,) of the founding of San Fernando Mission.]

I see a vision of the Past that's vanished,
And voices hear that long, long since were still;
And dusky faces that old Time has banished
Once more these hoary piles do throng and fill.

The footsteps of the lurking savage greet me,
I hear the tread of many sandaled feet,
The snowy sails of drifting galleon meet me,
As turn mine eyes unto our sunset deep.

This tent of skies above me bends in glory,
The old Past halts to close its pond'rous gates,
And o'er its page of yet unwritten story
The smiling Future holds her pen and waits.

Waits till the silent air wakes to listen
To glad Te Deums from the treetops flung,
Where in the morning sunshine gleam and glisten
The Mission bells amid the oak boughs swung.

There swing they till the Mission walls uplifted,
Beneath tiled roof in stately beauty stand;
Bells of the Past! whose music slowly drifted
Above the altars of this heathen land.

'Twas then the clanging doors of Superstition
Swung to, and waiting Progress seized the key
And dawned the morning of Hope's glad fruition,
Whose fullness lay in the bright Yet-to-be.

'Twas then that History here began her story,
The old Past died, the Future's day began;
These sacred walls, today so old and hoary,
Spoke first of hope and heav'nly life for man.

The untaught savage heard and gladly listened,
His altar fires went out upon the hills;
Triumphantly his new-taught Glorias answered
The ringing music of his running rills.

O Mission walls! how sacred is your story!
O blessed milestones on the weary way
From the dark night of savage Superstition
To the full light that crowns our land today.

Decay has seized you, yet ye shall not perish—
This pledge we give with firm, uplifted hand;
Your walls, so pregnant with grand deeds, we'll cherish,
The unknown Future still shall see them stand.

The Past, enfolding with its deeds of valor
A Mecca for the pilgrims' weary feet,
A shrine the story of the Cross shall hallow
Where we with reverent voice the Past may greet.

THE OLD MISSIONS. (1892.)

Look to the Sun, O gray old walls of stone!
And to the hills, your elder brothers they,
Who stood and watched when on that ancient day
A century agone those dusky hands
First laid your corner-stones. With them kindred
Are you. The Past has wedded you, and round
You still flows its soft atmosphere. Romance
Beside you dreams, her soft breath like the rose
Which the wind touches and it yields its sweets;
Could we but waken her to speech, our ears
Would hold its melody as they do hold
For aye the soft melody of rippling streams,
Of tinkling music of the fountain's flow,
Or sounds of soft winds breathing through forest
Pines, or sweetness of fond childhood's laughter
That we loved.

Looking on your gray old walls,
Heavy with rime of years and grim decay,
Fancy those native sons with their bronzed faces
Paints; those sons who, nursed by the warm sunshine,
Kissed by the gentle winds and fed by the
Growing corn, grew Samson-like in sinewy
Strength, fleet in the chase, and skillful with the
Oar. Swift as a shooting star glided their
Light canoes, skimming the waves like sea-gulls
In their flight. With what unerring skill tracked
They the hare, and followed the coyote,
Fierce-mouthed and snarling, to his lonely haunt,
The fierce and hungry mountain lion to
His lair. Simple their needs, and simple was
Their faith—Sun-Worshipers, who, when morning
Broke, and the great round Sun uprose, flashing
His splendor on the heights—their mountain altars—
Worshipfully went forth, in reverence
Bending, rejoicing in his light, whose smile
Was sunshine, and whose breath was summer warmth.
Green slept the winter hills in those old days;
The soft air round them flooded with silence;
The deep blue skies, like an infinite sea,
Golden with sunshine, while with pathless flight
The birds winged the bright air, or poured their songs
From tree and swaying bush in symphonies
That stirred the world to gladness,
As if music were its soul and its heart
Were love pulsing with melody. Nut-brown
Those early children of the soil, the Sun
Their father, and they reared to him altars
Where burned undying fires. The soft East Wind,

MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

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Blowing at dawn, was but the messenger
Whispering of his coming, and when the East
Burst into red bloom, or burned with amber,
Or glowed with pure white light on their faces—
Touched by his beams—they fell, the transplendent
Glory of the skies lighting his garments'
Hem, and the breath of flowers the incense
Which Earth offered when first his golden eye
Opened above the mountain's crest, making
A new day for the waiting world.

As now,
Then glowed the golden poppies on the hills,
And these they deemed a smile their god had dropped
In passing, and so they with unspoken
Reverence loved them, and the diamonds
Of dew and pearls of white wild-flowers lying
'Mid the lush grasses. O Nature's temple!
Wide and grand it rose, roofed by the bending
Sky, the columned trees its towering spires,
The Sun its god, the myriad untold
Stars its taper lights, the million birds
Its singing choirs, and its grand organ peal
The thundering Cataract, with undertone
Of leaping rills, whose silver cadences
Were sweet as wind-blown harps at eventide,
And tender as a mother's lullaby.
But to these shores there came the long-robed priests,
With sandaled feet and hands bearing the Cross.
The blue waves danced beneath their vessel's prow,
Till the green shores seemed beckoning to their feet,
And breezes soft a whispering welcome breathed.
Here they the banner of their faith unfurled,
Planted the Cross upon these sunset shores,
And swung their Mission bells among the trees,
And told the natives of the faith they brought,
And stirred their wonder by their pompous rites,
And nursed Hope's blossom in their simple hearts.
How sweet to them the story of the Cross!
How grand the Glorias the Mission bells
Rang to the waiting hills, oft wakening
The birds at morn! The rippling water's song
Mingled with glad Te Deums. Silver-tongued,
The Spanish padres chanted low and soft
And clear their vesper hymns, and their incense
Burned on rude-built altars 'neath the templed
Dome of bending sky. But soon the native
Heart, kindled to new faith, lent willing hand
To rear the Mission walls. The sun-dried bricks
Were brought. The patient cattle on the hills
Were slain, yielding their hides the hundred roofs
To bind. Patient the feet the high mountain
Walls that climbed to fell the mighty trees.
Patient the backs that bore through pathless ways
The monarch forest trunks down the steep slopes,
And strong the sinewy arms which giant
Boulders stirred to serve for rock foundations.
Silence crept slowly from the hills she loved
As the new life dawned, and the square turrets
And the red-tiled roofs rose above the sleeping
Plains, and backward slippeth to dim forgetfulness
The old idyllic life. With these gray walls
Sprang a new-born hope. No more the Sun,
Marching through cloudless sky-paths swept by rays
Of light, saw here her worshipers. Here grew
Dim all his altar fires, paling as starlight
In the sunlight pales, before the grander
Glory of the Cross. A new day had come,
And Empire's star shone clear within its dawn.

SANTA BARBARA MISSION. (1902.)

Its old walls stand beneath the summer sky,
The winds have kissed them for a hundred years,
The ancient olive trees, yet green and fair
As tireless sentinels, are standing there,
The dark-eyed señorita still appears
With smiling face among the passers-by.

There walk the monks as they did walk of old
When here another race did hold its sway.
The pictures on the walls are dim with age,
For time hath turned since then another page—
Seen the Past vanish and a new Today
Of glorious promise round these walls unfold.

Still hang the bells beneath the tiled roof-towers
That woke the Indian from his slumbers deep,
And the old fountain sparkles in the sun;
Like liquid silver do its waters run,
While the grand mountains watch above it keep,
And the old Earth spreads out its wealth of flowers.

Within the churchyard there the sleepers lie
Who died before the coming of Today;
The crumbling stones above their bodies rest,
The flowering sod above their forms is prest,
Outside the walls the happy children stray,
And birds soar upward to the cloudless sky.

This ancient pile is voiceful of the Past,
Our fancy sees the Indian bending there
Before its altars, th' dark-browed sons of Spain
Kneeling round him; then there comes again
To breathe to God her silent fervent prayer
The aged señora, clinging ever fast

To what the priest hath taught her, waiting there
To have him bless her—then she goes her way
With heart joy-filled; the days they are not long,
The morning seemeth like a happy song;
Life is so glad, so free from care the day,
And beauty lies around her everywhere.

Today the waters of the smiling sea
Lap the white sands upon the peaceful shore,
The sunset swoons upon the golden waves,
The mountain crests the falling sunbeam laves,
But lo! those worshipers forevermore
Have vanished and they only be

To us a memory. These gray walls rise,
A monument to days that have gone by,
For they were built at Hope's beginning here,
Ere Freedom's morning shone forth full and clear;
While yet the land did slumber silently,
These gray old walls were lifted toward the skies.

Then let them stand to mark the highway trod
By pioneers of Progress who blazed th' way
For us to tread. The blessed morn drew near,
The starlight darkened and the dawn was clear,
And neared the promise of the coming day
When they were reared and dedicate to God.

THE PASSING OF THE OLD MISSIONS. (1897.)

That dim old Past, that yesterday of Time
Which sleeps behind the centuries afar,
As sleeps behind a cloud the sun or star,
Has wondrous story on its page sublime
Of this fair land that we today do hold,
Sought first by white man for its wealth of gold,
Coming from o'er the sea, the calm, great sea,
That clasps the smiling land
With foam-white, tender hand.

No orchards grew upon the valley's breast,
No vintage ripened in the smiling sun,
Only the wild-flowers blossomed one by one,
A miracle of beauty each, and fair
As the gold-dropping sunbeams which did play
Amid the oaks whose falling acorns lay
Upon the ground, food for those savage sons,
The tawny children which the land did know,
And cradled fondly centuries ago,
Before the white man came,
With Cross and altar flame.

The soft sigh of the leaves that swayed upon their boughs
Held voice for them that mingled with their dreams
The silver melodies of crystal running streams,
And the far murmur of the sleeping sea
Which the breeze brought them as they wandered free.
All were the Great Spirit's own, down-breathing
Into their hearts, a benediction weaving,
Which wrapped them like a prayer and made them glad,
As if He stood with men
On hillside, plain and glen.

This great wide land was very fair and bright
Ages agone, as it is still today;
The golden sunbeams all about it lay,
The mountains lifted faces touched with light,
Crowned with the glory of the sun and stars.
Not oft a cloud spread out its misty bars
Across the sky within whose vast blue deep
The summer lay in lang'rous calm asleep;
The scent of bay was sweet within the air,
And all the starlit dusk
Breathed scent of rose and musk.

Ah! this the land the Sun wooed for his own,
And wove his beams into a spell of bliss,
Mantled its mounts in gold and amethyst,
When day declined,
And earth's brown children gathered at their feet,
And lit their altar fires, and danced their fleet,
Wild, savage dances, and sang of their sires,
And the swift flight of arrows that did smite
Their ruthless foes, as when the day retires,
Night flings her dusky javelins, and there
Smites with her dark the world, till the bright sun
Rises again and puts out one by one
The many shining stars,
Lifting his golden bars.

How many years have slipped adown the past
Since first the Fathers came and builded here
The Mission walls! 'Twas then that Hope drew near
In her white garments, on whose spotless hem
The Cross was broidered, and in her hand she bore
The sacred crucifix, and the diadem
Of a new life lit by the morning star
Of coming Progress. O day of Time's days!
When on these sunlit shores there softly fell
The waking echoes of the Mission bell,
Stirring the silent air
With call to praise and pray'r.

O how the red man wrought through years of toil
To rear these walls! Each hammer's stroke that fell
Upon the slumb'ring silence was the knell
Of the old savage Past; each tower that rose
Under the blue sky shining in its light,
The sure-poised finger of fair Prophecy
Pointing unto that future, which was white
With peace, and which should supersede the night
Of Superstition; the dawn was breaking,
A fairer day of promise then was waking,
The brighter Future stood
Pregnant with coming good.

O land, O land of ours! the early morn,
Shining and clear, with pulses beating high,
Was on your hills, its light within your sky,
When to these Missions gathered peacefully
Thousands of savage red men who were taught
The art of husbandry; the long years brought
But peaceful conquest; the wigwam vanished quite,
Pueblos sprang to life, the fertile plains
Were dotted o'er with many lowing herds,
And fields were rich with harvest-ripened grains;
The olive's silver leaf stirred in the breeze
Like a wind lute, and gentle harmonies
Woke in the sunny vineyards on the slopes
Of the great hills, and Plenty's self awoke
Like some fair goddess, open-eyed, serene,
And silently, afar,
Rose coming Empire's star.

Listen! the sound of swift-advancing feet!
A new race comes, for it ye paved the way,
O Mission-builders! but ye must not stay,
Time lays his hand upon your crumbling piles.
Make way for Empire! Earth's dusky children heard,
And they have vanished. No longer smiles
The wildwood flower for them, nor lingers near
The faithful ox to draw the willing plow,
The vineyards know them not, the purple grape
Is plucked by other hands, the Fathers wake
To see new faces at their altars stand,
Facing the New, the Old
Stands with its story told.

MISSION SAN GABRIEL.

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The Months and Seasons.

"The sea dreams by our golden sands."

HOW THE NEW YEAR COMES TO US.

O Land of balm and Land of Sun!
Where Winter holds within his noon
But lingering summer days of bloom,
But calm of sky, and calm of sea,
And grandeur of immensity;
Where clouds move white above our head,
Like young lambs which are shepherded
By the soft breezes which do run
Light-footed as the golden hours,
To steal the fragrance of the flowers.

Where close against the doors of Dawn,
Our vast high mountain thrusts its head,
With Winter's whiteness garmented;
While maiden Summer stands below,
With perfumed breath and orange snow.
The Young Year with his skies of blue
She feeds with blossoms and with dew;
And lo! upon his natal morn
Weaves robes of harvests, fashioned fair
As bloom of flowers and sunlit air.

The sea dreams by our golden sands,
The palms stretch slender fingers down
To toy with sunbeams in the crown
The New Year wears. The smell of musk,
Of rose and lily fills the dusk
Of twilight hours. The silver moon
Seems lying in delicious swoon
Amid the stars. The New Year stands
With emerald paths to walk upon,
And bird-songs flowing on and on.

The blue sky smiles upon the sea,
The sea smiles back upon the sky,
The cradled islands lying by
Feel Summer's kiss and smile with them,
While Summer trails her garment's hem
'Cross shining sea and shining land,
And gentle breezes tiptoe stand
To kiss the New Year on the mouth,
With kisses warm from their own south,
And all the listening months stand by
In mute and waiting ecstacy
Beneath a glad and smiling sky.

THESE NEW YEAR'S DAYS.

The glorious and spring-like air
Falls round us like a veil,
And through it all the opening flowers
Their perfumed sweets exhale.

Upon the cedar's topmost limb
The spider's silver thread
Sways back and forth—a shining line,
The sunbeams love to tread.

The flies buzz in and out between
The needles of the pine,
The butterflies, like bright-winged flowers,
Float through the warm sunshine.

I hear a little bird afar,
Within some high treetop,
Sing sweet and clear—the echoes ring
As they were loath to stop.

And all the world a willing ear
Is turning to the sound,
And e'en the gray old rocks, unseen,
Fling all the music round.

The New Year opens wide its eyes
On emerald hills so fair;
And Beauty smiles beneath the skies,
And walketh everywhere.

A NEW YEAR'S INVITATION. (1903.)

O come, O come! the days are fair,
The land is em'rald-drest and sweet,
With perfumes flowing everywhere,
With growing grasses at our feet!

The air is swept by glad birds' wings,
And golden butterflies drop down
To where the fragrant lily springs,
And countless buds the rose-bush crown.

The palms sway softly in the breeze,
The fragrant violet smiles and blooms
Beyond the shadow of the trees,
And dreams through all the golden noons.

The mountains lift their crests of snow,
All touched with colors warm and bright,
Smiling upon the vales below
That dream in Summer's golden light.

And when the dusk her curtain draws,
And star-crowned Night comes softly near,
She shakes her perfumed garments out,
And fragrance fills the atmosphere.

And here within this West we find
The sense of an unfettered rest,
And largeness that is unconfined,
And peace on Mother Nature's breast.

And here, near shining silver seas,
The orange groves and vineyards fair
Fill smiling space, and honey bees
Buzz gaily through the golden air.

The New Year comes with dainty feet,
And robes of sunlight golden fair,
Stealing with steps so soft and fleet
From where his starlit pathways are.

He comes to fill this golden West
With yet more priceless, richer boons,
And make the coming Future blest
With Freedom's fullness, and her noons

Golden with riches of delight.
So hither come where Promise smiles
Forever fair before the sight,
Through leagues on leagues of perfumed miles.

All ye pale dwellers 'mid the snows,
Come, and be glad where Nature lies,
Sun-robed and fair, and ever flows
Beneath these clear, unclouded skies,

Health's living stream; the atmosphere
Is full of balm, and June's sweet air
Seems pulsing through December's days—
Perfume and growth are everywhere.

Then hither come; the days are fair,
The land is em'rald-drest and sweet
With perfumes flowing everywhere,
With growing grasses at our feet.

THE NEW YEAR. (1885.)

Last night the Old Year passed away, all
Scarred with guilt and sin;
This morn the New Year, pure and white,
Time's angel ushered in.

The starry midnight gates were flung
Upon their hinges wide,
The angels dipped their silv'ry oars in
Time's incoming tide.

Swift sailing on its starry course upon the
airy deep,
The Old Year saw a golden boat adown
the star-beams sweep;

And when it touched the midnight shores
of ether's outmost sea,
The Old Year wrapped his mantle folds
about him silently.

And when the morning open flung its
gates within the East,
The New Year, crowned and sceptered,
Stood with beckoning smile of peace.

II. (December 31, 1901—January 1, 1902.)

The Old Year, vanished sentinel of Time,
With silent steps seeks the engulfing Past,
And all its deeds, both lowly and sublime,
Are writ on its imperishable Vast.

For nothing dies; the glory of today
Was given birth by yesterdays that were;
Great deeds are deathless, and oblivion keeps
For them no sealed and silent sepulcher.

Science soars upward on her tireless wings,
Freedom shakes off the shackles from her hands,
Truth halts because of binding chains no more,
And Superstition as her captive stands.

O great Today! We hail thee as a child
Of all Time's ages, and the New Year's dawn,
Crowned with the garnered glory of the centuries,
Proclaims the coming of a grander morn.

III. (1890.)

The year is young yet, but still it hath wept tears
Enough to drown ten thousand hopes of men;
It hath grown sorrow-old and furrowed with its fears,
And it hath torn its mother's breast—the dear old
Earth's—when
It did hold the tempests as its lash,
And sent its avalanches down with crash
As if some star was rended from its sphere.

But Nature, with gentle hand, is seeking now
To tame the boy, to heal his mother's woes;
And the warm sun is nursing her, and bow
To her the fairest of bright skies—the sunlight flows
In golden rivers all the ether through,
And grasses green are springing up to new
Fresh life to hide her scars—while regenerate stands
The Young Year, holding in his clean-washed hands
Such jewels of bright hopes of harvests stored
In rain-soaked soil, where he so freely poured
His wild floods out, and moaned and fretted days
On days. And baby buds of blossoms laughed with him,
And fragrant breezes through the forest ways
Breathe in sweet ecstacy their exquisite hymn.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

[At an entertainment in Santa Barbara, in 1876, in response to a toast to the New Year, Mrs. Otis recited the following original poem:]

The Newsboy's Vision.

Time stands and blows his bubbles into space,
And far into the deep and fathomless
Depths of dim immensity, uprising
Swift beyond the stars, beyond the path of
All the circling worlds, outstretching far the
Verge of all the planetary spheres, out
Into unbeginning and unending
Space, mingling with the old Eternity
That was, and is, and shall be, flies swift and
Silent as the wind's shadow, the dead Old Year.

Asleep in my low attic chamber,
On my poor little pallet of straw—
I had drawn the rags closely about me,
For the night was chilly and raw.

Above me the stars were a-beaming,
They gleamed through the cracks overhead,
And the moon made a glorious pathway
Of light from the sky to my bed.

All at once—was I waking or dreaming?—
Coming down on those silvery stairs
Which the moonbeams had built in the night-time,
Pure and bright as a penitent's prayers,

Was a form unsullied, untainted,
Untouched by a blot or a stain;
Its robes were as spotless as heaven,
Its feet were as swift as a flame.

When it touched on the star-lighted ether,
On earth's outer limits of air,
Time reined in his steeds for a moment
And crowned and sceptered it there.

Then out through the gates of the midnight—
The door of the East was ajar—
His robe like a shroud wrapped around him,
The Old Year vanished afar.

And as Morn with her soft rosy fingers
Flung open the gates of the East,
The New Year looked out from its chambers
With a smile and a blessing of peace.

THE NEW CENTURY. (1901.)

Great monarch Time, with centuries of years
Upon his forehead like a shining crown,
Looking the pathway of the ages down,
Still grand as noblest manhood he appears
With face unwrinkled and with arm as bold
As dauntless hero's facing hated wrong,
By conscience armed and by the right made strong,
He moveth on while ages new are told.

And glad he looks upon this Land of Sun,
And fain would halt a moment by the way,
So rare its beauty and so bright its day;
Great mountained land, and land of vales that run,
All blossom-crowned and harvest-filled and fair,
From mounts to sea; here smiling Plenty waits
And bids the world enter her golden gates,
Where riches lie ungathered everywhere.

Time opes his treasures and to us he throws
The keys of Empire to unlock the gates
Of world-wide commerce, which impatient waits,
Its mighty stream, like tidal overflows,
Seeking an inlet to this plenteous land.
In the clear dawn of this new Century's day
We rise to meet it—in the broad highway
Of ceaseless Progress, lo! we beckoning stand.

II. (1902.)

We stand and face the centuries of time,
The New is here with wonders most sublime,
With strange new powers progressive manhood stands,
The key to Nature's laws within his hand.

The lightnings he may marshal at his word,
The air to speech is at his bidding stirred,
The very stars he measures and doth weigh,
He gives to night the brightness of the day.

The Iron Horse moves on with thund'rous tread,
By giant steam a harnessed courser led;
For him the lightnings leap the mighty seas,
And reach the shores of the antipodes.

And at their gates he puts his list'ning ear,
And lo! their whispers he may plainly hear.
Man groweth to be master of the world,
The flag of Science he hath wide unfurled.

The hoary rocks their secrets yield to him,
Star-speech is heard through all the midnight dim.
He's rent the veil from Nature's hidden face,
And now he stands where he can clearly trace

The laws that govern her, and make them stand
As willing servants ready at his hand;
As king he stands, as monarch of the earth,
In this bright morning of the Century's birth.

No more the slave of Ignorance he waits,
For he may now unlock the long-closed gates
Of Knowledge, and proudly lay his scepter there.
Climb to his throne, monarch of earth and air.

THESE JANUARY DAYS. (1892.)

The days slip by so calmly bright and fair;
The clouds troop lightly and no raindrops fall;
The sunbeams pour a flood of golden sheen;
The air is balmy, breathing soft and low;
The flowers shed fragrance, filling everything
With odors sweet, as in fair days of June,
And like a flower with wings the butterfly
Finds shining paths along the sunny air,
While the bees' hum pleases our listening ears.
With the wings of gossamer the happy flies
Make rainbow-shining as they flit along.
The little buds upon their slender stems
Are dreaming, summer-like, while grasses green
Show slender tongues that yet shall whisper low
The symphonies of wind as light they pass.
Dawns show their gold, while sunsets are aflame
With amber lights and richest crimson glow.
The stars look down from purpling evening skies,
Their silver arrows falling on the hills,
Their silver rain flooding the sleeping vales.
Night holds her breath while Beauty kisses her,
And dreams of Eden. Mountain heights look down
Star-crested, while the smiling moon touches
Caressingly their shoulders. The mocking
Bird, in the clear midnight hush, oft wakens
And sings, and jubilant echoes answer
To his song. How sway the golden orange
Spheres! twinkling 'mid thick boughs like starry worlds
Within an under firmament. Winter
Here is flower-crowned, glorious, strong-limbed,
A Hercules with fair Adonis face,
Which Nature's marshaled armies spring to greet,
While Earth, his worshiper, adorns herself
With beauty, nursing with care her many charms.

A FEBRUARY DAY. (1901.)

The world around is wondrous fair and bright,
Flooded with fragrance and with radiant light;
A crown of beauty on th' emerald hills,
A voice of music in the flowing rills,
A tide of song within the upper air,
Where glad bird-life is flitting everywhere,
A glory on the trees that catch the sun,
Where 'mid the leaves the golden ripples run,
Chased by the laughing breeze whose soundless feet
Trip gaily as the light, and are as fleet.

This month has stolen the smile of the May,
Her robes are as fair, her colors as gay,
Her skies as bright as June's shadowless ones,
Her days are as golden and warm as her suns,
And oh! there's a heart in the music that pours
From th' throat of the lark as upward it soars;
A heart in the fragrance of blossoming things,
In the tender young grass as upward it springs;
And my own heart grows glad with th' beauty which lies
On the bosom of earth and the face of the skies.

MARCH—'TIS ONLY SPRING. (1898.)

The fronded palms are lifted o'er my head,
The roses climb into the eaves' broad arms,
And nestle there the birds, safe from alarms,
And unto beauty this fair day is wed.

No harsh winds blow across the tender skies,
The golden air is full of sweet perfumes,
Morn in the east the whole sweet world illumes;
Like walls of amethyst the mountains rise.

O far, so far into the blue above,
Robed in the glory of this glowing morn,
Like vanquished hosts the shadows have withdrawn,
As fleeth Hate before the light of Love.

The wondrous beauty of the blooming flowers,
The dreamy tenderness of earth and air,
The summer brightness brooding everywhere
From early morn to evening's rosy hours,

Make us forget 'tis only Spring today,
That loitering Summer walkest months before,
And they must pass before she'll ope the door
And walk with Time along her flower-paved way.

But O! this land! this land of song and light,
Of shining skies that hardly know a cloud,
Where winds are stilled, nor seldom breathe aloud;
A charm like Summer's is on vale and height.

THESE CLOUDED APRIL DAYS.

O sky! cloud-wrapped and frowning so darkly,
What grim, moody madness hath seized thee? O
Where is the sunshine of April—the sweet,
Dreamy, languorous days that belong to
Our fair, semi-tropical clime, on whose
Breast slumber, languishing, odorous noons,
And warm-shining suns, all golden in
Garments of light? What meaneth the pall that
Is spread 'twixt us and the sun-lighted spaces
Of sky? Let the wind kiss its face and bear
It with light wings away, for lo! the Sun's
Loving children do long for the light of
His smile, and even the poppies grow pale
On the hillsides so fair, and the purple-
Eyed grasses do bend as if saying a
Prayer for his coming. This pavement of
Cloud is not the thing for thy feet, O bright
God of Day! but sky-burnished sapphire and
Empyrean blue shouldst thou tread, while lances
Of light and gold-dust of sunbeams should fill
The wide deeps about thee. O Helias,
Smile! and break through the curtains of mist, then
Orange trees with golden bells laden shall
Pour out their rhythmical sweets, and the air
Shall grow glad, and earth's blossom-filled pulses
Shall stir, as she drinks in the wine of thy
Light, and feels the warm kiss of thy lips.

APRIL'S CLOSE. (1896.)

Smile, smile, O Day! in thy beauty and gladness;
Laugh with the Dawn as she comes over the hills,
Trailing her long, flashing ribbons of rills.
O the blue of the sky is cloudless and deep!
Broader than earth is its infinite sweep;
Stars sleep in its heart, soft curtained by light,
And the soul of Day in ecstatic delight
Broods over the world, o'er this clime of the Sun,
Where soft-footed and glad the light breezes run
O'er oceans of bloom, and April is gay
With roses and lilies, as fair as the May
In blossoming glory, with bosom as warm
As dewy sweet June's; and the purpling Dawn
Forever finds Summer asleep in our vales,
Where waveth the palm, and never there fails
The song of the bird, the murmur of bees,
The shimmer of light on the leaf-laden trees.

AN APRIL OUTLOOK. (1904.)

[From "The Bivouac."]

The park lies close beneath my window here,
The tall, green trees within the air so clear
Are all uplift, like pinnacles of flame;
The sunshine floods each leaf, they seem to drain
Its golden glory, and they so lightly dance
As the soft breeze doth make its slow advance.

The hills like perfect emeralds glow and gleam,
The vales are bright in their rich, grassy sheen,
And flowers are nodding in the sunshine bright,
Whose golden arrows take their shining flight,
Filling the air as if 'twere summer here,
And earth were breathing June's sweet atmosphere.

How blue the sky! A wondrous vast it is,
Filled with impenetrable mysteries;
How blue the lake beneath the bending sky,
And grand the mountains here uplifted high,
Cradling the vales within their fond embrace,
Crowning with glory the old Earth's sweet face.

Daisies are looking to the sun, and lo!
The modest violet its sweet face does show;
Tall eucalypti whisper to the light,
And countless birds are winging their glad flight,
As if the smiling sunshine, beckoning, drew
Them on and on its unseen pathways through.

O beautiful, so beautiful and fair
The outlooks from my vine-wreathed windows are!
In flame-like colors do the acacias glow,
Like bright fire-opals countless blossoms show,
And the still lake is like an eye of light
That earth has lifted to the sunshine bright.

O summer world! O summer land of ours!
Breathing the fragrance of undying flowers,
Girdled by mountains and the mighty sea,
Fondled by Growth in all her witchery.
No land like thee beneath the glowing sun,
No land so fair since Eden's days were done.

SEMI-TROPIC APRIL. (1893.)

Fickle and fair is April in the East,
Dimpled, sometimes with snows, sometimes with flowers;
How different is she from this maid of ours,
With laughing eyes and blossoms in her hair,
Sun-crowned with light, and lovely everywhere,
With happy birds which fill the air with song;
With grasses lying like an emerald along
The paths she walks; with skies which be
Cloudless as June's, as deep with mystery
Of boundlessness. How gay her ribboned streams,
Like silver shining in her valley's lap!
How golden are the ever-shining beams
The passing days with tender glances wrap
Around her morns and ever-glowing noons!
How silvery her stars and shining moons!
Her days are pearls of gladness, and her eves
Like notes of song. How sweet the buds she weaves
Of orange bloom and almond blossoms' snows!
How rich with fragrance every wind that blows!
Coy as a maiden, yet divinely fair
As perfect womanhood our Aprils are.

O ROSE-LIPPED MAY! (1891.)

O rose-lipped May! O laughing May!
With eyes so blue and cheeks so warm,
The poppies lie upon thy breast,
The lilies lean at thy caress,
The roses kiss thy heart at noon,
And lo! the butterfly is winged
With color like a sky-born flower;
The bees buzz in thy golden sun,
The days grow longer, lingering
As if to drink thy breath of balm.
The winds are hushed in breathless calm,
And ever-growing grasses stir,
And golden-hearted daisies shine,
And merry-hearted crickets sing,
And glad birds pour their melodies,
And laughing waters leap and run,
And all thy days are fair and sweet;
As if the earth anew were born,
And Beauty dreamed upon thy breast,
And in thy arms lay cradled Rest.

THE MAYTIME. (1904.)

O the day is laughing, the sunshine bright
Floods the whole fair world with its golden light,
And I hear a whisper amid the trees—
The joyous whisper of the Maytime breeze.

For the May is here with her breath of flow'rs,
Wearing a bright necklace of golden hours,
And the waters dance in the shining sun—
Ripple and dance till the day is done.

The glad birds are singing from east to west,
From the valley's floor to the mountain's crest,
While the bees' hum sounds like a breath of song
Which the fragrant zephyrs waft along.

And the butterflies, like wingéd blossoms fair,
Sail the golden deeps of the sun-filled air,
All the world is a-smile with its gladness, too,
From the fair green earth to the ether blue.

O wonderful skies of May's golden dawns
That bridge the path of her perfect morns!
Sun and fragrant her noons here lie
In a dream of bliss 'neath a cloudless sky.

And her eyes are soft as a zephyr blown
From the far sweet depths of a tropic zone,
And above us her starry tapers gleam,
While we lie in her arms, a-dream, a-dream.

JUNE—A SUMMER PICTURE. (1887.)

The peppers swing their lazy branches low
In the sweet sunshine, for breeze-kissed are they,
And all their rosy clustering berries play
At hide-and-seek as soft winds come and go.
And on their very topmost bough I hear
A happy robin singing sweet and clear
A song of June. I wonder what it knows
Of flowery secrets; what its ear has caught
From whispering grasses and from swaying reeds,
Stirring where summer air so softly blows,
And silver-tongued the shining river flows?

A DAY IN JUNE. (1899.)

O day of days! of sweet delight and love,
Where glowing beauty leans from sky and tree,
From everything in life, below, above,
From all the vastness that my eyes do see.

White-shining clouds float soft in sunny skies,
Just tipped at morning with the sunrise gold,
And the glad blossoms in their wondrous dyes
Do countless ever 'neath my feet unfold.

Mitered with light the lofty mountains rise,
Like other worlds above the sleeping vales,
And, lo! the glory of the sun-filled skies
Is on them ever till the sunlight pales.

O glorious altitudes! they lift
The sad soul higher until grief slips by,
As if the airs of Paradise were sift
On the pure winds beneath that upper sky.

The earth is soaked in sunbeams, and the sea,
The air is full of song and fragrance sweet,
And I am glad if only but to be
Where fragrance, song and light and beauty meet.

A FOG-CLOUD IN SWEET JUNE. (1903.)

The sun is hid beneath the cloud,
A cloud of fog so dark and grim,
The winds are stilled nor breathe aloud;
Within the trees we hear the hymn

Of happy birds. Their song is sweet,
They do not miss the sunshine's glow,
Their spreading wings are just as fleet
As in the sunlight's overflow.

But oh! we miss the cloudless blue
Paved with the gold of sunlight fair;
We miss the glory shining through
The vast unhindered deeps of air.

Sweet June in fog-wrought garments rare
Is not the June we long have known,
With sunbeams for her tresses fair,
And brightness 'round her pathways thrown.

Dear June, with skies of cloudless light,
So infinite and vast and deep,
As sun-filled as the lily white,
Or golden poppy on the steep—

Come back and fill our land with sun,
Come, light the glory of the stars,
Come back and smile as you have done
Since first you passed our Southland's bars.

THE FLOWER-LIPPED JUNE.

The air is sweet, and all the breezes stir
With perfumed laughter, then rippling run to
Meet the glorious sunshine as it so
Softly falls on leaf and tree and gently-
Opening flower and running stream. How gleam
Its golden arrows in the brook, and how
Lean the swaying grasses down to touch the
Flowing crystal! There a little robin
Comes, its breast aglow with red, and dips its
Beak, then lifts it, while a diamond drop
Still clings to it, as if to lend a sparkle
To its song. Reclining, the beautiful
Hills sweep with a veil of mist upon their
Foreheads, while the blue eye of June looks love
To them, and through her royal lips the light
And odorous breezes breathe Love's softest
Whispers, and the stars shine forth in twinkling
Ecstacy. Ah! flower-lipped June, with
Fragrant lilies on thy snowy lids, and
The warm rose flushes on thy dimpled cheeks;
Thou art for lovers, and thy breath is love
And perfumed benediction.

JUNE. (1893.)

Summer is with us, and she whispers low
In fragrant words through all the winds that blow.
How bright the blossoms which her sweet lips press!
How smile the buds her tender hands caress!
The June-bright skies are sapphire-like and fair,
Bird-songs have not a single note of care;
Golden the wings the butterfly doth spread,
And rainbowed those of bee and fly o'erhead.
I catch the lily's scent; the roses sweet
Pave with their perfume pathways for my feet;
The palms drop shadows cool upon the grass,
The green vines nod unto me as I pass;
The cricket's chirp sounds merry to my ear;
The humming-bird is sipping nectar near;
The world is bathed in sunshine everywhere—
Valley and mountain top and deeps of air.
Sweet June, stay with us, O sweet June! go slow;
Stay long to glad us, do not haste to go.

II. (1894.)

These summer days are golden as the sun;
The sky is cloudless, and the pulsing air
Breathes like a spirit. Breezes run
Fondling the blossoms infinitely fair;
The million leaves upon the many trees
Beat joyously their numerous small hands,
As birds sing sweetly from amid their boughs;
The spider spins the silver of his bands
In his white tent, bright-lying there between
The lilies and the roses. Upward twines
Soft-footed, noiselessly, and robed in green,
The fragrant honeysuckle's slender vines,
And banksias, fragrant in creamy white,
Bury our porches in their living bloom,
Catching the golden sunbeams in their flight,
Kissing to brightness all the fragrant gloom.
Days dream upon the breast of sunny Earth,
Skies touched with glory bend above them there;
Fragrance and bloom have each unhindered birth,
While pure and still as a white saint at prayer
The light drops down.

III.

June is the month of flowers and bright blue skies
The wide world over; scarce a shadow lies
Beneath her lids of rose, her cheeks of bloom.
Her days are long and sweet, and yet they pass too soon.
Her breath holds all the fragrance sweet of violet,
And lily fair, and clear-browed mignonette,
And honeysuckle's bloom; the pansy's face
Is lifted, purple-eyed and fair,
And birds sing to her, breathing everywhere
Of love and joy, of purity and peace;
And all her morns stand golden in the East.
Heaven seems not very far when June is here,
'Tis just beyond her starlight still and clear.

IV. (1900.)

O June! sweet bride of Beauty, on thy brow
The Year doth lay its crown of many flowers;
The Sun doth love thee, and he stealeth now
Up Dawn's bright steeps till thy fringéd pearls of hours
Are nearly all filled with his glowing light,
So early comes he and so late doth go;
He stands upon the threshold of the Night,
And says good-bye in whispers sweet and low.

And June's starlighted nights, they seem to be
Filled with the glory of some far-off sphere,
Which sinless swings within immensity,
While its o'erladen fullness falleth here
In dews of silence and of golden light,
And blessed fragrance, such as Eden knew
When this new world first climbed the starry height
And shed its light amid the fields of blue.

O in that Sometime which doth lie afar,
Beyond the tides of Time's unresting sea,
Beyond the light of farthest sun or star,
In the wide realms of immortality,
Will not blest Junes forever blossom fair
In brighter glory than this earth may know,
And God's own radiance fill them everywhere,
Till suns seem dark beside their wondrous glow?

DYING JULY. (1890.)

How smiles the illimitable sky! how
Break in flooding glory on the hills and
The far mountain tops, on the wide seas, and
The sweet-sleeping plains, the golden tides of
Light. Birds sing and breezes laugh in rippling
Wantonness, and the leaf-tongued trees breathe their
Melodious whispers to the air. Day
Is full of song, and soul, and beauty. The
Bright skies lean earthward, and lay their soft blue
Like a lover's hand upon the mountains'
Crest, where the tall pines stand sentinels, with
Faces somber, but with breasts holding the
Light of centuries. The flowers breathe soft,
But their petals stir as if warm hearts beneath
Them throbbed in tenderest pulsations. How
Soft the air! how full of balm! how sapphire-
Eyed the day! How rich the emerald of
Trees upon its breast! No torrid sun to
Torture it. No lightnings fierce to rend its
Calm repose. No belching thunders to break
The fragrant silence. Earth smiles, and like some
Vestal virgin on her bier, all veiled in
Beauty, dieth July within our tropic calm.

A JULY DAY IN SUNLAND. (1903.)

Flowers, tall trees, blue skies and shining sun,
Mountains that rise unto the deeps of air,
Birds filling deeps where sunbeams run
On viewless feet, to bless earth everywhere.

Soft breezes blow amid the many leaves,
The grasses beckon us along the way.
Like piles of gold the ripened harvest sheaves
Jewel the fields where Plenty's footsteps stray.

The shadows lie asleep beneath the palms,
Green vines creep up and cover roof and wall,
The cricket's song is free from all alarms,
And soft the whisper of the wild bees' call.

Green grasses creep unto the lake's clear brink,
Bright blossoms smile upon the sloping green,
And there a water-rat comes down to drink,
And here a gold-winged butterfly is seen.

The day is fair, no cloud is in the sky,
No shadow lies upon the wondrous blue;
How gracious is the air with fragrance filled,
As fair the world as if 'twere made anew.

No sultry heat disturbs our golden noon,
No sudden storm paints blackness on the sky,
For shining days are Summer's perfect boon,
And, winged with light and peace, they pass us by.

O Summer Land! O land divinely fair,
With swaying palms and blossoms manifold,
With cloudless, infinite deeps of air,
Where Summer rests on seas of shining gold.

More beautiful art thou than other lands,
With thy vast templed hills and mountains high,
The glory of thy strength unchallenged stands,
As does the beauty of thy vales which lie

Like fruitful Edens steeped in golden light;
Like days just born when Time itself was young,
Thy sweet days come and then they take their flight,
Fair as those days when Time had just begun.

A CLOUDY AUGUST FIRST.

A day of clouds, a morn of mimic showers,
Like raindrops coming down with careless glee
Into this rainless Summer-Land of ours,
Like happy wanderers only just set free.
What means this mood of Nature's, why does she
Drops tears instead of sunshine, o'er her sky
Draw such light veil of clouds, and wantonly
Tease us with memories of days gone by,
When oft we listened to the Summer's chime
Of pattering raindrops upon the window-pane—
The rhythmed melody of falling rain?

Not often here does smiling Summer know
A wandering cloud upon her wondrous blue,
Save at Day's close, when golden evenings show
Lights as if heav'n itself were shining through,
Or her pale dawns brighten with rosy light,
When all the East unbars its gates of gold,
And silently the shadowed Night takes flight,
And the bright Sun his banner does unfold,
Till flames his glory on the sunrise hills,
And all the sky grows luminous with light,
As rosy-winged stands Morning on the height.

SEMI-TROPIC SEPTEMBER. (1891.)

September's laughing harvests,
Her skies of deepest blue,
Her meadow-larks and singing-birds,
Which wing the wide air through—
I sing of them.

Her swaying vines and roses,
And fields of growing corn,
Her soft-winged, fragrant breezes,
That fan the cheeks of Morn—
I sing of them.

Her vineyards purple-tinted,
Her green, nut-laden trees;
Her wide alfalfa meadows—
Like billowy emerald seas—
I sing of them.

O low-voiced running waters!
O waving pine and palm!
O spaces orchard-broidered,
And filled with summer calm—
I sing of you.

September's light is on you,
Her dewy-lidded eyes
Drop warm and tender glances
From out her cloudless skies.

On cedar tree-tops singing,
The mocking-bird I hear,
And, all the warm air filling,
The robin's song rings clear.

The lark pours out his gladness,
And rises to the sun,
As if the May-time glory
Again to earth had come.

Rose-tinted breaks the Morning,
Gold-paved the shining Noon,
And Evening feels the pulses
Of tender bud and bloom.

We dream through golden sunsets,
Through nights of stars and calm,
We wake to rose-hued mornings,
And fear no storm's alarm.

SEPTEMBER. (1882.)

The Summer's noon has passed, and brown
And sadly old the tall hills stand,
Their russet robes are all smoothed down
By sober Autumn's careful hand.
No rippling folds of shining green,
With daisies gemmed and violet,
About their giant forms are seen;
No fingers weave their coronet
Of buds and blossoms dewy-eyed.
No more the golden-tasseled corn,
Which every wandering breeze has spied,
Waves gaily in the light of morn.
The old oaks spread their emerald cool,
Like some oasis lifted high;
The silver of each shining pool
Gives place to white sands, parched and dry.
No running brooks with silver tongues
Murmur sweet music through the glade.
Yet skies are blue and Summer suns
Through all the Autumn days have stayed.
Still through the golden paths of light
The butterfly's bright wings are spread,
The humming-bird his jeweled flight
Takes 'mid the sweets which blossoms shed
In garden walks where roses bloom,
And gay lantanas lift their heads,
And purple heliotrope is strewn
Above the glowing garden beds,
And fruits hang ripe on tree and vine,
And vineyards riot in the sun,
And only Daylight's swift decline
Notes that the Summer days are done.

II. (1893.)

September comes with her soft-footed tread,
Sandaled with beauty, and with sky overhead
Drowned in warm sunshine, as delicious, clear,
As if the splendor of the June were here.
How peeps the Sun down the dewy dingles sweet,
Kisses the streams as on they run to meet
The shining sea; and lays his web of gold
O'er the hilltops in a massive fold,
And then drops downward to the orchard-clad
And vineyard-covered fields, and to the glad
Sweet gardens where the roses open wide,
Swaying delighted on the sunny tide
Of air balm-laden. Birds sing sweet
From orange boughs, and the high limbs that meet
So near the heaven they seem to touch the blue
Where scimitars of eucalypti through
The golden glory seem to pierce, as fain
They would touch heaven, and then again
Beckon to earth and whisper, leaf-tongued, low
Of stars and skies and things we may not know.
The breezes bathe their feet in shining dew,

Running each morn the wide warm meadows through;
They kiss the flowers, which nod them sweet replies,
Stir morning-glories till they ope their eyes
In purple gladness, woo the birds to sing
As if 'twere some glad morning of the spring.

OCTOBER IN THE EAST. (1899.)

October, handmaid of the passing year,
In the far East comes golden-crowned and bright
With the rich splendor of her woods, which near
And far flash into glorious light,
As if the Sun, with all his treasure-trove
Hid in their leaves, with brightest colors wove
A splendid diadem for the Old Year,
Brighter than Summer's rose or grassy spear.
The blue skies bend above the drowsy earth,
Which laughs no longer with its Summer mirth;
The hills are brown, the blossoms all have gone,
But, oh, the glory of the woods! I long
To see their wondrous face. The many streams,
Holding the gold of all the Sun's bright beams,
Rush singing onward, fed by Autumn rains,
Whose chorus breaks into wild, rich refrains.
Sometimes a song-bird calleth from the trees,
And sometimes Winter whispers to the breeze
Of his near coming, and the waiting world,
Whose lengthening nights' cool shadows are unfurled,
Shivers so softly as it clingeth yet,
With fading face and heavy eyelids wet
With Autumn showers to passing Summer's hand.
The skies are bright which bend above the land,
But there's a traitor in the camp who steals
The warmth of sunbeams, and who quick reveals
His frosty javelins and hastes to smite
All growing things, and like a veil his white
Breath covers them whene'er the starry dark
Drops down upon the world. In vain we hark
For his swift footsteps; they come and go
Soft-footed as the Winter's falling snow.
Silent as Death they steal through forest glade,
And wide, still meadows in the evening shade.
Castles and towers and waterfalls he leaves
Etched on the window-panes, nor ever grieves
To see the gentle floweret hang its head,
Or see the world of lovely grasses dead.
A merry soul he is, yet cruel too,
And blasts of cold he blows his fingers through,
And winks at Winter as he'd bid him see
His wanton hand upon each bush and tree.
But still the day shines bright at noontide's hour,
And the great forests, rich in beauty's dower,
Flame into splendid color. Rainbows pale
Beside their brightness, and the arching skies
Like one great gleaming sapphire rise;
Noon floods them with his sunshine's richest gold,
And Earth the Indian Summer doth enfold
In her warm clasp until the daylight fades,
And Jack Frost steals again from hidden glades,
Smiting the Earth till Nature slowly dies,
Or in a swoon of pulseless silence lies.

SEMI-TROPIC OCTOBER. (1889.)

Here beneath October's sky,
Where the joyous butterfly
Still in happy gladness floats,
Where the music from the throats
Of unnumbered birds still rings,
And the budding blossom springs,
Sending forth its dewy sweets;
Where the golden sunrise greets
Verdant fields of ripening maize,
Where through all the orchard ways,
Through their aisles of shade and sun,
Is the ripening orange hung.
And the vineyards at our feet
Flooded are with juices sweet,
Comes the perfect autumn-time,
As to woman, beauty's prime.

See the wind across the corn
Ripple in the dewy morn;
See its emerald billows gleam,
Tossing in the amber stream
Of the sunlight's shining tide!
Bend and rise the tall stalks there,
With their streaming banners fair.

Half asleep the morning lies
'Neath her azure tent of skies,
But at length the droning bee
Wakes amid the uplands free;
From behind the emerald wall
Of the eucalypti tall,
There is heard the robin's note
On the silent air afloat;
With his massive wings spread wide
Does the brown hawk slowly glide
O'er the walled and rocky steeps,
Frowning o'er the cañon's deeps,
And the mockingbird sings clear
From his airy hemisphere.

Arms of snow the lily lifts,
And within the orchard rifts,
Where the parted boughs do swing,
Lo! the oriole comes to sing;
And the twittering sparrow peeps
As the early worm he seeks.

O the glory of our skies!
Deep as vast infinities!
Cloudless as a perfect June!
Sweet with blossoms' rich perfume!
All the air is pure and warm,
All untouched by cloud or storm,
And each forest leaf is crowned
With the sunshine falling round.
And on Nature's throbbing heart—
Lovers by themselves apart—
October leans with red ripe lips,
Holding in her finger-tips
Roses dewy-sweet and fair;
Fuchsias in her shining hair.

Nature leans and kisses her,
Where the wild bees are astir,
And her soft red lips are sweet
As the red rose at her feet.
And the splendor of her glance
Is brighter than the radiance
Of the starry eyes of May,
Or of June's most perfect day.

OCTOBER. (1893.)

With velvet-footed tread October came,
Gold in her hair and roses on her cheek;
Fair as sweet May, her fingers not yet weak
With age, but dimpled still the same
As when the glad Year, calling her by name,
Kissed her till crimson dyed her virgin cheek,
And the soft breezes, wandering, sought to speak
Of her rich beauty. Now, in mellow tides
The sun, as through the cloudless skies he rides,
Pours out his light, and, tenderly I wist,
Drapes all the hills in gold and amethyst,
And, as the sunset passes, wraps a mist
Of royal purple round them, wherein sleeps
The souls of sunbeams passing daylight keeps.

II. (1897.)

October smiles about us, while her days
Grow shorter, and her pleasant hillside ways
Are brown and sere, although upon them yet
Smiles the bright sun, his golden lancets set
In the full-bosomed air, where softly stir
The light-winged breezes, touching palm and fir,
Rippling the rose leaves, stooping 'mid the grass,
Whisp'ring of summer as their footsteps pass.

The little birds among the many trees
Sing sweet and clear their tuneful harmonies;
The skies above us bend in cloudless light,
Like one great rounded sapphire to the sight;
Warmth nestles in the daylight's golden noon,
And days breathe softly as in some half-swoon
Of sweet, delicious joy that has its birth
In the rare beauty of the sky and earth.

NOVEMBER DAYS. (1901.)

The golden air is with bright sunshine filled,
And countless flowers have richest fragrance spilled
Wherever the soft-footed breezes creep;
All angry winds are hushed and lie asleep
Within the cradle of our tropic calm,
Birds build their nests with never fear of harm
From tempest's wrath; the palm-tree drops its shade;
The pepper-tree a canopy hath made
Of emerald boughs, with clusters thickly set
Of rich red berries, like an amulet;
The lily lifts its white and timid face,
And countless roses bloom, while here a place
Is found for every flower that Summer nursed.
No chilling winds around them ever burst,
No dream of Winter ever frets the hours;
Jeweled with light and with November showers,
The mossy blades are pushing through the sod,
And to the passing breezes gaily nod,
While the tall trees with leaf-clad branches rise,
Beckoning the birds whose songs fill all the skies.
The bee's hum, like an undertone of song,
Sweeps gaily round us, and flies buzz along
On rainbow wings, and deep the cloudless skies
As if they held Time's vast infinities.
O grand the mounts that lift their sunny crests
Above the beauty of the valley's breast!
They catch the glory of the sunset's glow,
And sometimes wrap themselves in robes of snow,
But Summer ever sitteth at their feet,
Forever gives to them her incense sweet,
And here November smiles in robes of green,
And woos sweet Summer for his gracious queen,
And treads her flower-paved ways with smiling face,
And unto her his scepter giveth place;
And so our year is one long summertime,
Nor groweth old; 'tis June in its fair prime.

SEMI-TROPIC NOVEMBER NOONS. (1891.)

The noons of our November days yet hold
The dreaming Summer, her eyes still blue
And their drooping lids fringed with the gold
Of sunbeams. The Sun smiles down upon her,
Her lover still, kissing, with soft, warm touch,
Her fragrant lips. The perfume of the rose
And the fair white lily fills her pure breath,
And on her breast there blossoms sweet and fair
The purple heliotrope, while gay verbenas
Blush, like souls of cherubs kissing her sweet face,
Which Time has left unwrinkled, for he loves
Her so he would that she should never pass
From out his tent of skies, curtained for her
With glowing, tropic splendor. But Morn and Eve
Does Autumn claim, and, like the shrew she is,
Breathes frostiness upon the still air, drops
Chill upon the earth, and strives to reach, like
Some usurping thing, sweet Summer's throne, with
Harsh jostle crowding her. But Summer wakes at
Noon, trailing her flower-gemmed robes, up-looking
To the skies, which bend protectingly, with
Marshaled hosts of sunbeams filling all their
Deeps; with light and perfumed winds running so
Soft-footed to and fro upon their glad
Sentinel errands, hunting the depths of
Air for the paved crystal haunts where hide the
Mustered rains waiting their bugle call, as
Waits the Dawn the Sun, and the brown Earth their
Coming. Summer puts her ear where pale and
Sere the withered grasses lie, and the rose
Answers her smile, and the cricket gaily
Chirps, and, amber-winged, the butterfly lights
On her shoulder. She hears no stir beneath
The sleeping earth of grassy root or lifting
Blade. The bird seems singing unto her of
Hope and coming gladness. For a day she

Mayhap rests, cradled in chilliness, and we
Cry, "Fair Summer's gone!" But the gray mantle
Of the swift-gathered clouds drops shining
With its crystal floods, which the thirsty earth
Drinks up with gladness, and lo! the sun bursts
Forth rejoicingly, and November, with
The scepter in her hands, beckons with a
Smiling face, and eyes made lustrous in their
Rain-washed blue, to lovely, semi-tropic
Summer, and she takes again her throne,
Her feet sandaled with bloom, her fair robe's hem
Trailing 'mid springing grasses, odorous
Winds breathing from east to west, and from the
Smiling south and north. How wait the glad suns
Upon her! and in their ether deeps the
Planets smile. The mountains lift their purple
Fronts while distance seems to lessen. Warm the
Glow upon their rocky lips! Marvelous
The play of sunshine! The rock-lipped cañons
Smile, bearded with pines; the laughing water
Pours free its silver tides through their deep throats;
The butterflies float through the amber air;
The birds waken to fresh caroling. Bees
Dream honeyed thoughts and clap their wings
With small, innumerable sounds that make
A full-voiced anthem. The flies look sunward,
Spreading rainbow wings, while down beneath the
Soil the roots stir softly, reaching toward
The light. The Old Year smiles, for Summer still
Is here, and all the earth sings for her ears
Songs sweet with resurrection.

NOVEMBER. (1892.)

A song-bird sits upon my porch and sings
Songs that are full of summer joy and rest,
As though he held his heart within his breast;
A lovely butterfly with golden wings
Floats like a blossom on the sunny air;
Fragrant and sweet the many blooming things
That make my winter garden bright and fair;
The leaves turn to the sunshine, shimmering the while,
The ripened berries in the pepper trees
Hold in their rosy globes the reddened glow
Which constant Sun's warm kisses will impart;
The grass is golden where does fall the smile
Of the warm sunshine. Flies and bees
Make gentle murmur in the noonday's heart;
Calm the wind's breath as though it were asleep;
As night does fall the moon does upward creep,
Set round with stars, like shining points of gold,
Seeing a world as fair with blossoming
As it were summer or sweet-budding spring.

DECEMBER. (1886.)

The year is passing, yet December's light
Falls 'round us still in glowing, golden sheen.
And each fair day betwen its dawn and night
Smiles like a flower its sheltering leaves between.

II. (1893.)

Dream we amid the flowers and 'neath bright skies,
Blue as a turquoise and cloudless in their light
Of golden sunbeams. The days take flight
Winged with warm zephyrs like the breath of May,
Laden with sweetness, and lo! the butterflies
Flutter like blossoms that have stolen wings
To seek the happy robin while he sings,
As if in song his soul would melt away.

December, like a maiden azure-eyed,
Stands on our hills and dances in the vale;
Riotous is she in joyance, and pale
As a young priestess. Yet she's not denied
Beauty nor light. June's self is not more fair
Than our sweet, sun-crowned days of Winter are.

SEMI-TROPIC DECEMBER.

O tropic skies! what hand hath poured your gold,
And laid soft, amber touches on the hills,
With daisy-stars 'mid the green grasses told,
And loosed the voices of the singing rills?

Were ever skies more fair than those that bend
Sun-flooded o'er the Old Year's sleeping breast?
Did ever flowers more tenderly lend
The fragrance from their dewy petals pressed
To the soft wind, which, incense-laden, sweeps
Where blossom-crowned December, dying, sleeps?

A DECEMBER IDYLL.

O days divinely fair! we would not dream
The year was drawing swiftly to its close,
So warm the golden sunbeams that do gleam
On blooming lily and on opening rose.

We walk the floorways of our vales and hills,
With tender grasses underneath our feet,
List to the silvery tunes of running rills,
Hear bird-song round us, wondrous clear and sweet.

The brown bees float within the sunny air,
The many flies show wings of prism'd light,
Bird answers bird from treetop everywhere,
And through Earth's sunny paths they take their flight.

I love December, with his patient hours,
And garnered gold and gleaming lights which pass
Sure-footed as the Sun amid the flowers,
And o'er the billows of the growing grass.

His morns are glorious with the growing light;
His noons are languid as with summer calms,
The light-winged breezes linger in the flight,
While Perfume holds them in her fragrant arms.

Like some great god whose battles all are o'er,
With Victor's crown upon his forehead prest;
While the great seas their grand Te Deum pour,
He passes proudly to his quiet rest.

OUR DECEMBER DAYS. (1890.)

These winter days are infinitely fair,
As if they held the soul of the whole year's
Sunshine. How bend these bright December skies
Above the world, filled full of pulsing light!
Wingéd breezes sweep them softly, as if they
Loved to loiter dreaming in their deeps, kissed
By the circling Sun, and breathing fragrance
Which the sweet Earth pours from all her flowering
Altars. How laugh the tender, grassy blades,
As springing from the earth they feel the thrill
Of blessed resurrection! Down through the
Soil these messengers of life, the winter
Raindrops, fall, their silver tides stretched out to
Find the roots of sleeping grasses and of
Waiting bush, that all the summer long have
Dreamed. That mystery of contact! That strange,
Growth-renewing power! Beneath the ground the
Roots stir, the sap flows upward, circling the
Plant as does the blood circle through human
Veins, and the mystery of fresh new life begins.
Ah, Nature! how little of thy
Grand pages can we read, and how dim
The twilight of our knowledge is! These yearly
Miracles are wrought before our eyes, and
Yet we see not how they are accomplished.
The quickening process hidden lies. We
Say things grow. But what is growth? It is the
Answer to God's thought that things shall be and
Thrive. He speaks and it is done. Earth, Air and
Water but his servants are. The Sun, the
Shadow of his smile.
O semi-tropic
Days! in which the year so brightly passes
To its close; when stars drop dew, and Night dreams
Balmily, and flowers shed their fragrance
As the Sun its light; when winds are hushed and
Star-worlds sleep in the serenest depths of
Blue, and when bird-song like a river flows
Across the breast of Morn, and the fair Earth
Decks herself in robes of green, and puts her
Flowery sandals on, girdling herself
With silvery streams, while golden oranges,
Like shining spheres, swing 'mid the green-boughed trees,
How near ye are unto the Eden of
Our soul's most pleasant dreams!

THE CLOSING YEAR.

O wondrous days of blossoming and light!
O golden days in which Time ne'er grows old!
November, flower-crowned, waits the Old Year's flight,
Smiling like youth, though many months have told
All of their beads of days, each one as fair
As Summer's brightest, as June's purest pearl—
Days when the great deeps of fathomless air
Hold bluest skies, and golden sunbeams hurl
Their shining lances toward the earth and sea,
Dripping with golden warmth, while everywhere
Lo! the soft breezes laugh in ecstacy,
Slow-floating o'er the widespread meadows fair.
Eternal Summer dreams upon thy breast,
O golden land of blossom-haunted days
And star-gemmed, moonlit nights, where rest
Is slumber-crowned and dreamless till the rays
Of the oncoming sun light all the hills of dawn,
When out of Night and fragrance, and the vast
Of dreaming Silence the perfect day is born,
Linked by its sweetness to the summer past.

Then comes December, sandaled with his flowers,
With tinkling streams that sing along his way,
Past meadows green and the bird-haunted bowers
That throb with melody as if 'twere May.
Old Year, Earth loves thee, and she holds thee fast,
As ye were still a babe upon her breast;
Smile still, Old Year, and when December's past
The tender Earth will lay you to your rest.

AS THE OLD YEAR DIES. (1898.)

The earth is bright today as when young June,
With eyes of heavenly blue and rosebud
Lips, smiled on the breast of Summer at the
Melody of tinkling streams, and the rich
Beauty of the opening rose, and breathed the
Lily's perfume, inhaled the fragrant breath
Of dew-wet violets and all the world
Of bloom. Autumn puts on within our clime
No diadem of gold or crimson leaf,
And wears upon her fingers no frost-wrought
Diamonds, or shining pearls, save those of
Sparkling dew which gleam in the warm sunlight
Like the rich fire-opals of the golden
Orient lands, proud in their opulent
Splendor. What wonder that here of old lived
The Sun-Worshiper; that on our hills gleamed
His bright altar fires, for the Sun is King
Here, and sceptered like a god, and walks the
Skies unhindered seldom by a cloud, and
Drops his javelins of light along his
Way, smiting the hosts of Winter till they
Flee to the far heights, routed and vanquished.
Those free brown children of the ancient days
He warmed and fed, while cradled on the lap
Of Earth they lifted eyes to him which held
The stars of midnight and the light of love.
They raised their hearts to him like cups of wine
That he might drink their fullness and be glad;
They smiled in answer to his smile, and said,
He loveth us and we will worship him.
And the leaves' rustle seemed unto their hearts
His whisper to them of his love and care.
The gracious air, filled with the insect's hum,
And happy buzz of rainbow-wingéd flies;
The music of the waters low and sweet
Were Nature's hymns poured to his gracious ear.
He nurtured harvests for them, fruits and herbs,
And growing roots that filled the fruitful soil.
He fed the honey-bee with nectared bloom,
And kissed the jeweled butterfly as on
It flew along the unseen paths of air.

The grassy sabers shimmered with his beams,
And forest leaves seemed all a-smile with light.
Fair was the world, and glad, brooded by Peace.
No Mission bells had yet waked echoes in
The land; no Cross proclaimed the love of Him
Who died that men might live; and so these brown
Children of the Sun dreamed on the breast of
The fond mother, Earth, and talked of happy
Hunting-grounds beyond the sun and stars, and
Deemed some morn the gateways of the East their
Sun-God would unbar and they would pass, winged
With his own light, to other life than this.

THE VANISHING YEAR.

O leaves! O dancing, emerald leaves,
Coquetting as the breezes blow;
What spirit is it stirs you so,
And such light spell of gladness weaves?

Is there within the golden air
Some soul of joyance all divine,
Some whisper in the warm sunshine,
Some voice of Summer everywhere?

December's sun is in the skies,
December's smile is bright and warm,
With scarce a frown of cloud or storm,
While many blossoms glad our eyes.

O Summer lingers all the year,
And dreams as on the lap of June;
Naught in our world is out of tune,
Even the glad-winged birds are here.

The early twilight softly drops,
And Night falls golden with her stars,
But calmly lifts her shad'wy bars,
When Day peeps o'er the mountain tops.

And then the valleys smile anew,
And then the hills lift happy hands,
As each one beckoning, waiting, stands,
While flies the Old Year from the New.

The grass blades rustle on the hills,
The flowers laugh low, the sunbeams kiss
The feet of him—he does not miss
One love-note of the singing rills.

He dieth like a king, and he
Does shudder not nor shrink away,
Palsied and old, but, glad as May,
Passes as strong and smilingly.

The birds sing in the list'ning wood,
The world drops fragrance on his bier,
The New Year wakes, and, lo! is here,
In golden beauty where he stood.

THE YEAR'S LAST DAYS. (1890.)

The sweet air is full of golden sunshine,
In which birds spread their wings like tiny sails,
And the bee loses itself as, buzzing
In happy gladness, it does drift on tides
Of light, warmed to his heart. The gay pennons
Of the butterfly are spread, fluttering
So soft, a winter blossom of content
It seems, or wingéd smile upon the Old Year's
Breast. Sky leans to Earth with eye divinely
Blue 'neath lid of sunshine, and sweet, warm mouth
Fragrant with the breath of gentle south winds,
And the Earth looks up with her liquid glance
Of running streams, with roses in her cheeks,
And breath of odorous lilies on her
Lips. O'er hill and valley trail her emerald
Robes, jeweled with blossoms, and her silver
Laugh is heard in rippling brooks. Time loves the
Old Year as he finds it here, for 'tis a
Coy maiden who will not grow old, but who,
With her glad twelve months ended, all blossom-
Crowned, with cheeks like smiling June's, wearing a
Girdle of unnumbered flowers, with silver
Anklets of the running streams, making such
Music for her dancing feet, she slips with
Happy laughter from his sight into the
Palace of the Past, which stands upon the
Shores of Yesterdays, a whole year's sunshine
Round her poured, a year of bloom and harvest.

THE OLD YEAR IN CALIFORNIA. (1887.)

And is it true that here the years grow old—
Die to give place unto still younger ones,
Pregnant with progress? Can years die
While strong-limbed and sturdy, thrilling with life,
Smooth-browed and sunny-eyed, and palpitating
Yet with beauty? While warm the Earth slumbers,
And on her breast is bud and blossom sweet,
And sprouting harvests? While fruits ripen, and
The Sun's lidless eye beams goldenly, and
Stars lean above the perfumed Night, and soft
Dews drop from the world-lit space upon the
Flower-lipped Earth? Fairer than the young Year's June
Is the aged Year, with not a furrow on
His ruddy cheek, nor touch of Time upon
His forehead. His lips drop fatness, and his voice
Is melodious with running waters

And the symphony of birds. The wild
Bee's hum breathes murmuring undertone through
All his whispers. He has his messengers
Of humming-birds and gay-wingéd butterflies,
That linger round him as in the May-time
Of his glorious youth. Like luster of
The sunshine is his hair, its locks as thick
As leaves of Vallambrosa's forests, and
His limbs as free from tremulousness as

Are our bare and rock-ribbed mountains, high
Uplift, like sky-crowned Titans to the upper air.
No, the Year dies not, but with swift feet, strong
Limbs and unfailing vigor, wrapping his
Harvest robes about him, all blossom-bordered,
He steps out among the yesterdays of Time,
The deathless monarch of the vanished Past.

THE OLD YEAR. (1878.)

The Year draws near its close, so azure-eyed and fair,
  One wonders if in truth the Year is old—
Such golden, sun-wove garments it doth wear,
  Such jeweled brightness it cannot be told.
Hath it not somewhere caught upon its wing
  Immortal beauty such as cannot die?
  Holds not the Autumn all the warmth of Spring;
  Its scent of flowers? The bright-winged butterfly
Floats now upon the shining waves of air,
  As happy as in May it sips the dew,
And yellow-belled abutilons there are
  Where swings the humming-bird, and fresh and new
Bright roses ope their petals to the Sun,
  Which kisses them until in crimson dyes,
Like maidens blushing, stand they every one;
  And even the blue, cloudless, sun-swept skies
Hold floods of song; and only such light breeze
  As fans with tender touch the Spring's young flowers
Lingers amid the emerald of the trees;
  Only comes lesser space 'twixt the dawn and sunset hours,
As if the Year was weary and would sleep,
Cradled within the sunshine's golden deep.

GOOD NIGHT, OLD YEAR. (1890.)

The Summer's feet are on December's hills,
  Her breath is in our thousand blooming flowers;
Her merry laughter in the silver rills
  Is heard through all the sweet, enchanted hours.

Her face is fair as in the lotus lands,
  Where sweet Romance lies dreaming in her arms;
Some spell is on her, and she halting stands
  And crowns the Old Year with her rarest charms.

June never held such skies of shining blue,
  Nor ever birds more glorious songs did sing;
Good night, Old Year! pass on, and let the New
  Open its eyes upon the lap of Spring.

THE OLD YEAR ASLEEP. (1891.)

O snow-crowned mounts! ye miracles of light,
As Moses stood before the burning bush
In ages gone, near holy Horeb's mount,
Reverent with awe and wonder stood I
But yesterday where grand Sierra heights
Were lifted to the skies, while thick fogs trailed
White garments round their sides, girdled with twin
Rainbows. Gray San Antonio, Time's
Elder brother, hoary as centuries,
Lifted his scarred crest above the clouds, and
Pillowed it where the stars were hid, curtained
By light within the deeps of air. In dim
Shadow the valley lay beneath a
Canopy of darkened mist, but the light
Of heaven was on the mountain top. The
Sunshine poured its gold upon its snowy
Mantle; warm, rosy sunset lights, and gleams
Of amber, royal purple tints, glowing
Crimson flushes, illuminated its far slopes,
While the sky seemed bending down to catch its
Smile. A light cloud—or was it the backward
Sweep of some archangel's wing?—fluttered a
Moment o'er its summit and was gone;
While, like a banner from heaven's ramparts
Trailing, the sunset clouds were luminous
With opalescent lights. The Old Year lay asleep
Within the valley's calm, where golden swung
The orange spheres, and vines were ready to
Put forth their leaves. The light winds sang low
A lullaby to dreaming grasses, while
Fluttered the butterfly, its wings astir,
Like gleams of sunshine in the lambent light;
The falling raindrops whispered of life and
Blessed resurrection. How soft the
Old Year breathed, his dying eyes still clear; his
Face unfurrowed; his heart still warm, pulsing
With beauty. Like the old gray Pyramids
By the lotus-guarded Nile, the snow-clad
Mountains stood, white as if Death had touched them.
Within this tropic land all other things
Throbbed warm with color and with life's fragrance.
Were these Sierra heights, with heads touching the
Unseen stars, to be the Old Year's sepulcher;
Their snows his shroud, their choired wings the singers
Of his requiem as he passed from his
Twelve months' reign of Summer? Nay, not these. For
Him all things that Summer loves around
His bier shall crowd; birds singing softly as
In the sweet June hours. The perfumed flowers
Are like the voice of immortality,
And cradled with them shall the Old Year sleep.

THANKSGIVING TIME IN CALIFORNIA. (1877.)

Here Nature tunes her gladdest notes,
The breeze its softest whisper flings,
The sunshine gleams in golden rings,
And paints in many-colored hue
The budding flowers. The drops of dew,
Like rounded, perfect spheres aglow,
The glories of the rainbow show,
And through the clear, warm air there floats
The first sound of the robin's notes,
And lo! with many-colored wings,
Scarce touched with motion, floating by,
As half asleep upon the air,
The gold and scarlet butterfly.

And from each fragrant, flowery cup
The humming-bird drinks nectar up.
And all along the roadway's side
Peer grasses in their emerald dress.
Nodding their green blades in the sun,
As if a new Thanksgiving psalm
Was trembling on each slender tongue.
The sea lies prone beneath the sky,
Its billows dance along the shore,
The mountains hear its lullaby,
The rocks its wrathful, sullen roar.

The air seems listening, and the Sun
Coquetting with the leafy trees,
That whisper sideways to the breeze,
Shines all day long, nor veils his face,
Save with the rosy clouds of Even,
Bright hinges of the sunset gate
The golden bar 'twixt earth and heav'n.

THIS THANKSGIVING DAY.

The days are bright with beauty, and the sky
Bends fair above us; scarce a passing cloud
Touches the blue, so infinite and deep;
And through the sunny air do bird-wings sweep
As if 'twere summer, while the butterfly
Flutters upon the opening rose's cheek;
The breezes softly blow, no loud harsh winds
With icy breath the fragrant silence stir,
And list'ning we may hear the soft low whirr
Of flies' and bees' innumerable wings.
Bright flash the crystal waters sweeping down
From mountain springs unto the sunny sea,
Through valleys where the reapened harvests be.
Adown the garden walk so lazily
The caterpillars crawl; the crickets sing
Their hymns at dusk, and lo! sometimes we hear
A lone cicada singing harsh yet clear.
Summer seems lingering to the full year's close,
We see her smiling in the opening rose,
We see her emerald sandals in the grass,
And catch her whisper as the south winds pass;
Her dimpled cheek is in the lily's bloom;
Her eye of blue shines through November's noon;
Upon her breast the violet does glow,
Her laughter ripples with the streamlet's flow;
Her lang'rous breath is in our balmy air,
And her warm pulse is throbbing everywhere.
November loves her—with Thanksgiving pours
Into her lap the full year's harvest stores.

OUR SEMI-TROPIC WINTER. (1892.)

Winter puts on a robe of tender green,
And decks his head with many blossoms fair,
His breath with fragrance fills the balmy air,
And sunbeams wrap him in their golden sheen.

Birds sing for him, and bright-winged butterflies
Float on so idly through the sunlight's gold,
While bees to them their happy psalms unfold,
Beneath the dome of ever-shining skies.

Sweet sings the nightingale when twilight drops,
Calling afar through spaces far and dim,
And gay the merry cricket's evening hymn;
Clear shine the stars above the mountain tops.

And soft the whisper 'mid the orange groves,
Where winds breathe lightly as a child asleep,
And young love comes its happy tryst to keep
Beneath the radiance which the starlight throws.

Just stir the leaves like many beckoning hands,
And Fragrance steals the long-aisled orchards through,
And blossoms tremble, kissed by silver dew;
The opening lily like a priestess stands.

Low-voiced and sweet the many rivers run;
Pictures of grace, the bending willows lean
To view their faces in the flowing stream;
The mountains lift their faces to the sun.

The Year grows never old beneath our skies;
His hair is golden as the sunny dawn,
His face is rosy as the dewy morn,
When sleeping in December's lap he lies.

Upon some unseen path he slips away,
His feet flower-sandaled and his heart sun-filled,
Full of the wine that gladness has distilled,
Smiling and fair as is the glorious May.

WINTER IN CALIFORNIA. (1878.)

The clouds rise slowly, then the eastern blast
Flings open swift the flood-gates of the storm,
The earth drinks in the welcome rain at last,
And Winter sees a world in beauty born.

The Sun throws open wide his golden door,
The bright skies lift, a dome of deepest blue,
And all the earth is one wide emerald floor
With flowery patterns woven through and through.

The soft winds dally with the sun-kissed air,
The waves of gushing bird-song flood the sky,
The golden orange, 'mid its blossoms fair,
Gleams in the sunshine as the days go by.

The lilies swing their censers to the breeze,
Orchards burst into whitest drifts of bloom,
And glad bees hum amid the flowering trees,
While Winter wears the Summer guise of June.

THE WINTER OF SUNLAND.

O tropic land! sun-kissed,
Crowned with the amethyst
Of the lush clover's bloom
Through winter's smiling noon;
Drowned are your hillsides
With the orange tides
Of your poppies golden;
Fanned by the swaying palm,
Nursed in enchanted calm,
Steeped in fragrance sweet

Of rose and orange flower.
Life from each winter shower
Springs and wakes the earth from slumber,
Waking blossoms without number.
Violets peep dewy-eyed,
And the nun-like lilies rise,
While in scarlet pride
Stirs the gay poinsettia,
Throwing off the wind's light fetter.

Deeper, vaster grow the skies,
And the fields the million spears
Of a standing army show;
Fragrant-breath'd, soft breezes blow,
And the golden orange spheres
Like the starry planets shine,
While the vineyards yield their wine,
And the crystal rivers leap,
Waking from their summer sleep,
All their dry sands disappear;
The transparent atmosphere
Seems to bring the whole world near.

Hark! we hear the robin's song,
And the mocking-bird sings clear
From the tall tree's highest bough—
Bend your ear and listen now.
Golden is the oriole's breast,
Flashing 'mid the green leaves there,
While he sings and takes his rest.

Like a river in the skies
Is the lark's song, as he flies
Bathed in rippling harmonies.

Golden-winged the butterfly,
Like a bit of sunshine gleams
O'er the crystal of the streams;
And with low, incessant hum,
Lo! the honey-bees do come—
Floating argosies of sweet—
Robbers of the honey hid
'Neath each drowsy blossom's lid;
And the quail calls soft and low,
As through quiet paths we go.

See the yellow daisies swing,
Hear the breeze-swept bluebells ring,
While the cricket's steadfast call
Like the Angelus does fall,
When the Night her curtain drops
O'er the plains and mountain tops.
And the merry frogs we hear
'Mid the reeded shallows near.
Lovers are they of the clime
Where each month is summer-time,
And their bluff old chorister
Tunes his flute wherever lie
Shaded pools beneath the sky,
Where the waters seem to dream
In the shallows of a stream.

See the long brown furrows turned,
Where the shining plow doth speed,
Making ready for the seed
To be nursed by Winter's sun.
Scarce a week before you see
Harbingers of harvestry
In the million blades which push
Through the soil. On tree and bush
All the sun's warm lances lie,
And beneath, in mimicry,
See the leaf-like shadows stir,
Lying on the water's breast,
Or in tangles in the grass
Where the warm south wind doth pass;
And we hear the low, swift whirr
Of the birds' wings as they fly
'Twixt the blue of sea and sky.

Summer dreams in Winter's arms,
And his cheek is never old;
Never turns the sunny gold
Of his shining locks to gray;
Never fade his winning charms—
Stalwart, strong is he alway,
Never vexed and petulant,
Voicing only sweet content.

Dreaming like a maid he lies,
'Neath the splendor of his skies;
On his lips does Summer press
Kiss of lingering tenderness;
Blooming days are always here,
And they press about the bier
Of the Old Year as he dies,
Breathing softest harmonies,
Winged with summer-warmth he flies,
King of Beauty, to his rest.

SEMI-TROPIC WINTER. (1893.)

A tall geranium grows without my door,
Its scented breath is sweet as any rose;
The robins love it, for they often close
Their wings upon its leafy emerald floor,
Staying their flight, and then such songs they pour
That one would dream the air were filled with song
Which the winds breathed, and everything along
Their pathway caught and sang it o'er again,
Until Night came with its low voices, when
Sounds fall asleep upon her starlit breast,
And gentle Silence nurses them to rest.

OUR GLORIOUS WINTER. (1901.)

Our Winter's feet with gold are shod,
And all his robes are green,
With many a jeweled blossom hid
Their emerald folds between.

The pansies nod so sweet and shy
Beneath the palm-trees tall,
The robin and the butterfly
Float softly over all.

How lift the mountains to the sun
Their snowy crests of light;
How joyfully the streamlets run,
While blossoms watch their flight.

And Summer's breath is in the sky,
And Summer's touch we see
On every field and opening flower,
And every leaf-clad tree.

The robins sing as if 'twere June,
The bees as gaily hum,
The sky is not less bright and fair,
And seldom storm-clouds come.

The days pass like a summer dream,
The softly-pulsing air
Is full of fragrance which is shed
From blossoms everywhere.

The roses' perfumed sweets we scent,
The lilies fair unfold,
And the bright hillsides are ablaze
With the wild poppies' gold.

O Summer's heart is in the day,
Cold Winter stands afar
Upon the mountain heights and hides
His frowns beneath a star.

His frozen breath we do not know,
His chill we do not feel;
The orange bloom our only snow
Where Summer's footsteps steal—

And linger 'mid a world of bloom,
And grass-clad hills and vales,
And make a June-time of the year,
Whose brightness never pales.

WINTER LAND. (1885.)

Far up beneath the Aretic skies,
Where Winter's frozen wings are spread,
And all the earth lies cold and dead,
I see the rude barrabkies rise.

The blue smoke, like a slender thread,
Above their sodded roofs is seen;
And one small window, thrust between
Their grass-grown sides, lifts up its head.

In the short summer-time the day
Through all the weeks grows scarcely dim—
Only the twilight's shadowy rim
'Twixt night and morning's rosy ray.

And all the dull gray summer through
Sit thousand seagulls on the rocks,
And the choochkies come in countless flocks,
And gaily-crowned sea-parrots, too.

The meadow-lark sings sweet and clear,
And makes a pathway as it flies
Of happy song unto the skies—
The only singing minstrel here.

And little children, dark and brown,
With high cheek-bone and stolid face,
Without a single winning grace,
Live 'neath the cloudy summer's frown.

No sports have they to make them glad,
No playgrounds, and no pretty toys,
No dogs, nor ponies for the boys,
No dolls for girls all neatly clad.

No pleasant walks nor garden flowers,
No lovely trees with branches green
In all this northern land are seen—
'Tis all unlike this land of ours.

With ice the Winter spreads the sea,
The frozen ground is white with snow,
And winds in awful tempests blow,
And far the drifting icebergs flee.

And sometimes on some drifting floe—
The lone Columbus of his kind—
The polar bear sets out to find
More southern seas, and sailing slow,

He rides along those northern shores,
A lonely sailor fierce and grim;
Ah! who would like to sail with him
While he some far-off sea explores?

Short are the winter days, and dim,
The twilight falls soon after noon,
The long dark night comes on full soon;
Swift sets the sun behind the rim

Of the white seas so still and drear,
And the bright stars hang in the sky,
So low they look, you almost try
To reach them, for they seem so near.

Oh, who would give this life we know,
Its starry nights, its golden days,
Its fruits, and all its wooded ways,
For that north world of storm and snow?

WINTER.

On His Eastern Throne.

Upon our farther shores, where thunder the
Atlantic's surges, and mad billows heave
In icy coldness, Winter stands like
Some old giant god, palsied and chilled,
His limbs shaking with the fierce cold, his breath
White with hoar-frost, his crown the glittering
Icicle, sharp as an arrow piercing
The frozen air; the dead Earth at his feet,
Shrouded in white, her streams locked within
Their icy tombs, lying hushed in soundless silence.
Her forests stretching gaunt, naked
Arms unto the chilling blasts, ghosts of their
Summer selves, when, green and beautiful, the
Golden sunbeams dreaming lay within their
Leaf-clad arms, and birds amid
The many boughs poured melody upon

The shining air till it was full of song.
Hushed are the bird-songs now; gone is the breath
Of flowers, and th' soft wind sighing through the
Leaf-lutes of the trees, for white is Winter's
Throne, his shoulders covered with his snowy mantle,
And for his saber he doth hold
The keen North Wind, piercing with jagged edge
The very hearts of men till they stop beating
When he doth find them poor and shelterless.
Oh, he is cruel, savage, pitiless,
Doing his worst with Poverty and Want,
And scourging them by thousands, feeding on
Slaughter and drinking death like wine.

Winter on His Semi-Tropic Throne.

Not such is Winter here! A fair young god
He stands, upon his head a crown of
Sunshine, and around him wrapped a robe of
Emerald, woven with flowers fragrant
As the breath of Araby; and his fingers,
Gemmed with diamonds of dew, touch the bright
Earth caressingly, and the streams leap in
Fresh laughter, and shining rills ripple in
Music, as the clouds pour down the rhythm
Of sweet rains. In every tree-top, lo!
The happy birds "sing east, sing west" until
The world is song; the air is deluged with
The gleam and gold of sunshine, and the winds
Are mellow with the fragrance of the wine
Of flowers. The heart of Winter is but
Bud and bloom, his breath is fragrant as the
Lands of spice, and his pillow is for aye
The lush grasses and the ripening wheat,
And blossoms numberless as God's own stars;
His pulses are in tune with happy June's,
His face as young and beautiful as hers,
As warm his airs, as lovely are his skies.

EASTER. (1902.)

The earth lay still within the arms of Dawn,
The air was pulseless; not a single leaf
Stirred on its parent bough; all sound was hushed
Save the soft flow of Kedron's silver stream
That gurgled to the hills a rippling psalm
Of joy. The blue was starlit still, and the
Pale silver light upon the olive trees
Seemed like a ghost of sunlight. The lilies
Stood like white-faced nuns along the way. The
Glorious mounts about Jerusalem
Lifted their silent faces to the sky;
The wide-branching palms were motionless, and
The flowers of the field, baptized with dew,
Held fragrant censers, filled with odors sweet,
That seemed the breath of coming joy. The vast
Dome of the temple on Moriah's height
Lay still within the shadows, save for a
Faint gleam from the waking Dawn that touched it,
As 'twere the promise of Day's coming glory.
No whisper stirred the olive trees along
The way. The shadows hid amid the thorn-trees'
Boughs, and the faint stars grew fainter still as
Night drew back and the far East did slowly
Brighten as if angels trod its portals.
It seemed as if the Earth were hushed and lay
Breathless in expectancy, as to the
Holy sepulcher, where lay the blessed
Christ, the weeping Marys came, bearing sweet
Spices and precious ointment for the Lord's
Anointing. It was so still within the
Garden that sound seemed dead, and all the world
A-swoon with woe. Then Mary Magdalene,
Her eyes dim with heart-breaking anguish, and
Her fair cheeks paled to ashen whiteness, spoke
Tremulously: "Oh, who shall roll for us
The stone away, so we may enter where
Our Lord is laid?" They neared the tomb, and the
Dawn brightened into day, and a lance of
Holy light shot downward through the olive
Trees, as if the world had waked once more to
Gladness. But as they looked, their eager eyes
With wonder filled, for the great stone at the
Tomb's door was rolled away, and, hastening
In, Mary knelt where the body of her
Lord had lain, her heart breaking in great sobs
That rent the anguished air. But lifting her
Eyes at length, what does she see? An angel
Form, all shining as the light, is there, and
A glory not of the earth brightens the
Sepulcher, and a voice sweeter than aught
Of time, more melodious than all earth's
Melody, speaks to her: "Fear not, I know
Ye seek the Crucified. He is not here;
The Christ ye love hath risen, and He hath
Conquered Death for aye."

O glorious Easter morn!
O day of days for man!
Hope in our hearts is newly born,
Through Christ the sting of Death's withdrawn,
Through Christ who risen lives.

EASTER. (1898.)

The day is fair and sweet, the sky is bright,
And the still winds run softly through the air,
And with swift wings the many birds take flight,
And glory broods in silence everywhere.

Afar the mountains rise so still and calm,
The meadows lie asleep beneath the Sun,
And Nature lifts a rose-encircled arm
While beckoning Beauty down her paths to come.

O mountain heights! I look to you and dream
Of other mounts uplifted to the sky,
Of a fair land where holy memories teem,
And the dead centuries unforgotten lie.

The land of Calvary and Nazareth,
Of Easter glory and its open tomb,
Where He—the risen Christ—the bonds of death
Burst as the flow'r bursts from the bud to bloom.

The Lord is risen! Earth hears the blessed word,
Life blossoms into fuller joy and grace,
Divinest hope within the soul is stirred,
And a new future opens for the race.

EASTER. (1886.)

Night's face lay dark, save for its gems,
Its royal diadem of stars,
And one soft line of silver bars
Which stretched above its midnight hem.

Earth slept; no light breeze stirred her breast,
Or touched the silence of the leaves
That breathless hung upon the trees,
From vale to highest mountain crest.

But as the holy morn drew nigh,
How waxed the heavens asunder far,
As floating down from star to star,
Through the deep bosom of the sky,

Drew near the holy Seraphim,
Earth stirred with the strong earthquake's throe
As though its inmost heart would show,
Nor keep its deepest thought from Him

Who now was waking in her breast—
The glorious Christ. The angels drew,
With pinions pulsing through the blue,
Down to His holy place of rest.

Back from His tomb, with shining hands,
They rolled the stone; the Crucified,
The risen Lord, the Glorified,
Lifted His face, and then the bands

Of Death triumphant laid aside,
While angels knelt and worshiped Him,
Men slept until the dawn shone dim,
But hell shrank back all terrified.

O man redeemed! The glorious light
Of Easter dawn shall not grow dim
While rings the song of Seraphim;
Nor shall hope fail our waiting sight.

Redeemed! wide swing the golden gates—
Beyond the grave—we walk with Him,
No fears to make our pathway dim,
Eternal life our dying waits.

EASTER MORNING. (1896.)

Breathe soft, O blossoms, dewy-lipped!
Wave lightly, grasses lush and green,
And boughs and bushes, emerald tipped,
Make room your many leaves between
For the sweet bird-choirs that shall sing
To the glad skies and shining sun
Their joyous anthems. Ev'rything,
E'en to the waters that do run
With crystal feet amid the sands,
Breaks into gladness as the dawn
Trails on the mountain tops its bands.
O golden light! O holy Man!
Earth thrills again as once of old,
When Death was vanquished, and the grave
Bourgeoned with hope as it was told,
"The Lord is risen, and He can save."

SUMMER MUSINGS. (1896.)

How run the winds 'twixt earth and sky;
They brush the soft white cloudlets by;
They brush the highest tops of trees;
And then they bend to such as these—
The lily and the violet,
Lowly amid the grasses set,
As footstools for the birds and bees,
Or chords for Nature's harmonies.

The Sun walks lovingly the blue,
And throws his glances fondly to
The winsome, laughing summer Day.
A smiling god is he, at play
With every leaf and tree and flower,
And every bright gold-sandaled hour,
And all things love him that abound,
Save shadows clinging to the ground.
A silken screen above my head—
A spider's opalescent web;
The leaves advance on bough and stem,
Waltzing with sunbeams, loving them;
A-dream I sit, a-dream, and raise
My eyes to the unclouded ways
Where treads the Sun, where Light is born,
And day by day comes Night and Morn,
And Time's swift, unseen footsteps stray,
Nor leave one track along their way.

No track along those skies of blue;
Forever old, forever new
They bend above the mountain heights,
And drop, like dew, the days and nights.
The Earth smiles, still divinely fair,
As when those skies uplifted were;
'Tis only Man himself grows old,
As days and years of time are told.

Grows old! and yet, O heart of mine!
When Time is dead and skies divine
Have lost their stars and lost their sun,
And hills have vanished, every one,
And all the cool, sweet mornings lie
Like dead leaves underneath the sky,
Like some sea-cradled isle shall rise
The land of Youth against the skies.

MIDSUMMER. (1895.)

Summer lies dreaming on the mighty hills,
Veiled with soft tints of opalescent lights;
The valleys are a-swoon in splendor. Frills
Of green grasses border the meadows brown;
Sunbeams upon the levels, like a crown,
Lie as soft as liquid gold. Birds' happy flights
Stir the air with a melodious sound.
Soft breathe the winds as infancy asleep;
The leaves, like many hands upon the trees,
Clap softly, as if full of sweet delight
At the fond touch of breezes as they sweep,
Invisibly-winged as thought. Tremulously
The flowers lean upon their nodding stems,
Weaving for Earth its wondrous diadems
Of color. The soft air, in stillness moored,
Hangs golden o'er the meadows and the sea,
Hushed in Noon's heart to silent ecstacy.
Butterflies like wingéd blossoms to and fro
Flit through the air, while swiftly come and go
The nectar-laden bees as if light-filled
And drunken with the sunshine, humming yet
Soft undertones of melody, all set
To joyousness. Summer indeed is sweet,
Wrapping no clouds about her save the gold
Of sunset and of sunrise, with which her feet
Are sandaled, clasped with golden stars;
And on her breast she wears the full sweet Moon,
Swimming in light, and all its silver bars
Of lustrous moonbeams trailing on the Earth
And silvering all things hidden in night's noon.

The plains wax bright, the sea and valleys smile,
And Night, like some fond mother, leans adown
To light the trees, like tapers, on the crown
Of the far mountains, and gilding the while
With silver light the many sleeping leaves
Lying in trance of soundless harmonies.
Through day and night this semi-tropic clime
Yields beauty, coolness through its summer time
The trancéd air breathes but softly and yet sweet
Around the brow of Summer's golden days,
And Splendor crowns them with her lavish hand;
Anchored in light the valleys seem to stand,
Mountains above them, oceans at their feet,
And bird-song paving all their tree-walled ways.

AUTUMN.

Oh, this is sweet, this world so fair of ours!
Where Autumn's hands are full of Summer's flow'rs,
Her skies as fair with floods of golden light,
Her breath as warm and fragrant and her night
As balmy as midsummer's sweetest eves;
The glory of her softly-swaying leaves
Is not less full than June's, for here Decay
Finds not a foothold, for Growth holds the way;
One long, long summer is our twelvemonth here—
A harvest home through all the golden year.

AUTUMN.

O blossoms opening to the Sun!
O white-fringed daisies golden-eyed!
Dream you that Summer days are done?
See you the opal-tinted gleams
Where sunshine through light haze streams
Across the low, brown meadows wide?
See on the bright lids of the Day
The softest hint of shadows fall,
That full-lipped Noon's warm kisses may
Not wholly lift, while over all
The skies bend blue, yet low the Sun
Creeps o'er the bright, sweet-scented verge
Of the warm South, and Morning keeps
A lengthened tryst where star-worlds surge
Through the dim ether's silent deeps.

SUNRISE. (1883.)

O sunrise gates! the gold of heaven
Has dropped between your bars,
And Light her shining curtain draws
Between us and the stars—
The silver stars that light the skies
When Night lies dreaming sweet,
And Morn behind Tomorrow's hills
Had stayed her coming feet.

THE MORNING HOUR.

O the golden arrows
Which the dawn is flinging!
O the glorious music
The happy birds are singing!
The busy spider spinning
His web of silken sheen
I'm sure does stop to listen
In his tent of forest green.

Ah, the happy cricket,
He joins the forest choir!
Don't you catch his strident note,
Lifted high and higher?
The bee it buzzes louder,
And the flies they sing—
Touched with rainbow colors,
Every gauzy wing.

Oh, the toad is blinking
Where the sunshine falls,
And the flowers are climbing
Over garden walls;
And the grasses beckon
To the shining dew,
Which makes a pretty mirror
For them to peep into.

Like a million diamonds
Gleams each dewy sphere,
Every one a-shining
Like a crystal clear.

Every one as perfect
As a starry world,
With a rainbow beauty
All about it furled.

Oh, the blessed morning!
Dear children ope your eyes
To welcome all the beauty
That floods the earth and skies.
The world is fair as Eden,
And looks as it were born
Anew with light and splendor
On every cloudless morn.

THIS MORN OF FOG. (1903.)

The fog this morning curtained all the heights,
And wrapped the sky in sullen folds of gray,
Dimming the glory of the Dawn's full lights,
And shutting out the golden sunbeam's ray.

But when the fog was lifted, O how fair,
How beautiful the distant shining hills,
The radiant, glorious, sun-filled air,
Which the soft throb of Nature's pulses thrills!

It was as if new-born the whole Earth lay,
A miracle of beauty, stainless, fair,
Within the clasping arms of smiling Day,
God's cleansing hand upon its everywhere.

THE DAWN. (1891.)

O starry skies! adown the steeps of Night
Dark slips, and lo! the bright resplendent Dawn!
The purple shadows fade, and then the golden morn,
With all heaven's glory in its brightness flung
Upon its forehead, while each leaf-wrought tongue
Stirs, trembling softly in the growing light,
As if some holy thought had touched them. Bright
With the beauty of the coming sun
They rustle softly, and a sound is heard,
Poured like rapt chorus through the bright'ning air,
As if with thousand tongues Earth breathed a prayer—
A psalm of praise. The grasses bend their heads,
The flowers stir like unto sweet-faced nuns,
And lift their swaying censers to the skies.
And the wide air takes sweetness from their breath,
While unto heaven the broad Earth lifts his eyes—
The dew upon his forehead, as he would
Worship his Maker who made all things good.

SUNRISE UPON THESE SUNSET SHORES.

'Tis morning, and the glorious Sun above
The vast purple heights is lifting up his
Head. He touches them with his lips, and lo!
They break into glowing blushes, as if
Beneath their rocky breasts were hearts warm with
A tender passion. O Sky! leaning above
Them, with eye blue as the dew-gemmed violet
Blossoming at their base in the wide, sweet,
Far-running meadows, do you not love to lean
Above a world so fair, so full of light, and
Soft-voiced breezes, and ocean whispers, and of
Laughing tides which pour their silver brightness
On the sands, or run rippling on to kiss
The dim line of the horizon's verge, and
Lose themselves behind its sunny face? And
Do not the Islands bring you joy, lying
Upon the channeled seas, their heights uplifted
As they would have you lay your face upon
Them, and whisper to them all the mystery
Of the air, and the tender love of the
Soft starlight when it broods above the earth?

Do you not love the trees, the glorious
Swaying trees, with their arms all lifted
Heavenward; and the running streams, bright as
Your own star rivers? O bending Sky! do
You not love the flowers, the stars of Earth
Which the sun has kissed to beauty? I think
You must look down and long to touch them, and
To sometimes wear a rose upon your breast.

Is not the red of this morn's sunrise like
The rose's red, and its gold the pattern
Of the burnished poppy's leaf? The small white
Cloud, scarce larger than my palm, curled near
The zenith, is like a lily's petal, and
I think it must hold perfume.
Lean down, O
Sky! above these sunset shores—these towering
Mountain heights, these sun-kissed valleys, and the
Gracious sea with its unwrinkled face,
Dimpled with islands. You are so fair and
Frownless, the earth loves you, and her heart and
All her bloom she gives you for your smile.

MORNING. (1878.)

Nature has swept the frown from off her face,
The world flashed out with diamonds in the morn;
The pearly dewdrops—each a perfect sphere—
Gleamed from the trees and from the emerald lace
Of the soft grasses. Day was born
And cradled in the gold of tender sunrise,
And over it bent bright and shining skies;
Not one soft dimpled cloud in all the blue,
But only the great infinite deep of air
Spread like a curtain, while the Earth, fair
In its springlike beauty, looks as young
And fresh as Eden.

II. (1894.)

'Tis said the age of miracles is past,
'Tis vain to dream of miracles to be,
And yet each day new miracles we see;
Day's dawn is one, when from the rosy heart
Of the still East its lifted curtains part,
And Morn is born. What miracle of rose
And red and amber and of purple flows,

Dyeing the heavens with glory, until we
Let vision swim in brightness! Immensity
  Of sky and air glow with new life as Night
  Slips to the void of silences, and white
And pure, dew-washed, sun-swathed and brightly fair,
Baptized with color, Morning waketh there,
Fresh as in Eden, stainless everywhere.

III.

Oh, I do love to watch the morning wake
  In the wild woods among the mountain heights,
To see a new Day spring from the great deeps of Night,
  Swathed in the wondrous, ever-changing lights

Which the still fingers of the pale-faced Dawn
  Weaves 'mid the shadows as faint breezes stir,
Soft as a mother's breath amid the trees;
  The birds wake with them and you hear the whirr

Of many wings, and the soft twittering
  From feathered throats which pour a tide of song,
Like some sky-river of sweet melody,
  Flooding the world when the full day is born.

A few faint stars hang on the brow of Morn,
  Ere the Sun rises and the shadows flee,
And Dawn with halting steps climbs up afar
  The starry steeps our eyes so faintly see.

Ah, with what smile from out the bright'ning east
  Looks the great Sun at length upon the World!
The waters sing and all the forest trees
  With dewy diamonds are so swift impearled.

And the sweet land breathes fragrance, ev'ry flower
  Hanging so fair upon its swaying stem,
Lifts its bright face to heaven and helps to weave
  For the new Morn a perfumed diadem.

Each blade of grass looks fresher for the night,
  As Morn smiles down upon it, and the hills
Grow more resplendent, and like altars stand
  Which God hath lit. The little rills

Seem to have learned new songs, with notes so sweet,
  The echoes run to catch them as they fall;
The plumy reeds stand silent o'er the stream,
  And faint sound drops like music over all.

IV. (1898.)

The beautiful Day wakened in color and light,
With a breath from the sea and a voice from the height,
With the winds breathing music 'mid blossom and tree,
While the glory of Morn held a promise to be
Richer, fairer at noon, when the fullness of sun
Had drenched all the glad earth in its gold and had won
The heights of the zenith, and its javelins hurled
To smite every shadow that darkened the world.

Oh, say, am I dreaming, all a-dream in this light,
With this glory about me of vale and of height,
A-dreaming of summer, of June's breath in my hair,
Of bird-song and music and blossoms so fair,
While the New Year is young and asleep on the breast
Of old, deep-breathing Time? Is he taking his rest
In the arms of these sunbeams, a bee buzzing near,
And the sweetest of bird-songs poured into his ear?

Where is Winter, the tyrant, with cold, chilling breath,
With saber of icicles and harvest of death,
With his garments of snow, forests naked and bare,
Winds fierce as a lion when it springs from its lair?
Not here in the South, in this fair sunland of ours,
Where Summer smiles ever in garments of flowers,
Where Time dreameth sweetly on his couches of bloom,
And the year at its close is as bright as its noon.

SUNRISE AT SANTA BARBARA. (1879.)

The dawn broke softly in the radiant east,
  And all its gates glowed golden in the sun;
The mountains gleamed, a pile of amethyst;
  From north to south, from east to west, as one
Great shining sapphire hung in the sky,
  And not a cloud within its blue was set,
Only along its outer edge did lie
  In rich mosaic, gold and violet,
In one quick flash along the mountains rolled,
  The sunrise glory; deep within the blue
The stars were buried by its floods of gold,
And lo! the miracle of Day was wrought anew.

NOON. (1897.)

The very air grows brighter and the sun
  More golden in its light; its pulses beat
  With soft, warm breezes, fragrance-laden, sweet,
As if a soul were in them every one.

Ah! do I dream, or do I just awake—
  Awake to see how fair the world can be;
  How wonderfully sweet its melody,
And what a shining brightness it doth take?

I love the world and life and all it holds,
  The song of birds, the smile of sun and sky,
  The grand, tall trees, and all the witchery
The vast warm noon in its full heart enfolds.

But most of all I love to love and be
  Beloved of Love, in his great heart to lie
  Drinking his soul while glad my days pass by,
And less of self and more of love I see.

THE BEAUTIFUL DAY. (1896.)

A lovely flower looks into my face,
  A fragrant flower with purple-lidded eyes
  That smile with gladness 'neath the sunny skies;
It moves so airily as light winds chase

Each other gleefully along the way,
  Sun-filled and fragrant through the viewless air,
  Kissing the dewy blossoms everywhere
That smile so brightly on the breast of day.

The sun drops golden treasures on my floor
  As it peeps through the leafy clusters hung
  On climbing vines, and nestles there among
Their branching arms, while they tell o'er and o'er

Their whispered gladness. All the day doth seem
  To be alive with joy. And now I see—
  As if born of the sunlight it might be—
A humming-bird the many leaves between.

How dance the shadows 'mid the sunlight's gold!
  I almost dream that they a heart do hold,
  That sunlight's making love to, with a bold
Sweet speech that words have never told.

THIS SUMMER DAY. (1896.)

The day is fair, the breezes blow;
  They wander with their dancing feet
Where blossoms and the grasses grow,
  And their love songs repeat.

The sky is blue above my head,
  Not any cloud in all its deep—
Its vast, blue-curtained deep, that's spread
  Above the Earth's wide sweep.

The flashing sunbeams, lo! they drop
  Their slender javelins of light
On level plain and mountain top,
  And farthest craggy height.

They drop their gold amid the grass,
  Amid the many-bannered trees,
And all the robins as they pass
  Drop liquid melodies.

Poised on the sunlight's golden sea,
  Like some stray soul adrift, afar,
As it some wanderer might be
  From distant sun or star.

The butterfly with fluttering wing
  Sails onward in the light,
And flies and bees are marshaling
  Themselves for happy flight.

The glad, sweet day is all alive,
  Is all a-thrill with bliss;
Be glad, my soul, be glad and strive
  To be at one with this!

THOSE GOLDEN DAYS. (1900.)

O deep within my soul are hidden ways
Where silent-footed Memory walks and
Lingers lovingly with well-remembered
Gladness, and lives where echoes still the laughter
Of pure joy. Th' turf is green where happiness
Did walk; the streamlets sing where Faith did hold
Her way, so tender-eyed, of old, and bright
The banks with flowers where Trust did dream and
Young Love whisper his sweet words. Still gleam, all
Marble white, the palaces that Hope did
Build and garnish with all precious stones; still
Sing the birds of heaven such notes as are
Attuned to youth's and childhood's ears, and still
I see the meadow lands of clover bloom,
The scarlet and the gold of the rich wild
Honeysuckle, sweet with fullest fragrance;
Hear the hum of happy bees; the buzz of
Summer flies, with crystal wings where rainbows
Gleamed; see, golden-winged, the butterfly
Threading the pathless air; welcome the June
Morns fair, all dewy, sweet and cool; and her
Golden noons drowsy with odors from a
Thousands flowers, her still, soft eves when earth
Was starred so thick with gleam of fireflies'
Light, and the skies were full of silence, and
Stars and constellations that held each its
Wondrous story. O those tender, happy
Days! A mother's love was there, and there was
Sweet, caressing tenderness, easing all
Heart hunger, and life was all before, save
Only life's beginning, which seemed brushed by
Angel wings. No shadows darkened it, 'twas
All as fair as Eden. O those golden
Days lying upon the hills of Sunrise!
In the clear light of young life's morning, dear
Is their memory, and like a rainbow
Still they arch my skies, and I go forth to
Meet the coming century, stronger in
Courage, and with nobler faith, because they
Crown me yet with sacred memories that
Blossom forever in the garden of
My heart—O tender, loving days!

THE DYING DAY. (1878.)

The very air lies golden, full and sweet
With dreaminess, as if 'twere steeped in thought;
The very mountains have a fuller meaning
Touched with the glory by the sunset wrought,
And fold on fold the white fogs creeping upward,
Stand here and there like pearly gates ajar,
While rosy lights and purple-tinted shadows
Brighten and darken like a paling star.
The fair sweet hillsides, in their emerald glory,
Show flowery brightness like a ruby's heart,
And crimson clouds, like scented rose-leaves, slowly
In the soft blue steal by themselves apart
Unto the West, and with the amber brightness
Which shines like sapphire on the golden floor
When Day is sinking in her dying splendor
Upon the threshold of Night's dusky door,
They mix and mingle, veiling her with beauty,
And then like pallid mourners steal away,
While gently Night, with her star-jeweled fingers,
Closes the eyelids of departed Day.

THE DAY AND I.

The day breathes softly, and the silent trees
  Stir not a leaf within the sleeping air.
  Birds flit from bough to bough, unknowing care,
Glad in the beauty and the mysteries
  Of silent sun, and skies so blue and vast,
  Which ne'er a shadow on their pathway cast.

'Tis happy life above, and all around,
  And here soft-footed Fragrance silent treads,
  Breathing delight, and with rich Color weds,
And blossoms make an altar on the ground;
  The tall, lone pine a very priest doth stand,
  While bending cedars wait on every hand.

The sun pours down a tide of golden light,
  The lake is dimpled with his many beams,
  And groweth glad to clasp the silver streams
That singing run in their unhindered flight
  To reach its breast, and there do sleeping lie,
  Cradled in silence 'neath the cloudless sky.

The meadow-lark sings out for very glee,
  The robin waketh into happy song,
  The merry linnet trills his notes along
The sweet green slopes that smiling here I see,
  And Day is glad, and lo! I bend with her
  At Nature's feet, a rev'rent worshiper.

FROM DAY TO DAY. (1899.)

I see new meaning in each waking dawn,
  New glory in the boundlessness of skies,
New splendor in the sunshine of the morn,
  Catch anthems new in the soft melodies
  Of million leaves, which, all breeze-stirred, do sing
The sweet world's psalms, and softly clap their hands,
  As stir the crimson bells of opening flowers;
New glory in the mountain wall which stands
  Like God-built altar for this world of ours.

Not quite the same today's sunshine that gleams
  In golden light upon this world of ours,
As that which yesterday lit up the streams,
  Or, smiling, lost itself amid the flowers.
  Yet not less fair, less beautiful the day
And not less full the sunshine's cup of gold
  In which Noon bathes her tresses. In Summer's arms
The sweet Earth lies while her fair days are told,
  And maiden June unfolds her many charms.

And when the splendor of the Night is here,
  And the young moon walks 'mid the countless stars,
And calm and fragrance fill the atmosphere,
  Nor noise nor strife the sacred silence mars,
  My soul drinks in the night and seems to rise,
New-winged by thought, into the deeps of air,
  Filling the Vast above us; and there it lies;
Cradled in trust, while round it everywhere
  God, ever-present, fills the sea of skies.

TODAY. (1899.)

The rapturous air leaps smiling to my side,
Smiling with sunshine which is flooding wide
The infinite Vast above, around us here,
Which warms and glows in Summer's atmosphere.

I feel the pulse of life in everything,
Throbbing in blossoms as their anthems ring
In soft-lipped fragrance; in the dewy leaves,
Clapping their million hands upon the trees.

It stirs the lake's sweet heart in ripples bright
That seem but silver echoes of the light,
And e'en the sands that lie as if asleep
The breezes waken till they lightly creep,

Soft-footed as the day, and wander wide,
In ranks and columns in a shifting tide
Of happy motion, that goes not astray,
But eyeless hurries on its pathless way.

And footless grasses which the soil has nursed
Through its warm bosom have in silence burst,
And there they lie outspread upon the sod,
An emerald psalm writ by the hand of God.

And the bright Sun treading the cloudless skies
Catches the voice of earth's grand harmonies,
Hears the great sea its mighty anthems roll,
Filling the silences from pole to pole.

And Night at last her midnight gate unbars,
Hinged with the jewels of a million stars,
And Day slips through it with his soundless tread,
Joins vanished days that one by one have fled;
But o'er Time's pathway the oncoming hours
While walking see another morrow's flowers.

II. (1903.)

Today! It fills the chalices of time,
  With silent motion by us full and sweet,
Only to blossom in tomorrow's light,
  Which but for it could never be complete.

Tomorrow is Today when it is here,
  With glowing centuries upon its breast,
With centuries to come still drawing near,
  With great Todays into their fullness prest.

Today! It fills the chalices of time,
  It makes the largeness of the years to be,
It holds the seed of every thought sublime,
  It is the rootlet of Eternity.

THE DAY. (1900.)

I love the Day, so full of light,
  Of beauty rich and fair,
Of wondrous skies and mountain height
  And glory everywhere.

I see the tiny blade of grass
  Which sways before my view;
The bud and blossoms as I pass
  Turn faces ever new.

Color doth fold them in her arms,
  The soul of Fragrance hides
Amid their many-petaled charms,
  And there unseen abides.

And O great-bosomed Noon doth stand,
  And pour her golden wine
From the full cup within her hand,
  Filled with the warm sunshine.

Earth's glory fronts us everywhere,
  On land, in sky and sea,
But still the unseen shining air
  Veils deeps of mystery.

And not until the day is passed,
  And silent Night is here,
Do the great gateways of the Vast,
  Wide backward flung, appear.

Day hides the stars, it shuts us in
  This narrow world of time;
Were there no night what should we know
  Of starry deeps sublime?

And thus, like Night, doth Sorrow draw
  The spirit's veil aside,
And lo! God's stars of love and care
  In God's own heavens abide.

II. (1902.)

O Day! great shining, golden Day, how I love thee!
How bright is the gold of thy sunbeams above me;
How rich without measure is the wealth of thy light;
How wondrous the vision ye unroll to our sight!

The heaven-reaching mountains grow glad as they hear
The sound of thy footsteps through Dawn's gates
  drawing near,
And baptized with the glory of color they rise,
In kingliest majesty, saluting the skies.

In their emerald dress from the shadows of Night
The great valleys creep out to rejoice in thy light;
The numberless orchards, their leaf-banners unfurled,
Stand forth in the splendor of thy sun-lighted world.

And the flowers lift up their sweet faces to thee;
They have sprung from the kiss of thy lips, and they be
Thy beautiful offspring. O fair Day! day divine,
How thy clear sapphire skies in their gladness do shine.

God is Light and is Love, and we see Him in thee;
Though He veileth His face, yet still ever do we
Feel Him part of thy glory, thy infinite vast
Like a garment His presence about it is cast.

And we think of the life where the shadows of time
Shall be lost in that day, eternal, sublime,
Where God shineth forth in His glory of light,
And "undarkened by suns," He's unveiled to our sight.

DAY. (1903.)

O laughing sprite! so glad and free,
So full of wondrous witchery.
Thy bird-notes flood the upper air;
Lightfooted breezes everywhere
Toy with the leaves and kiss the flow'rs,
While fragrance fills this world of ours.
The lavish sunshine pours its gold,
And wraps the grasses fold on fold;
The water's silver sheen is seen
Lying the tree-clad slopes between
Within the park, which here doth rest,
Like smiling childhood, on the breast
Of the bright Day. The shadows drop
Only below the full-leaved top
Of the tall trees which, standing, rise
Like sentinels beneath the skies.

O glorious Day! thy soul must be
The offspring of infinity—
Of God, who spread the shining skies,
Who bade the lofty mountains rise,
Who stretched the seas from shore to shore,
And stills their storm-tossed, angry roar,
Who makes to open at thy kiss—
In colors rich as amethyst—
The countless flowers that blooming rise
To glad with beauty all our eyes.
O Day! I love thee. Sun and sky
And gentle breezes floating by,
And bird-notes, flow'rs and swaying trees,
And Beauty's glorious harvestries—
These are thy children, and we see
In them the touch of Deity.

SUNSET. (1895.)

Good-night, bright Sun, with eye of golden light,
  The chambers of the West ope wide their doors
  With gold-paved threshold and rose-burnished floors,
The stars are sleeping on the breast of Night,
But they will waken as ye sink from sight.

The rock-ribbed mountains and the quiet vales
Draw rosy mantles 'round as daylight pales,
  And stars shine forth, and all the silent deep
  Of sky twinkles with glory; wondrous sweep
Of ever-circling worlds! Revelation vast,
  Beyond all dreaming of the daylight's hours
The darkness bringeth! Even thus, at last,
  When death shall come to free these souls of ours
Shall vision broaden as we reach the Vast.

II. (1901.)

The Sun is sinking in the golden West,
  The winds scarce whisper 'mid the many leaves;
One shining star Eve wears upon her breast,
  And glorious are the colors that she weaves

On the far mountain tops, whose purpling hue
Is mixed with sunbeams Day hath left behind,
Spreading their glory out beneath the blue,
Paving a path for the soft-footed wind.

How still the Earth, as if she musing lay,
Or told her beads beneath the coming stars;
The shadows fall—good-night, O lovely Day!
Within the west the sunset draws her bars.

O the great Vast that lies within the night!
Thought cannot bridge it, Fancy cannot dare
The endless orbits hidden from our sight,
In which great worlds are circling everywhere.

Be still, my soul, and know that God is here,
His hand on all things, through eternal space
Guiding each sun, each planetary sphere,
As all sweep on in their allotted place.

III. (1897.)

O doors on starry hinges hung!
Within the West ye backward swung,
As sank the Sun when day was done
Into wide space away, afar,
Behind the glory of a star.

And then outflashed the golden flame
Which from some sky-built altar came,
Which earth doth neither know nor name;
But O the splendor of the sky
That did along its threshold lie!

O golden Sunset! could I see
The Hand divine that painted thee,
I'd find the Hand that leadeth me—
The Hand that guides the stars, and holds
Earth and her children in its folds.

A SUMMER SUNSET.

O golden is the sunset West!
How rich its splendor stored!
How bright its amber glory poured
From shining sea to mountain crest,
O'er the sun-drowned valleys and the hills,
O'er the ocean and the murmuring rills,
While there above the bright horizon's line
The Sun lies dreaming, ready for his rest.

Glorious the pause before he sinks from sight,
While yet the brightness of his illimitable light
Enfolds the world, still shadowless and fair,
And the glad birds call each to each, where
In their leafy bowers they sit in glee,
Hushing their chords of sweetest minstrelsy
Till morn shall come. A hush falls down
Like a sweet benediction on the town,
And all the wide green spaces of the land;
And even we more softly breathing stand
To watch the twilight's coming. The gentle flowers
Draw closer their soft hoods of tender leaves,
While the light breeze touches them and weaves
Its good-night whisper in a tone so low
We scarce can hear it, though it soundeth so
Like music. The Sun's light gilds the trees
On their high tops, and in and out the murmuring bees
Drone softly yet, till lo! a star
Twinkles above the sunset's fading gold,
The dark shadows fall from far,
And the young Moon its silver crescent hangs
In the thin air, and then the day is told.

Yet still we sit and dream in quiet reveries,
While out the planets flash that gild the night,
And thought to other worlds takes swiftest flight.
O glory of the darkness! for our eyes
Ye lift the curtain which with daylight falls
Between us and infinities, and lo!
We see world after world slow-marching go
Down the vast ether plains; we stand
And front the universe, while sinks from sight
Our own small planet in the sea of Night.

SUNSET ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY. (1892.)

The Sun went down while clouds of gray,
As toward the West he took his way,
Muffled his footsteps and his face,
Of all his glory not a trace
On sea or land or sullen sky,
Till lo! as passing swiftly by
The rim of waters, where we see
Melt into vast immensity
Ocean and air, the veil was lift
And heaven itself seemed there adrift,
Its golden floor spread far and wide,
Floating upon the ocean's tide;
The splendor of its light the world
Drank into fullness—it was hurled
On land and sea and mountain height,
Like some fire-opal's melted light,
And lo! the Sun, a ring of fire,
Brake from the clouds, his glowing pyre
Transfigured earth, and, glorified,
Sank like a god beneath the tide.

SUNSET AT SANTA MONICA.

There was a dreaming goddess in the sea,
Her floating hair made ripples on the deep;
The whispering waves upon the beach did creep,
And clung to the white sands lingeringly.

The sea had hushed its murmurs and did lie
As if its soul were passing, while on high
Above its western rim the sun hung red,
And golden beams upon the water shed,
Till all their deeps seemed turned to liquid gold;
The winds breathed not, and passing time was told
In the hushed silence of the coming eve.
No leaf stirred; not a bird did weave
A note of song; no insect's hum,
The warm, still, quiet air was dumb.

The mounts grew rosy red, a flush
Of crimson, through the purple hush
That wrapped them, stole, transfigured they,
Like altars of the dying day,
Gleamed with the glory of the light.
Night thrust her fingers through the grass,
And long, lank shadows everywhere
Fell on the meadows sleeping there.

But still, like swift sword-thrusts did pass
The golden sunbeams, dropping still
Aslant the wide, low levels fair,
And on the summit of the hill.

Then, to the cool, deep, sapphire sea,
Swept by his garments' golden trail,
The Sun sank low upon the brim
Of quiet waters on the rim
Of the wide, opal-shining West;
Then closed the Sun its shining lid,
And by the soft, blue wave was hid,
And Day was done.

EVENING. (1902.)

I watch the gold upon the swaying trees,
As Evening nears, and in the shining West
The Sun is sinking to his nightly rest,
And insects breathe their sweet antiphonies.

Like God's high priests the tall trees heavenward rise,
With leaf-wrought censers by the sunbeams filled,
And countless odors by the flowers are spilled,
And every leaf smiles upward to the skies.

The sleeping lake has smoothed its silver face,
It lies unruffled in its perfect peace,
As the soft winds their vexing whispers cease,
And holy calm within the hour finds place.

And now the stars—God's treasuries of gold—
Flash out within the fields of deepening blue,
Wide realms of space unfold unto our view—
With utmost silence is the Vast unrolled.

NIGHT. (1882.)

The whispering echoes dance amid the trees,
The amber sunset wears a golden smile,
The sunbeams tremble with the passing breeze
In long, slant ripples on the leafy pile
Where green boughs bend above the tall tree's trunk.
Bird calls to bird in soft, sweet, chirping notes,
The cricket's voice has to a whisper sunk,
As listening to the music from their slender throats,
The Sun sinks down and faintest shadows steal
From the far West—the gold is mixed with gray,
And from the deep-blue sky I almost feel
The stars flash out their far, faint, trembling ray.

Night hath its stars! O glory that is hid
By the clear shining of the noonday sun!
I love the Night with her star-fringed lid
Closing above the world when Day is done.
What impress of vast space, sweet prophetess, she bears!
How points her hand beyond the scenes of Time!
With her what vast, unhindered flights our fancy dares,
Into what realms of mystery sublime
It soars! She drops the bars between
Time and all outer realms that lie afar,
And spreads before us all the wondrous scene,
And gives to us as stepping-stones each star.

II. (1894.)

Melt now the hills against the purpling blue,
And dreamy shadows dreamy forests fill,
And bird and bee and everything is still
As is the silent dropping of the dew,
Raining its pearls Earth's star-lit chambers through,
E'en the brook's murmurs seem more hushed and low,
As if scarce breathing in its onward flow.
With Night's soft fingers pressed upon its breast,
As if to hush it into moveless rest.
E'en the trees slumber, every leaf is still,
And every blossom in the wooded dell,
While all the grasses lean as if to tell
Good-night to bird and bee in sweet good will
As diapasons of vast silence swell.

III. (1897.)

The stars come out, the very winds are still
As if Night, breathing softly 'mid her trees,
Communed of Nature's silent mysteries,
And drunk to utmost largeness there her fill
Of the great Vast which holds us in its clasp,
Upon the threshold of that unseen line,
Dividing human sight from sight divine,
Infinite knowledge, too, from human grasp.

The far star-worlds, those twinkling points of light,
The jewels set within Night's shining crown,
Like eyes of countless angels looking down
To this earth-speck they dare not in their flight.
What know we of them, of those silent spheres
Sweeping immensity, their orbits hung
Where erst life out of mighty chaos sprung
In the dim morning of eternal years?

O Night! upon thy holy face there lies
The awful shadow of immensity,
Truths unrevealed of Nature's mystery,
The alphabet of God within thy skies.
When shall we learn to read it and when know
All that thy starry spaces hold and hide,
Where God hath snowed his worlds and cast them wide
Through all the blue fields which the Vast doth show?

IV. (1901.)

The starry Night hath voices all its own,
Like whispers from some far-off world outblown,
Stealing adown the silent, moonlit air,
Where roses bloom, and blossoms everywhere
Fill our sweet gardens. Sometimes a bird,
Breathing sweet music 'mid the boughs, is heard,
And silver ripples on the lake's pure breast

Smile in the moonlight where the waters rest.
And little blades of grass do softly stir,
With bended heads, like rev'rent worshiper.
O Night is dear, and its great soul I see,
Communion holds with vast infinity!

V. (1901.)

One small white cloud within the deeps of air,
Cradled in sunshine, beautifully fair,
And its bright edges, painted by the sun,
Grow golden while Day smiles, till, one by one,
The stars come out within the fields of blue,
And the great mountains, old yet ever new,
Drop their fair pearls of color, and the Night
Wraps them in purple, veiling them from sight.

And then such hush upon all Nature falls,
The breezes sink to rest, the bird no longer calls
Upon its mate; the soft hum of the bees
We do not hear amid the many trees;
The flowers droop their heads as if asleep,
And the dew falls as if the sky did weep
For the fair Day so lately gone to rest
In the dim chambers of the darkening West.

But O the wonder that the Night reveals!
No longer Earth the one great star that wheels
Through wide sky spaces—worlds on worlds we see
Dotting the vastness of immensity.
A little speck, an atom this world gleams
Amid the glory of the countless beams
Of the broad star universe which lies
Filling the deep infinity of skies.

So as the darkness doth unveil the Vast,
Death shall enlarge our wisdom when we cast
The scales of flesh aside, and soul-life springs
Into full oneness with eternal things,
Drinking God's glory in until we rise—
The soul all eye, all ear—in Paradise.
Death shall bring the soul's morning as the night
Brings countless stars the daylight hides from sight.

VI. (1902.)

O Night! I long to hide myself within thine arms,
To study thee, to look into thy wondrous face,
To feel the soothing glory of thy many charms,
And wander ever on and on with thee through space.

How measureless and vast the skies ye do outspread,
Star-lighted, planet-filled their wondrous spaces be;
In these great deeps we find undimmed above our head,
The written alphabet of God's infinity.

Oh, were it not for thee we should not see the stars,
The blinding glory of the Sun but hinders sight,
Shuts out infinity of space with golden bars,
And holds us earth-captives till thou dost come, O Night!

And sometimes doth sorrow like the Night unfold
Unknown, infinite deeps of God's own loving care,
Till holy Trust doth lead us from Doubt's barren cold,
And light and love and faith are round us everywhere.

O BLESSED NIGHT!

Eve, starry-crowned and silent, and with dusky
Eyes and purple-shadowed hair is here, and
The infinitude of space is on her
Forehead. Worlds on worlds move round her, and we
Seem, where scattered lies the dust of shining
Spheres, to feel our way to heaven. Up through the dark
Thought climbs to outmost space. Through all its hush
God breathes. The stars are but the shining points
Where He has laid His finger. Behind them
We feel the throb of Being uncreate.
Night is electric with His presence, and
Earth swings nearer heaven. O blessed Night!

NIGHT AND MORNING. (1894.)

With full-moon splendor shines the starry sky;
The planets dream, the vagrant winds go by,
Touching the flowers and roaming listlessly,
Loitering at times to sip their fragrant sweets,
Hiding 'mid orange blooms, or where the white rose meets
The lily, then hurrying softly by
To where, with modest faces, violets lie,
With blue eyes lifted to the star-gemmed sky.
They tarry gently, sometimes sink to sleep,
Like a tired child, while dew-wet blossoms keep
Their silent vigils all the hushed night through,
Wrapped in soft star-beams and the silver dew.
The great Earth lies as if in pulseless swoon,
And sound lies dreaming in the midnight noon
Till Morning nears, and then, lo! so soon
As the first glimmer of her garments shine
In faintest violet along the line
Of the dim East, then ripple into gold
As the great Sun-God touches fold on fold.
Sound wakes again, and dreaming Silence stirs,
And Dawn lifts slowly all the cloudy blurs
That Night had spilled. Amid the many trees
Waken the birds with twitterings soft and low,
And light-winged breezes gaily come and go,
Laden with dewy fragrance from the snow
Of lilies fair and all things blossoming;
The far stars sink into Light's sustaining
Sea. The bee wakes; the joyous butterfly
Pursues his viewless path beneath the sky,
Skimming the air with lightest dalliance,
While the many myriad sunbeams glance
From mountain heights and lofty swaying crest
Of tallest trees and running river's breast;
The river turns to gold; the mountains, crowned
With light, are flaming altars; the profound
Of skyey deep—a vast sapphire bending
Above the world, beautiful, unending—
Gleams, catching the glory of the rising Sun,
As up Day's steeps he climbs and swiftly hurls
His volleyed arrows, filling the whole world's
Wide, dewy atmosphere with golden light.
In breezy lightness, filling all the white
Clear glory of the morn, the swaying leaves
Clap their glad hands; the wide wood breathes
Music. From everything a glad voice breaks
As from the darkness a new Morning wakes.

The Drouth and the Rain.

"All Nature's heart is turned to you in pleading."

TO THE CLOUDS—IN DROUTH-TIME. (1876.)

O Clouds! that hang above with dark and frowning faces,
With bosoms heaving as if storms were pent within,
With black and furrowed brows such as the thunder chases,
Bend low, we pray, and kiss the earth with soft-lipped rain.

Pass not away from the low-voiced and perfumed pleading
Of flowers that drooping hang upon their withered stems,
From brown and sighing grasses, and mute plains that, fading,
Lift sadly day by day their grain-wrought diadems.

All Nature's fainting heart is turned to you in pleading,
And voiceless prayers are lifted by each leaf-lipped thing—
O Clouds! give to these prayers a speedy, gracious heeding,
And let the welcome rain your benedictions bring.

THE COMING OF THE RAIN. (1876.)

O, mamma dear, where has the Sun gone?
Why is he hiding his face?
What is the Rain crying for—is it because
Clouds pushed the Sun out of his place?

No, darling, each flower has been lifting
Its poor little face to the sky,
And the hills have grown dumb in their sorrow,
While the Sun wandered wantonly by.

Their lips were parched and were burning,
Though moistened with mist and the dew
Which Night, with her star-jeweled fingers
Dropped lovingly down from the blue.

I fancy the winds must have heard them,
And out from the pitying West,
And the soft tender heart of the South,
Their forces they hurriedly press'd.

And they hunted the Clouds that had wandered,
That were full of the life-giving rain,
And they brought them to water the Earth,
All athirst from hilltop to plain.

STORM PICTURES. (1892.)

Before the Storm.

The clouds were piled in masses in the West,
So wonderful they seemed a new world born,
With mountains, lakes, with crystal waters torn
With billowy waves tossing in wild unrest,
Yet touched with silver was each shining crest.
Then there were castles turreted and fair,
And grand cathedrals lifted in the air,
And vale-like spaces for proud cities' rest,
And spectral forms that might have hidden wings;
Perhaps the sunset painters lingered there,
For when Night neared, swift as a bird that flings
Itself to motion, lo! within the air
A wondrous picture! every cloud was bright,
Transfigured, glorious in the sunset light.

The Storm.

Then Morning came, so sullen-faced and dark,
With all the wide space filled with falling rain,
Which stabbed so swift the sunless air amain
With crystal daggers, and the winds cried "hark,"
With strange, sad voices rushing 'mid the dark
And trembling branches of the swaying trees,
Their leaves breathing their wordless mysteries;
And some were downward swept like fragile bark,
Tossed on strange seas, but O the Earth was glad!
The sleeping roots stirred softly in her breast,
The white sands of the streams with joy were mad,
As little rills around them swiftly prest,
For the soul of Life in the raindrops lay,
And mountain and valley were glad that day.

After the Storm.

How blue the heavens, how wonderfully fair!
Like a great shining sapphire hangs the sky,
Bird song and fragrance wander lightly by,
And gleeful in its brightness seems the air—
Throbbing with life its pulses everywhere,
And flowers breathe fragrance that is new and sweet,
Earth from her dream is waking 'neath our feet—
For Beauty's advent we may now prepare;
And soon some morning will our waking eyes
Behold her million-bannered army stand
With emerald blades uplift on every hand,
And blossoms sweet of many-colored dyes;
Summer will dream within December's arms,
And, graceless robber, he will steal her charms.

OUR WINTER RAINS. (1892.)

Where are the rains—the crystal-footed rains
That glad our semi-tropic clime as slips
The Old Year to his rest? That with rainbows
Crown the glad Young Year, and like a nimbus
Shining, gleam around his head? O deeps of air!
Where in your infinite caves, with sunbeams
Glowing and golden, do they hidden lie?
Keep ye the waterdrops for diamonds
To deck some far-off world new-wedded to
A sun? or have the light winds, with restless
Feet, chased them with merry laughter
To some sky haunt, and from their cloudy cups
Bid sun and star drink them like wine?
The marshaled Clouds look on us from the sky,

And lean above the heights, or sweep along
Like mighty chariots of some awful
Thunderer, or rise like black battlements
Beetling the West, and then the west wind blows,
Or north, or some sweet, warm breath, as fragrant
As June's dawns, comes from the far, sunny south,
And in a twinkling vanish from sight
Battlements and cloud-wrought chariot. Forth
Looks the bright Sun. The blue is sapphire-like;
The infinite spaces of the sky's great dome
Show not a shadow. Earth looks up athirst;
Even her rivers pant amid the sands;
The withered grasses droop. The flowers hold
Empty cups. Noon sits with fevered lips,
While Night, her tongue dew-moistened, pleads for rain.

A PRAYER FOR RAIN.

Soft-footed as the stars the sunshine steals
About us here—the hushed breeze yields
To the faint touch of Silence, and a-dream
It lies upon the breast of flow'rs which lean
Beside the fair lake's breast, as if to see
The wonders of their being's mystery.

One cloud lies black the shining blue within,
With ragged edge and long arm furrowing
The fields of space, as if 'twere striving there
To find some lurking tempest, hidden where
The rains are loitering, while the Earth lies dumb,
Tortured with thirst for rains which do not come.

O Father, hear us! Let the deeps of sky,
Touched by Thy power, lift their great flood-gates high;
Let the vast cisterns of the Storm be filled
And thy warm rains upon our soil be spilled;
Let thy rich harvests smile upon the plain,
While Plenty walks through all our land again.

WAITING FOR THE RAIN. (1904.)

The sky bends cloud-veiled face above the dry, parched
earth,
Gigantic pillars rise and touch the zenith high;
Like lofty Titans do they tower in majesty.
We wonder if behind their vast, unmeasured girth
The storms do slumber and the longed-for rains do bide,
And there in cruel mockery in secret wait.
Will they not open for the Earth their great floodgate?
Upon the roaming winds will they not quickly ride
And touch with jeweled raindrops all the flowers,
And find the harvest seeds that sleep within the Earth,
And all the grassy blades that, too, are waiting birth
Within the mighty womb of this fair land of ours?
The Sun looks out with golden beams within the West,
Yet higher and higher climb the clouds within the East;
They drape the mountains and cover every crest,
But still yet smiles the golden sun within the West.
O Night, sweet Night! as you drop your curtain down,
Whisper the Clouds to give us gracious showers,
To pour their benediction on the fields and flowers,
From bare and thirsty vale to lofty mountain's crown.
Then will thanksgivings rise from every leaf-tongued
thing,
From the wide, bare plains where sleeping grasses lie,
From the glad, cleansed air where our sweet song-birds
fly,
And from our hearts our grateful thanks to God we'll
bring.

THE RAINS ARE COMING.

Oh, the rains are coming!
Don't you hear the grasses stirring?
Don't you hear the bees a-humming?
In the sunshine soft and golden,
Filling all the skies that bend
Above the mountains olden?
Oh, the rains have washed them clear!
And such wondrous depths appear
That we wonder whither
We might fly, if we could try
Our wings here and thither.

Oh, the rains are coming!
And the flowers are getting ready,
Ready for the winter blooming,
And the little birds are tuning
All their little throats for song;
And the crickets hop along
Ready for their happy chirping;
And the caterpillars lurking
In the sunshine quiver,
And they would, if they could,
Run, they know not whither.

Oh, the rains are coming!
And the little roots are stirring
That have slept throughout the Summer
All the brown and dead earth under,
And they soon will lift their heads,
Wearing for a Winter bonnet
Tender stalks with green leaves on it;
And they'll stretch up every day,
Higher as they'd run away;
If they could, oh, they would
To the star-worlds stray.

Oh, the rains are coming!
And the white sands of the river
I am sure are all a-quiver
Waiting for the stream to kiss them,
Waiting for the running river
By whose side the grasses bend,
While the dropping sunbeams send
All their golden beauty down
On the daisies like a crown.
And they would, if they could,
Drink the water down.

Oh, the rains are coming!
Soon, oh, soon, the sweet wild clover
Which the wild bees hover over
Will put on its robes of beauty,
With its purple blossoms shining,
With the morning-glories turning
Where the breezes creep so softly,
And the palm-tree groweth lofty,
Like an em'rald hung in air,
You shall see bird and bee
Sipping honey there.

WHEN THE RAIN COMES. (1898.)

The hills are all athirst, and brown they rise
Against the blue magnificence of skies;
Like giant vast each lifts his mighty head;
The grasses lying on their shoulders dead,
As if growth were forgotten and old Time
Had ceased to feed his children with the thyme
Of fruitfulness. No root is there astir,
Sweet Nature feels no pulse abeat for her
Upon those hills beyond us, where we see
Her in deep trance of stirless mystery;
There she will lie like a dead goddess till
The skies are clouded, and its great cisterns fill
With rush of waters, and the blessed Rain
Moistens her lips and sets athrob again
Her silent pulses; then, O then shall we
Her new life wakening into beauty see.
The miracle of growth will meet our eyes,
And earth be fairer than her shining skies.

Clothed in fresh garments of the richest green,
Jeweled with flowers will Nature then be seen,
Her face as fair as young life ever shows,
Lovely with lily and with blushing rose,
Her breath as fragrant as the Summer's own,
Which comes to us o'er beds of blossoms blown.
And O the glory of her rain-washed skies!
Illimitable in deepness to our eyes,
Looking as if through some wide, unseen door
We might find God and walk forevermore
Through the great Vast above us, shining clear,
A realm of light, a flowing atmosphere
Of untold glory. Then the Earth is fair,
The hills like gods rise glorious everywhere,
The plains smile like a child in beauty dressed,
And all our world is wed to loveliness.

THE BLESSED RAIN. (1903.)

The very earth is laughing now
With gladness at the copious rain
Which falls upon the hillside's brow,
And on the emerald-covered plain.

The growing grasses all do hear,
The blossoms smile and lift their face;
The flowering trees are standing near
And pouring fragrance into space.

The tinkling raindrops seem like notes
Of glad bells filling all the air.
How soft and low their music floats—
Low as a saint's voice when at prayer.

We hear in them the promise sweet
Of harvests full and rich and free,
Each drop that falls beneath our feet
Whispers of plenty that shall be.

The Sun is hiding as they fall,
But still the Earth is glad and gay,
From lowly grasses to the tall
Leaf-bannered trees that o'er us sway.

The clouds, like wings of blessings spread
Above our heads, fill all the sky,
And rich the treasures that they shed—
How full their blessed ministry!

The streamlets leap amid the sands,
And gather heart as on they go;
The river breaks its narrow bands
And laughs at its new overflow.

And when the storm is past, how we
Shall welcome sun and shining blue!
The world will then be fair to see,
For Growth will marshal here anew

Her great, grand army, silently,
With rank on rank and file on file,
They'll capture Nature, till we see
The whole land with new beauty smile.

The flowers will wake to newer life,
And bloom afresh upon their stems;
Lilies and roses will be rife
With new-wrought, fragrant diadems.

And oh, the rain-washed skies! how fair!
How deep and vast will they outspread!
A sun-filled sea of shining air,
A light-wrought curtain overhead.

As noon were in the valleys born,
And all her golden glory filled
The heart of day, from early morn
Till the unhindered starlight spilled

Its radiant silver on Night's breast,
Bringing uncounted worlds to view
That in the deeps of ether rest—
That world-cradling, star-sown blue.

O fair, so fair, so wondrous fair,
Beyond all other lands we know,
This land of ours when parented
By sun and rain; its overflow

Of wondrous harvests all the year
Makes glad our hearts, and summer skies
Are cloudless, and we never fear
The maddened tempest's batteries.

They are not here; a land of calm,
Of blessed sunshine and of flowers,
The land of peace, the land of palm,
Such is this glorious land of ours.

O RAIN-WASHED SKIES! (1891.)

O rain-washed, sapphire skies! how fair
With beauty infinite are ye!
Heaven lies in your immensity,
So far, so bright in deeps of air
We cannot see, though everywhere
Its glory gleams, its soft airs blow,
Till earth seems heaven here below.
Life stirs anew beneath the soil,
Birds wing their flight through shining seas
Of golden sunbeams, while the breeze
Breathes sweeter than Hesperides.

A RAINY DAY. (1901.)

I watch the clouds that float the sea of air,
Their grand battalions marshaled everywhere,
From east to west they fill the mighty deep,
From north to south in one unbroken sweep;
And lo! the mountains lift their lofty crests,
On which the snow crown of the Storm-King rests.
But here the clouds pour down their pearly showers,
And blossoms smile through all the rain-filled hours;
And velvet-footed, silent as the light,
Viewless as air unto our watching sight,
Growth wends her way and touches with her hand
The grassy blades that in the fields do stand;
Her lips are pressed on budding flow'r and tree,
And lo! they stir in noiseless ecstacy;
Something divine hath touched them, too, we know;
'Tis God's own breath and wondrous overflow
Of power divine. O untold mystery
Of earth's unfolding which we daily see!
The nursing sunshine and the plenteous rain
God gives to us, but they would be in vain
Did He not mingle with them that strange thing
Which we call life, from which all growth doth spring.
God walks on earth today, not less than when
The Christ was with us, seen and known of men;
Than when He lit the stars, unrolled the sky,
Cradled the seas, lifted mountains high.

AFTER A FEBRUARY RAIN. (1902.)

The boundless air is still, its breath is sweet,
The earth wears garments of an emerald hue,
The skies bend over us infinitely blue;
We hear the tinkle of Spring's dancing feet—
The laughing breezes hasten forth to greet
Her coming. From golden poppy bells,
In tender tones harmoniously swells
Soft, wind-born music. Lilies lean,
Holding white censers; the grasses screen
The nun-like violets which humbly seek
The lowliest places; their blue eyes peep
Upward in gladness; song-birds sing,
Or sweep the air with their soft, feathered wing,
And all the earth is filled with voice of Spring.

WHEN THE RAIN CAME.

Oh, what were the birds saying, what were they singing
Out in the woods one day,
After the rain had come, and the old brown Earth, so dumb,
Found something sweet to say?

The grasses were stirring, with their soft roots purring
Down in the earth so dark,
And sure in the wood, where I listening stood,
A robin called, hark! hark!

And his mate drew near and bent down an ear,
Stirring never a wing,
As he leaned and listened where raindrops glistened,
E'en forgetting to sing.

Oh, what did he hear on that morning so bright,
When the Earth was awake
With the kiss of the Rain on mountain and plain
Through the long misty night?

Hark! hark! peep, peep! tweet, tweet! his glad little feet
Kept time with the song in his breast,
For he knew that the rain meant harvests again,
And plenty of gladness and rest.

Then from the tree's crest I saw the bright breast
Of an oriole flash.
And yellow the gold on the feathery fold
Of his waistcoat and sash.

And a crow black as night swept down on my sight,
And a thrush stirred its wings,
And a lark rising high to the deeps of the sky
Makes a path as it sings.

And bobolink, bobolink, what do you think?
"Rain is coming," says he.
"Yes, yes, tweet, tweet!" said the mockingbird sweet.
"And I'm as glad as can be."

Then the dove called and cooed in the depths of the wood,
And the swallow soared high,
And a little brown wren twittered softly again
'Neath the roof of the sky.

And the butterflies came like blossoms of flame,
And the spider came out
With a velvet-like tread, and gaily he spread
His bright silver about.

And the striped-coated bee buzzed on merrily,
And a rush overhead—
'Mid the curtain of leaves on old forest trees—
Showed the squirrel had sped.

Sing, sing! cried the robin, as he started a song which rippled along,
And the bulbul drew near,
And the oriole gay sang sweet from the spray
Where the wren twittered clear.

Sing, sing! for the rain is coming again,
And the flowers will shine,
Like earth stars between the grasses so green,
With a glory divine.

Then with voices sweet as Summer when the wild bees murmur,
Sang the birds in gladness,
And the songs they poured were like blessings stored,
Freeing Earth from sadness.

Then bud and blossom stirred, as happy Nature heard
These her high priests singing;
Roots began to grow, grasses to breathe low,
As all to life were springing.

AFTER THE RAIN. (1895.)

The roses breathe to me today
A song I love to hear,
And other lifting blossoms join
And fill my spirit's ear.

The sky above us leans in light
That floods the world with gold,
And all the whispering breezes pass
With graces manifold.

The grand old mountains mantled are
With colors wondrous fair,
Like some ethereal visitants
Formed of the light and air.

Out of the rose's heart the bee,
With wings of filmy mould,
Comes buzzing on the sunshine's sea
To bathe within its gold.

So warm, so liquid soft it lies,
This pulseless, winter air,
It seems as Love lay breathing low
Within its bosom fair.

And something in the soul of Day
Seems kindred unto mine,
While Beauty leans from leaf and tree
In forms that are divine.

Heaven's threshold is not very far
Beyond such days as this,
And angels hidden in the light
Oft touch our hands, I wis.

II. (1902.)

There is a soft, glad whisper everywhere,
Stirring the leaves and all the shining air,
A whisper soft as light, as sweet as flowers,
Born of the coming of these winter showers.

For Joy is born anew in Nature's breast,
She laughs in gladness on the hillside's crest,
And in the valley fair, where wakes the thrill
Of Growth's sweet music which will not be still.

The long months' slumber of the Grass is o'er,
The magic rain has kissed its roots once more,
It is awake, and soon its blades will spring
Through the brown soil—Earth's emerald covering.

New perfumes soon will flood the air like light,
And leagues on leagues of freshened blossoms bright
Shall pave the paths we tread, and Winter's feet
Be newly sandaled here with flowers sweet.

Soon, cloud-like, shall the golden poppies' glow
Cover our hills, like sunset's overflow,
With radiant beauty; soon the shining noons
Be bathed in seas of countless rich perfumes.

And all the birds shall unto fresh songs wake,
Drinking the glory of the sun, and make
A jubilee of gladness with the flowers
Through all the glorious, rose-lidded hours.

The rain-washed skies grow brightly blue and deep,
Mirroring immensity; no cloud-wings sweep
Th' glorious pathway of the shining Day,
But golden-winged hours pass down the way.

The mountains lift their purple crests on high
After their baptism, and the blue sky
Reaches its arms of sunbeams down to them,
And places on their brows its diadem

Of wondrous light till cliffs and cañons stand
As if new-wrought by God's almighty hand,
As if the roots of stone had come to bear
Pure Light's white blossoms in that upper air.

Yes, Joy is born anew in Nature's breast,
She laughs in gladness on the hillside's crest,
And in the valleys fair, where wakes the thrill
Of Growth's sweet music which will not be still.

THE RAIN (1878.)

Dimpled and sweet the fair child lay,
His golden head on his mother's breast,
And his great sad eyes in wonder stray,
Watching the gloom of the darkened West;
And the raindrops patter against the panes,
The first sweet rain of the Autumn days—
Here Summer has only her golden rains,
Rains of sunshine and shining haze.
And only such clouds as the sunset flings
Like golden banners along the West,
And strange to the child whose memory holds
Only a thought of fair, bright things—
Sunlight and starlight, and golden west—
Is the Autumn rain, and the storm-cloud's folds
That hide like a pall the mountain's crest.

THE RAIN. (1893.)

The rain falls gently and the green Earth smiles;
Each blade of grass, each budding bush and tree
Seems full of gladness, and harmoniously
Their low-voiced whisper to the breeze beguiles
Our thoughts. They seem so gracious with their winds
Of waving leaves, like many hands that be
Clapping their joyance, while breathing free
Of new life brought through rain's blest ministry.

I think there is a soul in all Earth's things,
And speech, did we but understand its tones,
A psalm, which in melodious utterance rings
From leaf and tree, as each its Maker owns;
And mountains are Earth's altars, which do rise,
Holding Earth's incense to the waiting skies.

CLOUDS' REST, YOSEMITE.

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Mountain, Desert, Canyon and Gorge.

"God laid His fingers on the mountain's face."

YOSEMITE. (1882.)

I climb her heights and look as from a star
Upon a lower world; the clouds seem nearer
Than the silent vale below;
I catch not e'en the murmur of the river's flow,
And the bright bird that circles on its wing
From the blue air around me seems to spring.

Here we find a world within a world; charmèd
Deeps and flashing waterfalls that seem to
Drop from the o'erbending blue, and dizzy
Heights which the sight staggers; and mighty walls
Uprise a white and unstarred firmament.

II. (1899.)

Amid the silence of thy wondrous heights
Was God's own hand uplifted in that far
Distant Past when Time was young and earth lay
On the breast of Chaos. God spake and it
Was done, and thy sky-reaching mounts uprose—
The world's grand battlements—and the sleeping
Vales sprang into being, while the river leaped
Into the silver arms of motion and
Moved with ceaseless anthems onward to the
Waiting deep. O wilderness of mountains!
Ye do seem but half of earth with your proud
Crests pillowed amid the stars, Orion's
Hand upon your rocky foreheads, and the
Sky binding them with its soft blue, while the
Sunbeams, lying upon them like a crown,
Wrap them in light and beauty. But mine eyes,
Filled with reverent wonder, see temples
Here, such as man's weak hand hath never reared,
Wrought by th' chisel of Omnipotence when
He, with arm uplift, sundered the rocks and
Carved in this wilderness His cathedral
Mounts, with spires and mighty architraves
And rounded domes thousands of feet upraised
Into th' high heavens, 'round which forever
The currents of the upper air flow in
Strong tides changeless as Time. Yosemite,
Parent of wonders! The leap of thy grand
Waterfalls beggars all speech to tell. They
Are girt with rainbows and garmented with
Mist, as if the clouds muffled their forms while
Sunbeams paved their path with glory, and they
Were hung as veils for infinite brightness.
They voice the eternal with their full lips
Of mighty waters, and the rocks tremble
As they hear, and forest trees bend low to
Catch the baptism. Afar the black lips
Of the dead volcanic craters yawn, as
If Hell her mouth had opened in the dead
Past, until God had closed its jaws and bade
Its fires to cease, and made Grandeur walk where
Once Destruction trod and poured its lava
Fires. How rises proud El Capitan like
Rocky firmament above the flowing
Merced's waves, his feet lashed by their foam, and
His fir-crowned crest touching the holy stars.
Near him thy Falls, with rainbows round their feet,
Leap from the skies to earth with thunderous
Rush, as they were gods outspringing space, and
Playing with the winds which wander with them.
Thy grand Half Dome, six thousand feet uplift
Above the river's bed, stands like a gateway
To the far-off skies, and it hears the rush
Of worlds circling through space, and looks upon
The birthplace of the winds, and thrusts its arm
Into the chambers of the clouds, touching
The lightnings and watching the thunders roll.
Thy Sentinel Rock stands guard as ages
Pass, and th' mighty forests round his shoulders
Mantle him with green, while afar he looks
Into a world-wilderness of peaks. On
Thy proud bosom lies thy wondrous jewel,
Fair Mirror Lake, th' diamond of waters,
Its setting Granite Domes and Royal Arches,
Which the sun envelops with his glory.
Thy trees are giants of their kind—fingers
Up-pointing to thy wondrous heights, which God
Has made the marvel of the world.

III. (1901.)

God laid His fingers on the mountain's face,
Its granite lips were opened in His praise;
His footsteps trod the mighty cañon ways,
And lo! the streams leapt singing from their place
On high Sierra's crest unto the valley's floor,
Where sound their anthems now forevermore.

How beam the stars from their high places down!
The winds with silver feet thy waters tread;
Like great high priests the cedars overhead
Cast their sweet incense where their branches crown
Thy lofty heights, and golden sunbeams pour
Their glad Te Deums out forevermore.

Solemn and vast thy mighty Domes do stand,
Their faces lifted to the stars and sun,
And sometimes like a fleecy banner flung
By some vast Titan's ever-viewless hand,
Clouds stream from their bald foreheads, till we see
The lightning alphabet of Deity.

IV. (1902.)

Temple of grandeur, with thy granite heights
Touching the stars, while the winds do brush their
Foreheads and whisper the secrets of the
Starry skies into their ears. Great forests,
With giant trees, sweep the wide distance o'er

Thee; illimitable they seem as space,
And grand as they were pillars of old Time
On which the far skies lean, strong in the strength
Of centuries. How wondrous thy mighty
Falls, leaping like world-old Titans from the
Heights, and thy vast Domes and Spires, carved from the
Eternal rocks when Time was young. Thy sleeping
Lakes are a bright mirror for th' world about
Them, and the fair Merced—"River of Mercy"—
Rolls like a liquid song along its way,
Through thy green valley, cradled in sunshine.
God has woven for thee a crown of sunbeams,
And thy tall trees stand catching the sunlight,
Till they seem at times like molten gold poured
Into Nature's vast alembic, to be
Shaped at her will into a priceless
Diadem of brightness. Silver firs and
Mighty cedars wave their boughs above thy
Lofty walls, glorious in beauty, and
Thy Sentinel Rock stands moveless, fronting
The ages and mocking at Change. Thy vast
Domes seem hung in air, kindred with sun and
Stars, companioned by the clouds, at home with
Storm and tempest, when they rave above the
Earth, and, lightning-shod, traverse the broad skies
Unhindered. The rainbow arches itself
In glory round thy falls, and color lights
Their misty spray until it seemeth like
Some wondrous blossom of the shining air
Laid on the breast of Day. Thou art indeed
The signet of Omnipotence, and His
Alphabet with which He writes th' glorious
Iliads of His eternal power.

V. (1903.)

Here Nature holds herself in regnant state,
And sits a queen with mountains for her crown;
Her robes are royal, jeweled with bright flow'rs,
Her crystal waterfalls look as they leaped
From the far heavens with bright rainbows wreathed
About their feet and on their forehead's front,
When the sun kisses their face and pours on
Them a baptism of light, glorious
In beauty. The Valley's granite walls rise,
Like a rocky firmament, thousands of
Feet above its emerald floor, and the
Tall pines and cedars growing on their crests
Seem to brush the skies and lay their fingers
On the stars. The anthem of its mighty
Waters fills all the centuries with its
Unceasing harmony, thundering of
Power. Here we see Omnipotence has
Chiseled vastness, shaping the rocks into
Glorious cathedral heights on which the
Sun lays his first morning beam and his last
Kiss at evening. They front th' mighty distances,
And look afar through space, while their high crests
Are lift above the clouds. Kindred are they
With bending skies and circling planets, and
The rolling thunders pour mighty voices into
Their ears in tones that shake the very stars.
How rise the mighty cedars on their sides,
Like columns to uphold the far, star-fraught
Firmament, monarchs of trees, great giant
Titans, baffling the winds with their unbending
Majesty. Yosemite! No words can
Paint its wonders. It is a thought of God,
So marvelous that human speech feels its
Own feebleness, its great poverty of
Utterance, and is still with rev'rent awe.

VI.

O those far heights which lie beneath the stars!
The clouds sweep round them like a misty veil.
O'er flowery slopes we climbed, through forest bars,
Through floods of sunshine up the dizzy trail,
Until we reached their summits. Standing there,
We looked adown, as from a planet's edge,
On the far lower world—a world it seemed where
Soul was dead, and where, pinned down by wedge
Of mighty peaks, motion had died—
A world drowned in the sunshine, steeped in quiet rest,
Where never the Wind's swift steeds might stride.
Or the soft breezes stir the river's breast.

MORNING IN THE YOSEMITE. (1882.)

Oh, I have lain and watched the dawn grow clear,
  Have seen from out the shadows lift his front
Like the foundations of some other sphere,
  Grand, granite-walled El Capitan, his head
Wearing the jeweled sunlight, while his sides
  Wore tints of darkness and the Dawn, and still dead
Blackness lay upon the river's flowing tides
  Which through the centuries have laved his feet;
And suddenly, as if the angel of the Dawn
  Had fanned the air with his soft, roseate wings,
The brooding stillness of the woods is gone,
  And from the upper deeps at once there springs
A tremulousness that stirs the glossy leaves
  Which through the night had moveless hung and slept,
  And sudden sunlight rich mosaics weaves
In gold and emerald where its beams have crept;
  And shadowed columns stretch along the ground,
Cast by the trees that face the glowing East,
  Carved by the sunlight without tool or sound.
The air is full of odors, the eyes feast
  On dewy buds and blossoms and the ear
Is steeped in song; amid the giant trees
  Sit the bird choirs, their symphonies you hear
More sweet than the old masters' harmonies;
  And veiled in mystic beauty, shining clear
In silvery brightness, jeweled with the light,
  And flashing diamonds, its feet wrapped round
With rainbows and soft spray of misty white,
  Where earth and sky are wedded, heaven drops down
Its Bridal Veil, and the valley's crown,
  Like some gigantic priest of other days
Grown through the centuries, with head uplift,
  Gazes with far eyes into the clasping skies—

The grand Half Dome. Upon its granite cliff,
Down-shooting from the Cloud's Rest lofty rise,
Shines the first golden arrow of the Dawn,
Mirrored in beauty in the lake below.
And with keen eye, watching the face of Morn,
The mighty offspring of some earthquake's throe,
The moveless Sentinel with dome upreared,
And bared brow, white as the Winter's snow,
Stands lone, transfigured on the heights—his beard
The branches of the pines which glow
Like some old god's in the effulgent light.
Far off the vast Sierra's peaks arise
A wilderness of grand, majestic heights,
Their shining crests within the azure skies,
With the rich aureole of the sunrise lights
Resting upon them like a radiant crown.
The grand old Domes, the pillars of the air,
Look on the columned forests down,
Their rounded summits standing lonely there—
The valley's mighty altars lit with fire.
And now the sun fills all the stream with gold,
Bridging it with sunbeams as it rises higher;
It casts its shining spears into the old
White waterfalls—the shadows flee away,
And stands complete the miracle of Day.

ON EAGLE POINT—YOSEMITE. (1885.)

The calm sweet Night was overhead,
The skies were full of stars which shed,
With the bright silver of the fair full Moon,
A rain of radiance through the fir-tree boughs.
The wonderful glory of that midnight noon
Filled the wide distance and lit up the brows
Of peaks, snow-clad, eternal in the calm
Of upper skies; clouds may touch
Their time-old shoulders, and tempests ride
With the sharp ploughs of whirlwinds down their side;
But their bald summits stand forever there
In the clear blue of the unclouded air,
Between the clouds and Heaven uplifted high,
Kindred with sun and moon and starlit sky.

APPROACHING THE YOSEMITE. (1899.)

Like rock-built firmament uprose the heights
As we drew near the valley's open door,
Fronting the West. The waters leapt downward
In white-robed cataracts, as if the sky
Had opened wide and thrust its foamy tongues
Of mist within the world. Vast granite walls,
Born from the womb of Time, were kindred with
The stars which hid themselves amid their high
Forest crowns, that seemed to rest against the
Leaning heavens. The swift river ran as
If its voice were hushed in its deep flow of
Snow-fed waters. The fair valley slept in
Shadows, its head upon the Sunset's lap,
An aureole of light on its higher
Peaks, as if God's finger touched them and blazed
Forth in shining glory. Like curtain for
Eternity the forest stretched away
Far as our vision reached, and the rocky
Pinnacles of peaks, where dead volcanoes
Slumbered in the arms of bygone ages,
Which had nursed their fires and seen them darken,
Rose in the air, vast, gray and frowning as
They were captives of those upper heavens,
Their feet earth-chained, their heads pierced with a barb
Of shining light. How little seemed Today,
How like an atom Man, a speck beneath
Those mountain heights twin with the earth and sky.

BOGOSLOV.*

The great ship plowed the pathless seas,
The night was round us dim and dark,
And all that Northland's mysteries
Seemed closing round our moving bark.

The stars o'erhead were strange and new,
The land a lonely land and drear,
No cities rose upon our view,
No voice but the sea's voice we hear.

Around us lay an island world,
Rock-ribbed and frowning vast and cold;
Mighty the waters that were hurled
From the gray, sullen heights so old.

On, on, until the morning woke,
And the sun rose in smiling mood,
And round our ship the great waves broke—
The mighty pulse of Solitude.

Afar a lofty mountain rose,
A giant 'mid the mountains there,
Mantled in its eternal snows,
Its head within the frozen air.

A burning mountain-smoke uprose,
And from its yawning crater leaped
In awful blackness as Night's heart
Were in its vast alembic steeped.

Across the blue its train outspread,
Veiling the sunlight, and the world,
Like the wide, blackened sky o'erhead,
Seemed dumb with terror; daylight furled

Her robes around her, pine-trees bowed
Within the wild wind's frenzied clasp,
And the mad billows roared aloud,
And leaped and leaped as if the vast

Great sea in terror sought to find
A refuge from the mountain's wrath;
Mingled with bellows of the wind
Its wild waves sped along our path.

Oh, that far world, so near the Pole,
Seems like the ghost of all we dread,
Where terror flees and finds its goal,
And Nature's tender soul is dead.

*Word of God. This island of Bogoslov, in the Bering Sea, north of the Aleutian chain, was thrown up from the depths of the ocean years ago, and from its volcano fire and smoke spouted, visible for miles at sea.

OLD BALDY.

(Mt. San Antonio, 1884.)

Uplifted to the skies like some great giant
Monarch, there he stands, Time's elder brother;
Touching his lordly crest, the fair skies bend
To kiss his furrowed cheek, while Winter with
His frozen fingers weaves his snow-crown,
Even while Summer, with her shining sheen
Of golden sunbeams, wraps him round and his
Feet sandals with emeralds, and along
His garment's hem strings dewy pearls and flowers.
The clouds lean down to rest upon his shoulders,
And the lone eagle, cutting the air with
His wide wings, upon his rock-ribbed sides
Guards his young nestlings. The mysteries of
The air are his, and all the secrets of
The thunder's voice into his stony ear
Are poured, while his eyelids flash with lightnings.
World calleth unto world through all the wide
Starry space, and moveless in his sphynx-like
Silence he faces the centuries, and
Makes no sign. And yet he knows
Of vanished races, and the history
Of the sun-browned generations who have
Come and gone, watching his royal splendor.
And he has felt the clutch of mumbling earth-
Quakes, and the breath of wild convulsions; yet
With his gaze turned heavenward, not a pulse
Of fear has stirred this monarch sentinel of Time.

UPWARD TO SAN ANTONIO'S CREST.

Climbing with tireless feet, each step uplifting
To the upper air, mountains on mountains
Rise before, each one a pyramidal
Height thrusting broad shoulders into the cloud.
Land of the Skies! Nature's soft touch upon
The heights is seen in forest patches and
Shimmering, dew-wet chaparral, in beds
Of graceful lichens, and in the incense-
Breathing flowers, which are the Summer's smile,
And in the trailing mosses, hung like
Shadowy, waving banners from the trees.
Far down there is the flash of waters, with
Their crystal feet leaping amid the rocks,
Or lying in still pools, with the sky down-
Looking as to see its face hid in their
Shining breast. The cañons, the great lips of
The hills, are parted, and their beards of pine
Are shapely, but their wide, Titan throats are
Granite lined—their sides stony as sphynxes.
That lower world, how far away it lies!

Up and still up, until 'twould seem you might
Pluck from the sky a star and slip it for
A jewel on your finger there, or from
The sinking sun steal the gold of slanting
Rays upshining at your feet. The great world
Lies far below in silence. Like an
Inland sea the mighty desert stretches,
And the wide, fertile plains, hushed by old
Ocean's lullaby, dream in their tropic
Calm, all orchard-dotted, vineyard-clad, and
City-crowned. Standing upon this lofty
Mountain's crest, you feel as if upon the
Watch-tower of the world, and as if there
Old Time might come and sit with you, and in
Your ear tell all the secrets of the
Centuries. Ten thousand feet below the
Ocean lies, and men like flies slip through the
Hazy distance. Like Moses in the mount,
Infinity o'ershadows you, as when
He talked with God, while there you stand, as
Leaning from a planet's edge to gaze upon the world.

MOUNT WILSON. (1895.)

Men love thee well—they love thy silent heights,
  Where the stars nestle and the sun shines clear,
  And the far skies seem stooping downward, near
To Earth's heart with all its hushed delights.

Up through the deeps of air, as on a thread
  Hung 'twixt the earth and stars, we climb the steeps
  Of thy trailed sides, with the vast cañoned deeps,
E'en like another world below us spread.

The air hangs full of stillness. Solitude
  Broods like a spirit; not a thread of sound
  Runs through the silences that hedge thee round,
Save the sweet cadence of the multitude

Of happy birds, who, music-throated, fill
  The clear, sweet air with a glad rain of song,
  And through the wooded covert sweep along
Thin, silvery tunes the insect armies trill.

But man's world moves thee not, though bright and fair,
  Moored in the sunshine and spellbound it lies,
  All garmented with summer harvestries,
And wrapped in gold of the glad summer air.

Though to thy crest Earth's many lovers come,
  And sit between thy cedars and the stars,
  To breathe thy spicy air where nothing mars
The loveliness of Earth in this sweet home

Of Nature, where the silent hours take flight,
  Wingéd with the beauty of the changing day,
  And heaven seems breathing where the spiced winds play,
And thousand blossoms open to the light.

Oh, well I love to come to thee and climb
  As 'twere some Jacob's ladder to thy crest,
  And pillowed on thy mighty bosom rest,
Bound by thy spell, forgetting care and time.

"SAN ANTONIO'S CREST."

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SUNSET ON MT. LOWE. (1895.)

Like a thin veil upon the dreaming plain
Lie golden lights and hues of violet;
The hours grow still as spirits, but amain,
With rosy fingers in soft colors set,
Draw wondrous pictures on the wide Earth's floor.
Touching with rose the fields of green and brown,
Sifting the opalescent glory down
On hill and vale and steeple-guarded town.
Unfolding like a flower, the rosy light
Spreads o'er the valley, o'er the mountain's crest,
And clouds of fire lie prone within the West,
Like watching gods guarding the still hours' flight.
The many shadows seem like wingéd things
Hunting the jeweled stars that slowly break
From the far, high towers of Night and take
Earth willing captive till the glad Dawn's wake.
And by and by, as darkness draws its veil,
And in its arms invisible doth fold
The faces of glad flowers, the wide dale,
The many hills and the grand mountains old,
From this high mount we dwellers seem to lean
O'er diamond-paved cities which do gleam
Warm with the sparkle of electric fire
Like some glad vision of the soul's desire.
Enchanted Silence round about us lies,
Broken but by the sweet antiphonies
Of murmuring insects, which dream day has come
As the great Search-Light throws its brilliant beams
Over the valleys, over mountain heights;
Like some vast flying comet whose light streams
Amid the stars, so overflames its light
Through the still vastness of the brooding Night,
And far above us does a long line run,
Fed by electric fire, the hidden force
Bearing "white chariots," one by one,
A silent steed along their mountain course.
The great rent rocks stand as if hushed with awe,
Open their world-old sides to let us pass,
And the high peaks look skyward as to ask
How man hath tamed the awful lightning's force.
The woods, roused from their sleep of centuries,
On those far peaks that lean against the sky,
Swept by Dawn's lights and Sunset's mysteries,
Shiver with wonder that man dares to try
Heaven's battlements. The vast Cañon's gaze
Is upward lifted, as in dumb amaze
That man is there along those heaven-high ways,
Conqueror of all, king of their silences.

Huge-browed, the mountains look with solemn face,
Yet beckoning glance, as if they bade men come
Up to their summits, knowing their dumb might,
Vast though it be, is even like the slight
Touch of a baby's finger, as in place
Of mind-enlightnened effort which can hew
A highway starward, tear earth's bowels through,
And mould the heights to service strange and new.

MOUNT SAN BERNARDINO.
(11,500 feet high.)

O battlemented height! O'er thee God bends
From heaven to touch thee with His finger,
And pour His air around thee, filled with the
Glory of the sunlight. Time leans from thy
High ramparts and looks on Earth, and, touching
Thy rock-ribbed sides, dreams of eternal years
Of imperishable grandeur. Anchored
In granite, and with rock-hewn forehead reared
Unto the skies, thy head cloud-pillowed and
Heaven-crowned, he deems thou canst not perish.
The winds thou holdest as thy servants with
Which to plow the air, or sweep its awful
Stillness. Thou lookest on the stars and dost
Hear God call them by their names. Thou knowest
The secret of the thunder, the mad bellowing
Of the winter tempest, the music of
The summer breeze wooing thy forest's heart,
Soothing its cradled flowers, and whisp'ring
With the sunshine. The glory of the sunset
Mantles thy shoulders, and the golden dawns
Stand velvet-footed on thy crest, watching
The world's waking. Time from thy bold summit
Has watched generations pass and found thee
Changeless. Races have vanished at thy feet,
And earth becomes their sepulcher; but thou
Still dost wear the unwrinkled face of youth,
Its emerald garments and its silver
Girdling streams, which laugh with thee in gladness
And full-rhythmed joy. The vast sun-warmed plains
Dream at thy feet, with Summer nestling in
Their heart, and look to thee in reverence,
Worshiping thy might. The soft mists, with arms
Invisible, wrap thee in beauty and
Veil thy ruggedness in ethereal
Charms, until our sight might hold thee some great
God chained in enchanted silence, crowned with
Power and loveliness, and almost dream
Even thy rocky heart warm with human
Tenderness. But when clouds gather on thy
Awful front, and lightnings flash beneath thy
Stormy lids, and like some mighty Thor thou
Thunderest, then thou art terrible,
And we are glad to be cradled on the
Summer plains, and look at thee from far, clasped
To the tropic valley's ever tender breast.

OUR MOUNTS OF SNOW. (1897.)

O our mountain world of snow,
Brooding over Summer so!
White as Time's old hoary front,
As if ye had not been wont
To your nursing breasts to fold
Tropic bloom, and there to hold—
Since the days when Time yas young,
And his blossoms round you clung—
Summer sounds and summer dreams,
'Mid laughter of your running streams.

Looking, scarce we know your face,
Missing all of Summer's grace;
White and vast as Titans bold,
With your shining lances cold,
Speared with frost ye stand on high.
Robed with snow 'neath Summer's sky.
At your feet is Summer's calm,
Orange bloom and waving palm,
Song of birds and scent of flowers,
And the gold of sunlit hours.

Ye are grand, O mounts of snow,
Neath our blue skies' tropic glow!
Grand as if the foot of God
Had passed o'er you whitely shod,
And his mantle trailed a space,
Left its shadow on your face.
But the Sun, with burning eye,
Smiles as if in mockery;
The white glory melts, and lo!
Vanished are our mounts of snow.

MOUNT WILSON. (1898.)

Amid the mighty forest of high peaks,
From whose grand crests the tall pines pierce the sky
Like Titan lances, cleaving the blue asunder,
Thou liftest thy bold front, O monarch mount!
Thy vast sides ribbed with cloven cañons,
Whose deeps seem earth-emboweling. Forests
Hide in them as playthings for the wind, and
Crystal-footed streams leap amid rocks,
As answering to the far-off trumpet
Call of the great sea. Climbing unto thy
Summit, the world lies at our feet. Valleys
And lower hills, and sea-washed shore, and the
Girdling rivers, with shining faces lifted
To the Sun; the man-built cities looking
Like pigmy toys; the long line of smoke from
Out the iron throat of the swift-moving
Engine, like some white banner over the
Valleys flung. How small I feel! How like an
Atom dropped into the wide space about
Me, as I stand upon thy crest and view
The vast encircling land. Behind thee, scattered,
Lies the wide and mighty wilderness of
Peaks, rising in solemn grandeur above
Old Time's gigantic cañons, speaking with
Sublimest tongues of infinite power.
The unfettered winds hide thee, and sing in
Whispering breezes their lullabies unto
The flowers, or pour their fuller anthems,
While rocking the mighty pines, as cradling
Them within their tireless arms. And grand the
Oratorios poured by voice of many
Waters which leap singing from the vast heights
With rainbows round their feet and upon their
Shining foreheads. O thou mount of wonders!
Behind thee broodeth Solitude, old as
The world, and Nature's face is still untouched
By human fingers. The wilderness is
There, and Nature wears her crest of rocky
Pinnacles and the wild beauty of her
Forest tangles. Man hath not put upon
Her his strong fetters, nor sought to tame her
Spirit. But far beneath thy front we see
Where man hath walked, and dimpled the face of
Nature with his works, making the vales smile
With their orchard bloom and gleam brightly with
The emerald of their vineyards. Green and
Fair lie the vast fields of wheat within their
Season, billowed in shining beauty like
The sea when sweep the Wind's wings o'er their breast.
And man's world lies cradled, looking up to thee,
Great priest of Nature, lift above the clouds,
And holding nightly commune with the stars.

ON FAR SIERRA HEIGHTS. (1900.)

I stood beneath the blue and bending skies,
Where glorious Sierra heights arise;
How grand is Nature there, how vast, elate,
Majestic in her solitary state.
Man is afar, and there the mountains breathe,
Their lips star-touched, and the wild winds do wreathe
Clouds round their foreheads, while the giant trees,
Like singing Titans, pour their symphonies.

These world-high chambers of earth's upper air,
Roofed by the skies, how gloriously fair!
Night brings her stars and sets them in her sky
While far below us does heav'n's cloudland lie.
The lips of Silence on the heights are pressed,
And Sound is pillowed upon Nature's breast;
The winds are hushed, and lo! we seem to be
Alone with Time and with the Deity.

THE SIERRA MADRE.

(As Viewed From Pasadena.)

O grand old mountains! the valley's walled
Sierras, to which the infinite skies
Do whisper, and on whose lofty crests the
Oratorios of the winds are heard,
Breathed in the ears of stars, o'er thy broad shoulders
The clouds rest like a mantle, and the fogs
Press their cool, misty lips at dawn upon
Thy rocky foreheads. And the sunshine, how
It loves thy lofty heights, making thy heaven-
Reaching walls resplendent with its brightness.
I have seen them stand as if God's robes were
Round them, shining like sapphire and like
Amethyst, with rivers of sunbeams poured
Upon their sides from the warm deeps of sunset.
And I have seen them, too, like holy altars
While the Sun's fire burned bright upon their crests,
And like reverent priests stood giant pine
And cedar.

This morn, O grand Sierras!
Ye did seem part of the bending sky,
Curtained with glory. The white and luminous
Mists were round ye, just stirred by breezes light-
Winged, while through their folds diaphanous the
Sun's pure white rays were shed in diamond
Brightness, and blue as heaven thy mountained
Glory gleamed behind the mist-wrought curtain.

O Mother Mountains! No Sinais of
Terror are ye upon my spirit, but glorious
Pisgahs rather, where shines Omnipotence,
And my glad spirit spreads its wings of trust
And flieth godward, and in the bosom
Of His love and power finds rest and peace.

OUR MOUNTAINS. (1901.)

Lofty and grand, as if they touched the stars,
And held communion with the moving winds,
And the great-voiced thunders, our mountains rise,
Uplifted to the blue of the far skies,
Solemn and majestic, like Time's giant
Children. How voiceful they of power,
Of th' unhindered might of the Eternal,
Who spake and it was done, and who holdeth
The vast seas within the hollow of His
Hand, and guides the planets as they onward
Roll forevermore within their unseen
Orbits. And how eloquent their voice of
Enduring strength and the wondrous glory
Of changeless majesty. The stars dream in
The sky-deeps above them, while clouds mantle
Their shoulders when the rains of winter drop
Their pearls upon the emerald plains, which
Laugh with blossoming beauty, while their breath
Is fragrance and their voice is song. O mounts!
How beautiful ye are when the bright Sun
Leaps from th' arms of Dawn and pours his baptism
Of light upon ye! Rivers of gold and
Shining jasper streams and floods of amethyst
Roll o'er your granite fronts, and we seem to
See the pearly gates ajar upon your
Crests, and Thought leaps upward, as if borne on
Angel wings past suns and stars to heaven.
The Sun doth love ye, and when Evening comes
His last look rests upon ye, while with its
Transforming touch he makes ye glorious
In beauty, earth's miracles of wonder.

II. (1902.)

Our grand old mountains, how they lift their heads
Unto the skies! Like rosy petals lie
The soft red clouds of sunset on their crests,
And in the morn the golden Sun for a
Moment seems to stay his swift uprising,
And shines like some wondrous Kohinoor
Upon their lofty summits, while Day's shining hair
Of glimmering sunbeams falls like a mantle
Round their shoulders. They commune with the stars
When Night is here and Silence dreams upon
Their breast. The Moon climbs upward and whispers
Her secrets to them, and the winds weave there
Their symphonies and sing of power.
Hand in hand with Time they stand and watch the
Ages pass and smile at Change; see nations
Rise and perish while their rocky fronts remain
As changeless as the stars. O type of the
Eternal are they in their enduring
Strength and majesty! and they speak to us
Of Him who spoke and it was done, and who
Is now and ever shall be, and they are
Time's alphabet of the Eternal One,
And His wondrous signature of power.

AT THE GRAND CANYON.

(Grand Canyon of the Colorado, June, 1901.)

God's own hand hath left its impress on thee,
His touch is seen upon thy rock-hewn forehead,
And thou dost stand, a world within a world,
Where Chaos lingers still, and Mystery
Walks dumb amid the mighty chiselings
Of Time. The sky looks down upon thee with
Undying wonder, and the atmosphere
Throws robes of mystic color round thee which
Change at morn and noon and eve their rainbow
Folds, intangible as the Summer's breath,
As from the edge of some far-off planet
We stand upon the rim of thy vast deep
And look down upon thy giant forms, thy
Carved domes and temples with their rocky spires,
And thy wide valley's floor, where to our eyes
Thy mighty river seems a silver thread
Creeping with hushed voice amid the shadows.
Thy great trees, which lift their branches to the
Sun, look like tender grasses, a living
Line of green, stirless upon thy breast,
As if the lullaby of ages had
Soothed them into slumber. Thou dost seem a-dream,
To lie while the airs of the old Past flow
Round thee. Thou dost look into the face of
Time and smile at Change, a marvel strange amid
Created things. We may search the wide earth
Over and still find no likeness elsewhere
To thee. God's own finger hath scooped out thy
Titan forms, and Time stands by in worshipful
Admiration and is still. So we stand
Dumb with reverent awe, while Wonder wraps
Us in his robes of worship and clothes us
With humility, till our souls cry out—
Our God is here, for lo! we see His footprints
And the marvels of His hand within this place.

ON THE DESERT.

(En route to Buffalo, June, 1901.)

The Eve is here with coming troop of stars,
The Day has gone to sleep within the West,
Wearing a lingering sunbeam in its vest
Of crimson clouds—soft, golden bars
Of light on the far mountains lie,
Kindred with those which glow within the sky.

Silence profound upon the desert lies,
And Loneliness with soundless, ghostly tread
Walks the wide spaces; shining o'erhead
The stars from out the deeps of bending skies
Look down upon it—the plants lean
In breathless silence the white sands between.

Weird cacti rise upon the lonely plain
Like some grim phantoms of a vanished past,
Or speechless genii of the desert vast
Which may not move or e'er find voice again.
The yellow lizard runs amid the sands,
And everywhere the pale-green sage-brush stands.

O Desolation! fitting home for thee,
And yet how fair the wondrous lights that fall,
The atmospheric glory over all,
The charm of color in each thing we see,
A picture painted by the Father's hand,
And framed in silence, lo! we see it stand.

THE ROYAL GORGE.

(En route westward, June 29, 1901.)

Oh, I have looked today in Nature's face,
As into some great God's, omnipotent and vast
As high infinity. His rock-built dwelling-place
Nature herself hath fashioned. I stand dumb
With wonder. The poverty of human speech
Weighs on me, for it can never paint
Majestic, rocky mounts whose foreheads reach
To the far skies with the soft touch of heav'n
Upon them, as to smooth their wrinkled crests,
And crown them with the sunlight's glory where
The wild winds rave and the mad thunder rests,
And stars seem nearer than the forest floor.
Thousands of feet these great rocks upward lift
Their rugged forms, huge Titans of the wayside,
Guarding the river as its waters swift
Rush onward. They, garmented with grandeur
And girt with strength, disdain the tempest's wrath,
Fold round their forms the robes of Silence,
Girdle themselves with waterfalls whose path
We trace as 'twere the alphabet of Time
Writing its elemental story there,
Which we may read and see what God hath wrought
Amid the mountains, in His temples fair,
Where hills are His high priests, and living streams
The choir who chant their anthems in His praise;
And wild birds pour their glad Te Deums, too,
And the pine trees their fragrant censers raise,
Filled with the incense Nature offers here.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills
From whence cometh my help; my help cometh
From the Lord which made heaven and earth. He
Will not suffer thy foot to be moved, He
That keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold
He that keepeth Israel shall neither

Slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper,
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand;
The Sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the
Moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from
All evil, He shall preserve thy soul. The Lord
Shall preserve thy going out and thy coming
In from this time forth, and even for evermore."

So sang God's saint of old, so let us sing,
We who have looked today upon the face
Of God's high mountain peaks. O let them ring
With the soul worship that our hearts shall raise.

NIAGARA. (1901.)

With voice of many waters thou dost speak
In tones of thunder to the listening world,
And thy vast floods sweep onward, clothed in their
Robes of sunshine, dropped from cloudless skies,
Wrapping thy deeps with glory until thy
Waters flash with light. Rainbows are on thy
Forehead, white veils of mist are round about
Thy feet. Thy path doth lie 'twixt two great realms
Of Freedom, where hopes of man are highest,
And thou art free, resistless in thy might,
As thou dost onward flow past the wide land,
Chanting forever thy glorious anthem
Of God's power, while the earth trembles as
Thou dost leap from rocky heights to the deep
Channel where thy waters swirl resistless,
And where the might of man would be as vain
To battle with thine onward flow as would
An infant's puny arm to stay th' angry
Thunderbolt of raging storm. Great river,
With thy unfathomed deeps, sweep on within
The pathway that thy waves have ploughed,
Thou emblem of Omnipotence, of His
Unceasing power, which like to thee doth
Rest not day or night through Time's long ages.
Seeing thy grandeur, we do stand dumb and
Worship the Invisible who in the
Old eternity of years spake and thou
Didst answer Him with thy voice of sounding
Waters, chanting their ceaseless anthem—
The burden of whose utterance, as we
Listen to the overwhelming thunder of
Its mighty tones, is ever, God! God! God!

ON THE DESERT. (1903.)

I crossed the desert's wastes, and lo!
The white sands paved their vast wide floor
Where weird, wild cactus plants did grow,
And Desolation's wings spread o'er
The silent vastness; sunset fell,
And swift the plains transfigured lay,
Like something that had blossomed new
Within the clasping arms of Day.

Such wondrous lights around us lay,
Such wondrous colors fell around,
The scattered rocks no longer gray
Shone with a glory most profound.
Gold, crimson and rich amethyst
Gleamed in the sunset's burning light,
A new world on the desert's breast
Was bursting there upon our sight.

POPOCATEPETL.

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Afar, along the desert's rim,
The mountains rose like crimson towers
Whose light might nevermore grow dim;
Unnumbered little sand-born flowers
Lifted their heads the rocks beside,
And seemed to softly smile as we
Along that waste of sand did ride,
No longer white but glorified.

O wondrous artist is the Sun!
How rich the colors that he takes,
How fair the picture when he's done!
There's magic in the scene he wakes
From the dead whiteness of the plain;
As he sinks downward to the West,
His beams reach every grain of sand,
And there like shining gems they rest.

THE DESERT.

(On the Desert, Oct. 5, 1904.)

Thou strange, weird specter of Nature's wide domain!
Gaunt, soulless, with the ever-burning flame
Of the bright Sun enfolding thy parchéd sands,
Where the spiked cacti like a demon stands,
With thorny spears ready to pierce and bleed
The unwary traveler who takes no heed.

The mountains round thee grim and rocky rise,
As if they mocked the beauty of the skies.
The stony ledges on the hillsides rest
Like bleaching skeletons upon the breast
Of the dead centuries of the mighty Vast—
The wondrous storied yet unwritten Past.
A silent sphynx, a strange, dumb mystery,
In vain we try to read thy history.

ON MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS. (1904.)

O mountains! 'mid your solemn silences,
With my heart filled with thoughtful reveries,
I love to wander, for ye speak to me,
And tell of power and awful majesty.
And then again like the dumb Sphynx ye rise,
Silent with all your hidden mysteries.
Ye know the past, but still ye will not tell
A word of its great history. Breezes swell
'Mid leaf-tongued trees that skirt thy cañon's walls,
Answering to music of thy waterfalls.
Man dwells not here amid your lofty heights
That stand alone with God, watching the flight
Of Time, catching the music of the spheres,
Watching the sunrise as the Morning nears,
Beholding generations as they come and go,
E'en like a tidal wave's great overflow.
O God is here! So still, so calm, so high,
Ye are His temple, rising to the sky.
Above the world of sin, the world of care,
Your pillared domes do rest in upper air.
The fret and care of life is far away,
And here we hear God's great wind-organ play.
The waterfalls do thunder of His power,
The sunbeams sing of love, and fill each hour
With beauty. No sound of traffic's din we hear.
Peace, peace is round us, and we feel God near.

POPOCATEPETL.

(Mexico, Nov. 2, 1904.)

I stood and gazed afar, afar,
As if unto some other sphere,
Across the wide plains lying near,
And there, high-lifted as a star,
Piercing the blue sky's shining deep,
Above the distant cloudlands hurled,
As bulwark of this lower world,
I saw the lofty mountain's steep.

The glittering snows were on its crest,
Like silver gleaming in the light
Of tropic suns, their mantle white
Did on its mighty shoulders rest.
How far 'tis lifted to the blue,
How high! as if 'twere drawing near
The mighty orbit of some sphere,
Some planet that is circling through

The realms of Space, and, moving on,
Seeks where God walks within the Vast.
So does this mountain standing fast
Rise ever upward, and does don
The glory of the skies above,
Splendor of color and of light,
And starry jewels of the Night,
As if they were the gift of love.

Majestic mountains, at thy feet
The boundless valleys are unrolled,
And their warm tropic breasts enfold
Great harvest seas whose billows meet
In glorious tides of plenty there.
And there do old, old cities rise,
None fairer underneath the skies.
Mount of the sun! The gods might dare

To climb thy awful steep and look,
As from a star, the world upon,
Might see the boundless ether don
The golden glory that it took
From the bright Sun as it arose
And paved the mountain with its gold,
And paved the valleys, wide unrolled,
With sunbeams at the pale Dawn's close.
O mount of majesty! Sublime

In awful grandeur, vast and high,
Standing as pillar for the sky
To rest upon; footstool of Time,
Ages on ages old art thou.
Infinity o'ershadows thee,
O lofty mount! Reverently
In wordless homage do we bow.

For God, thy Maker, He is here,
No hand but His could lift thy form—
O mountain brother of the Dawn!
So near to far-off starry spheres.
The winds mate with thee, and the clouds
Garment thy sides; the sunlight pours
Upon thee all its golden stores,
Omnipotence thy form enshrouds.

Under Arctic Skies:

"Oh, those long dreary days without a night!"

AN ARCTIC DAY.

(St. Paul's Island, Bering Sea, 1880.)

Oh, the fair world seems dead in this desolate land,
This land near the Pole with its cold, sullen sea,
With its gray leaden sky looking down on the sand
Of the rock-fretted beach and snow-covered lea.
I hear the lone billows make moan on the shore,
I hear the dread tempest's mad shriek in the air,
See the ghost of the waters rising white evermore,
Then sink down in foam, while in sullen despair
Stand, gnawed by the seas, black, desolate, grim,
The beetling crags, like the wrecks of a world,
While far o'er the waves, cold, pallid and dim,
Right beyond where a white-tossing billow is curled,
Falls the wraith of a sunbeam, just a wraith that is white,
As if touched by the frost when the Sun, sinking low,
Slips down through the ice to the regions of Night,
And the ice-floe makes moan as it drifts to and fro.

The mole-hill at noon casts its shadow behind,
So low skulks the Sun on the sky's southern rim;
Ice-ribbed are the mountains—the fierce northern wind
Has piled the white drifts on the desolate plain;
Nor tree casts its shadow, nor shrub lifts its head,
And Daylight dies swift in the arms of the Noon;
Here the great mother-heart of Nature is dead,
The iceberg her tombstone and ice seas her tomb.

THE PRIBYLOV ISLES. (1880.)

O strange, bleak land! cradled within the seas
Where Winter holds his carnival, and the
Wild winds rush with the cry of awful
Thunders through the shuddering space, heaping
The seas into high mountainous billows,
Piling the sands in dome-like shapes, or
Into shifting pyramids; scooping out
Hollows in the soil, which storms of passing
Centuries plough into deep valleys, whose
Bare, white sandy walls are playthings of the
Blinding tempests. Land where but the ghost of
Summer comes, with garments of white mists and
Trailing fogs; where the blue heavens are
Curtained with the clouds of brooding storms, and
Seldom comes the golden brightness of a
Cloudless summer day. On thy wild, rocky
Cliffs, where angry tides break in white foam through
The cloud-curtained summer-time, without the
Soul of song do millions of strange birds
Sit dumb. Here the arrie makes her home on
Thy bare, frowning, sea-washed walls. No nest of
Downy softness weaves she for her young,
But in the high-cut hollows of thy cliffs
She lays her eggs, and broods above them through
The sunless days. The scarlet-crowned sea-parrot
Sits and listens to the wash of waves, his
Head, like some bright blossom, starring the bleak,
Gray cliffs; and the horned puffin, with its
Feathered horns turned backward, like a golden
Half-moon from its head, sits on the jutting
Crags, kissed by the spray, but songless, as its
Soul were sad and longing for the sunshine,
Lying as in a dream, its bright eyes turned
Unto the sea with meditative gaze.
And here the choochkie, with its coat of brown,
Just touched with white, as if some falling snow-
Flake brushed its wings, chirps through the gloomy
Summer, and twitters to its young within
Their grassy nest; and the songful meadow-
Lark with its nest upon the hills, and 'mid
The lowlands of this island world, the fair
Sweet prima donna of the birds, rises
To greet the sunshine and the clouds alike,
Paving its pathway through the air with song.

And here, when the gray mists melted, and sunny
Days, like some bright dream of beauty, broke
Within those skies, and the shining sapphire
Heavens showed infinite deeps of air, and
The sea was bright and calm as it had
Never mirrored cloud, or, tortured by the
Tempests, been tossed into swelling mountains,
Whose angry waters gnawed the rocks and ate
Into the land until its edge crumbled
Into its maw, we wandered out, rejoicing
In the glad new heavens and earth of
Glorious sunshine. On the wide rock-strewn
Slopes, down-stretching to the sea, millions of
Happy seals, imaging content, covered
The rocks, or sported in the waves; down to
The water's edge, far as the eye could see,
Twinkled the shining flippers of the herd;
As lying in their *dolce far niente*
They fanned themselves within the sunny warmth.

Over the waters, like an island hung
In air, with the blue heavens of sky
Above, and the blue mirror of the sea
Beneath, rose Otter Isle, with its closed
Crater, which in other years smoked in its
Wrath; and farther o'er the watery plain
Lay rocky Walrus Isle, like some huge leviathan
Stretched in his mighty slumber on the deep;
And farther still away, with its blue crown
Of mountains, whose high crests seemed pillared on
The sky, Saint George's Island, like a
Gigantic castle, reared by some ocean
Genii. Oh, those long, dreary days without
A night! with only a soft, starry twilight
Veiling the birth of Morning, when the fair,
Round, golden sun dropped into the sea but
For swift baptism, without a dream of
Rest; when Midnight's dusky robes were locked

McClure's Magazine, June, 1904.

"STORM-TOSSED ON ALASKA'S SHORE."

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Away, and in their place she wore soft
Garments of shining gray, just silvered with
Faint starlight, and the sea crept to the Pole,
Laughing in sunshine, holding untold
Within its breast all the strange secret of
The Midnight Sun. O dreary land, ice-locked
And desolate, where Nature's ghost walks
Evermore, and seas imprisoned sleep in
Icy shrouds beneath the unseen shadow
Of the Northern Pole!

SUNLAND AND SNOWLAND.

(At St. Paul's Island, Bering Sea, Alaska, April, 1881.)

Close by the Golden Gate so wide ajar,
My memory whispers of a wondrous land,
With beauty like the undimmed brightness of a star,
Where hushed sea-waves creep over golden sand.

Each month a tangle of blossoms,
Sweet as a field of clover;
Each month like a May repeated,
Like a song sung over and over;
Each time with a fresh note added;
Each time more sweetly in tune;
Each month to the May-time glory
Is joined the ripe splendor of June.

In the winter the rhythm of rain-drops,
And the smile of the growing wheat,
And the laugh of the running streamlet,
Waking young buds from sleep;
The glow of the golden orange,
The shade of the stately palms,
The warm, rich red of the berry,
Full ripe in the Winter's arms.

* * *

But here, near the dim circle of Arctic
Seas, the midday sun hangs low above
The southern edge of the o'erbending skies;
Gray mists have shrouded it, and howling winds
Rush fierce and swift from out the frozen North,
Hurling black clouds till noonday seems like night;
The sea is still; locked in its icy fetters,
It moans and mutters, but we hear no sound;
Its lips are ice-pressed down upon the billows,
Which beneath gnaw at the sands, and, maddened,
Writhe in frozen silence. Every hill
Is white as is a ghost, and the far old
Mountains stand grim, stark and cold as bleached
skeletons.

Nature is savage here, and
Wild, and her utterance, even in spring-time,
Is in bellowing tempests, and in seas
Thunder-tongued, breaking on gray cliffs and deep-
Seamed rocks, into which maniac tides have
Gnawed when lashed into mad fury by the
Driving storms. No forests crown the hills; nor
Tree, nor shrub, in all this island world drops
Shadowy beauty in its short Summer
On valley's length or on the rising heights.
Somber and sullen the slow Summer comes,
Trailing dun, gloomy robes of densest fogs.
The sun steals masked through cloud-enveloped deeps;
The tender-bladed grass, unkissed by the
Warm sunshine, puts on a mournful green, like
That the solemn pines wear on vast heights.
The flowers, like white-cheeked nuns, hide their soft
Faces by the gray old rocks, and blossom
Tremblingly, though some there are that steal the
Sun's bright hue, and golden-eyed, star the green
Hills, and smile as if they'd caught a sunbeam
Gone astray, and hid it in their petals.
On scarred sea-cliffs, as if o'erawed by cry
Of shuddering waters on the rocks beneath,
Millions of songless birds sit dumb. All
Nature's heart is chilled in this her island
World which she has cradled in the mists and seas.

* * *

O land of sunshine and of fragrant flowers!
Of tropic palms and orange-laden trees,
Of golden days and blossom-scented hours,
Of wild sweet bird-song, and of humming bees!

O Summer-Land! from this far northern isle
To thee I hold out waiting heart and hands;
As longs a lover for his mistress'-smile,
So long I for thy golden, sun-kissed strands!

IN THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN. (1882.)

What lies beyond your awful verge,
O ice-bound seas! where ships go down;
Where beats for aye the angry surge
Beneath thy alp-like iceberg's frown?

What lights the blazing spectral fires
That flame against thy northern skies?
Ah, frozen seas and ice-wrought pyres!
Guard well thy fateful mysteries.

STORM-TOSSED ON ALASKA'S SHORE. (1897.)

Bleak the morn and wild the sea,
Writhing in its demon glee;
Gnawing madly at the shore
Where its great, white billows roar
Roar and leap upon the rocks,
With a sound like earthquake shocks.

How the white spray foaming flew,
Veiling sky and ocean, too,
While the winds with awful shriek
'Gainst the rock-walled islands beat
Beat and howled in maddened wrath
There and on our lone ship's path.

Far above us, overhead,
Like a banner for the dead,
The volcano's smoke appeared,
Streaming o'er us as we neared
That bleak island world afar,
Whose summer skies scarce know a star.

O bleak, wild mountain! I would know
If e'er the Sun doth downward throw
One warm and scintillating glow
Upon thy frozen breast of snow.
  Or was it here that Night was born,
  And cradled in the lap of storm,
Its lullaby the winds' wild roar,
As leap they thy vast ramparts o'er,
  To seize the Sea and make its breast
  One life-engulfing mountain crest?

O far, so far seem lands of bloom,
Sweet lands of fragrance and the noon
Where lieth Summer in a swoon
  Of light and gladness, and is calm
  The breathless air where pine and palm
Sleep in the sunlight, and the hills
Dream to the music of the rills,
  And poppies glow above the sod
  As if they were the smile of God.

OVERLAND IN PIONEER DAYS.

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East and West:

"The march of empire."

PREDICTION.

Upon these sunset shores shall Freedom place
Her crown of Empire; here shall arise the
Cities of the future, resplendent with
The liberty which maketh great. The love
Of Freedom shall be strong as the rampart
Of these eternal hills, whose heads, pillowed
Upon the world-old firmament, for aye
Defy the earthquake and the thunderbolt,
And tell the patient stars the story of
Their centuries of life.
Passed hence the sun-
Browned children of the soil, whom Nature had
So fondly nursed and fed, that here beneath
These skies the later offspring of progressive
Time should build its fairest citadels, and
Science light his torch and poets sing, and
Modern Raphaels find divinest power,
And statesman shape the laws for human good.
O glorious Empire of the Golden
West! Time itself shall slumber in decay
And the wide and billowy ocean cease
To surge, and the transcendent mountains fall
Prone on the sunlit valley's breast before
Shall perish here the love of Freedom.

FLOWER-LAND AND FROST-LAND. (1876.)

Oh, am I awake or a-dreaming?
  And where do my senses stray?
What means this budding and blooming—
  December as lovely as May?

Oh, where has the Snow-King wandered?
  And the magical Frost-Realm—where
Have vanished its gleaming cities,
  Its towers with silvery stair?

The gleam of its magical mountains,
  Its diamond forests and fern;
Its lakes with their ripples of crystal,
  Its flowers of rainbow and pearl?

Oh, where is the music of sleigh-bells,
  And the rush of hurrying feet—
The rhythm of happy laughter
  From the boys and girls in the street?

And where is the roar of the North-Wind?
  The dance of the feathery snow?
The growl of the waves that are caught in
  The ice and imprisoned below?

Oh, am I awake or a-dreaming?
  And where do my senses stray?
What means this budding and blooming—
  December as lovely as May?

HERE AND THERE.

(Atlantic and Pacific—December, 1878.)

Ah! miss we here the glory of the woods
  Which Autumn kindles into scarlet fire,
Or clothes in gold and crimson-tinted dyes
  Before she makes of it her funeral pyre?
Such brightness is the whisper of Decay,
  It is the prelude of a leafless wild—
Of a long, dreary, wintry, snow-swept day,
  When storms sob through the forest like a child,
Or like a heart deserted; bare and white,
  The trees toss skeleton arms, and moaning bend,
While tempests shriek, and in wild fury pile
  Their snows upon them; while Frost and Winter send
Such terror to the Earth that, blanched and white,
  It lies a frozen thing, so dead and cold,
So haggard and so ghastly to the sight,
  We wonder never that the poor old
Year should die.
  But here, flower-crowned and bright
With golden sunshine, and skies blue and fair
As Summer's own, the year dies not, but from the sight
  It is translated, while glory lingers like a crown where
It hath passed, and the New Year opes its eyes
On sweet and June-like beauty filling earth and skies.

SUNSET GATES. (1885.)

O rosy gates of the West!
  Swing open wide for me,
And let me sail in my Fancy's boat,
  Over the Sunset Sea.

Swing open, O gates of pearl!
  Of amber and crimson, swing!
While I float in my boat through the sapphire deep
  Where the starry islands spring.

BESIDE THE WESTERN SEA. (1900.)

Oh, I wait to see the glory of this land that fronts the
  West,
Land as yet unsung in story of earth's greatest and its
  best,
But its future swims in brightness, and the golden Yet-
  to-be,
Shining with Fame's spotless whiteness, lies beside this
  Western Sea.

Poets here and grand immortals in the realm of art and
  song,
Patriots shall tread its portals, and the sons of science
  throng
Here, where Summer ever lingers; here, where lofty
  mountains rise,
Thrusting upward granite fingers to the deeps of cloud-
  less skies.

Wide we set our sea-gates open to the old and waiting-
  East,
Commerce, all her barriers broken, brings to us of wealth
  a feast,
And the glory of this Nation in its rich futurity
Shall shine proudest in its luster here beside this Western
  Sea.

Poems of Patriotism:

TRIBUTES TO VALOR AND GREATNESS.

DAWN OF THE CENTENNIAL. (1876.)

O Golden Land with skies so warm and tender,
With fragrant breath of never-dying flowers,
With solemn mountains robed in purple splendor,
And built with rocky battlements and towers!

I love the beauty of thy quiet cañons,
Sunlighted through the summer's dreamy hours;
With orange bloom and shining palm and banyans,
And the rich fruitage born of winter's showers.

In thy green aisles and through thy sounding arches
Float tenderest whispers of far tropic climes,
And dreams of Italy, with glowing masses
Of sunset clouds, and deep blue skies, and vines

On sunny slopes, lifting their purple clusters
All kissed to richest ripeness by the Sun,
And soft airs from the Adriatic's waters,
With every hour of the fair daylight come.

How shall I write the story
Of the year that is gone?
What shall I do with the glory
And what do with the wrong?
Go out of our life, O dead Year!
Lay in thy sepulcher,
Sleep with the Past!

What hast thou to do with the New Year?
Thy reign could not last
But through thy twelvemonth;
Go sleep with the centuries,
And come not to vex us
With troublesome memories
After thy exodus.

Vain hope! O heart of mine,
Though dead is the year,
Though to hinder its waking
You sit by its bier,
And seal up its sepulcher,
Still it is shaping
And making Today.

The New Year must feel the thrill of the Old
Even though it be buried and dead and cold.

Write its deeds, then,
In fair letters of light,
That shall shine as the Sun,
Where glory has won
A brightness undying.
Then let pale Penitence
Write deeds that were wrong,
And writing, weep tears
That shall wash them as white
As Forgiveness can make them,
More white than the light.
Why vanished that forgotten race?

O Queen of Nations! land which God hath made
For His great workshop, where His hand has laid
Foundations deep and strong, and bulwarks high
For Freedom; where He has unrolled the sky
A shining banner with its fields of blue
Star-fretted, and grandly stretching through
It thrown the white stripes of its Milky Way,
As bright as 'twere the birthplace of the Day,
Reared mountains mid whose air the brain and brawn
Of giant intellects and patriot souls are born;
And through great fields has stored vast beds of coal,
Made ready for our use in ages old;
Enough to feed our vulcan fires and keep
All busy industries awhirl, and keep
The giant Steam to utmost fullness fed,
While round the Continent with thundering tread,
O'er countless iron roads he pushes on
The Iron Horse, bearing to distant wilds,
Where now, with Nature slumbering, Silence smiles,
The Tide of Empire to the setting Sun,
To the far waters of the Oregon;
To California sitting by the sea,
With germ of Empire budding silently,
With skies so bright they do but seldom bear
Only rain of sunshine in their golden air;
With soil so rich its fruitful hills and plains
Seem never thirsting for sweet summer rains;
Spread lakes like pearls, and inland seas that bear
The white-winged ships of Commerce, and such fair
Green fields, like emeralds in sunshine set,
And round them dewy diamonds, that fret
The sunshine with their brightness; and stored
The earth with mines, and their dark caves floored
With rich gold, and precious stones, and ores
Of iron and copper—such vast stores
As fill a nation's need; and floods of oil
Hid in deep wells beneath the bounteous soil,
Enough to make a beacon for the world;
And round the great, vast continent has curled
Two mighty oceans, through whose broad highways
Perchance shall come in coming future days
Great tide of travel from the ancient East,
Bearing rich stores of pearl and amethyst;
The Old World's greatness, with its wealth of lore,
And all things fair to make more fair the shore
Of this New World.

The land is old which we call new,
Its buried cities lift their face,
Tombstones of a forgotten race,
Old as the Pyramids and Sphinx,
Perchance as old almost as Time—
Monuments all wrapped in mystery,
With no Today, but Yesterday
Written all o'er them; not a line
But's gray with hoary touch of Time—

Flag of the free hearts' hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven."

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Dawn of the Centennial Year.

How marched the white sands o'er the place
Where once their high-walled cities stood,
Leaving them ghost-like in their shroud?
But Echo gives back no reply,
And Silence sits all solemnly,
And Fate says, "'Twas not I
Who made forgetfulness their grave:"
And History says, "On page of mine
There is nor word, nor leaf, nor line
The wherefore of their destiny."
Then Faith looks up with her steady eye,
And words of clear-voiced prophecy,
And says, "But I can make reply
Why vanished that forgotten race,
Not one of all its many sons
To claim a heritage or place
In all this continent of space."
Then I, so still and reverently,
While Faith made clear the wherefore, stood
And felt that all she said was good.

In the old-time land of the flood,
That faces all the centuries,
The land of Nineveh and Rome,
And ancient Greece and Athens' own,
Of Egypt and of Palestine,
Of England, royal in her line;
Of China sitting by her seas,
Counting her life by centuries;
Of Spain with Inquisition fires;
And Germany, where first the glow
Of Reformation's fires began,
Sat trembling Freedom, dumb with woe
In days we call the Long Ago.
In all the lands beyond the seas
That face all Old Time's centuries,
Was manhood's sacred trust denied;
The right of man to be a man,
Unless high-born, was crucified.
All the Old World was tainted by
The tainted breath of Bigotry.
But Tyranny, all blindfolded,
The way to Freedom's pathway led—
Unknowing that it was the way—
Across the white sea's foaming yeast
To Winter, rocked with cold and storm,
With forest-temples vast and grand,
And long aisles filled with organ notes,
Wind-thunders of a frozen land,
Slow sailing over unknown seas,
And wild, storm-fretted lengths of bays,
The Mayflower come to this new world,
And Freedom's banner wide unfurled.
For this did pass that vanished race,
To give to Freedom here a place.

It is two hundred years and more
Since first upon that rocky shore
That white-sailed ship fought with the breeze,
And ploughed its pathway through the seas,
"Each man an unencompassed host,"
So sternly standing at his post,
Daring for Freedom's sake to breast
The dangers of the wilderness.

Faith ceased, and then I sat and mused
Of all those far, wild solitudes;
And turned and faced the Then and Now;
The Then, when a wild forest waste
Covered a continent of space;
The Now, when thick as forest bough
That in those old, dim forests stood,
Stand cities where did stand the wood.
And then I said, Hath Freedom wrought
All that she dared, or wished, or sought?
And then I looked from east to west,
From west to east and back again,
And looked upon the whitened sands,
And on wide stretch of lengthened plain,
And saw vast fields where men were slain,
Sleeping on tentless camping ground;
Whole armies without breath or sound.
And then I said, Oh, what is this
What fills fair Freedom's home with graves?
Have fought with them the winds and waves,
Or here hath stalked all gaunt and grim,
With wasting foot like hurricane,
Famine, another name for Death?
And then there came to me again,
As if the graves were filled with speech,
As if from each a victor rose
All glorified with his repose,
A sound that was not voice nor speech,
That told to me the tale of each,
Of all the countless sleepers pale,
That slept by wood, or sea, or vale.

Oh these are they who came from far,
From every corner of this land,
To meet their treacherous foes' advance,
Marched boldly as an avalanche,
And won a glory bright as stars,
The far-off stars by which they passed
From battlefield through prison-bars,
Where Immortality doth wait,
And Fame stands sentry at the gate.
But long the land was desolate,
And long the tents stood thick and white,
Like ghosts of mist-wrapped moon at night;
And long the sentry's silent tread
Kept steady marching to and fro,
And watched lest every hillside tree
Should hide the form of stealthy foe;
And watched the rocks, and gripped his steel
Whenever breath or shadow fell;
And watched amid the frozen storm,
When all the world was dim as death,
And warmth was chilled in every breath,
And Nature lay as in a shroud,
A frozen, misty shroud of white;
And watched in Summer's sultry heat,

When all the sky seemed scorched with flame,
And burned at night and noon the same.
Then came long marches over sands,
With white dust filling all the air
Like smoke of some old Trafalgar;
The lips all parched with fever heat,
Yet pressing on the weary feet;
And all along the tiresome way
The patient horses sink and fall
And pant amid the burning sand,
Till strength to pant has passed away.
And then the battle's front, and din
Of thousand cannon shot and shell,
And brave men fighting long and well,
And many a white and upturned face,
And glazéd eyes looking to the sun,
And many a ghastly, bleeding wound,
And red blood washing all the ground.
But still with arms as strong and true,
Unyielding as the sturdy oak,
Amid the blood and battle smoke,
Brave patriot men moved ever on,
Bearing our starry Flag of Blue,
The red and white stripes gleaming through
The black and murky smoke of war;
And where it led they followed on;
Unfalteringly, and bravely fought,
Like lover fighting for his bride,
And had no thought, no wish beside.
They pushed the hosts of Treason back,
They made them bite the very dust,
And then they gave us Freedom's trust,
To keep and hold for Freedom's land.
And they who bought our land anew,
Who gave their lives a sacrifice,
They died to give a down-trod race
'Mid Freedom's rightful heirs a place;
They died to make each man a king,
A mightier king than throne or state,
A monarch that should dare and do
All things for Liberty's dear sake.

And thus with this undying trust,
This year, and other years to us
Have come and gone and found us true,
Not one star faded from the blue
Of the old Flag for which we fought
As Freedom's bright embodied thought.

The brave Chief who our armies led,
With heart as leal and strong today
As when amid the battle's fray,
With steady hand has held the helm
While we were drifting on the sands
And 'mid the rocks where ships go down,
And guided us where we may lay,
Nor sail, nor anchor cast away,
Amid the shining isles of Peace.
And he whose white plume shone afar
Where shot fell thickest, and grim War
Rained wounds and death with grape and shell,
Till all was dark and hot like hell—
Brave soldier from the Buckeye State,
His hand shall grasp the helm of state,
Shall guide to nobler triumphs still,
To bloodless victories, which will
Bring grandest conquest to the right,
And make a nation's noblest might.
All hail to our Centennial!
Let Liberty be glad,
And only tyrants sad;
This great New World is free,
The very soil doth laugh,
And all its dimples take
Of fruits and grain the shape,
And busy Industry
Has million forms aflit,
And Manufacture's whirr
Has million wheels astir,
And busy Commerce speeds
Its sails o'er all the seas,
And all the lands sit down,
Glad in our free renown,
Beside the cradle of our Liberty;
And from the East
The New Year beckons with a smile of peace.

DECORATION DAY. (1876.)

Bend blue above the Earth, O skies!
And softest breezes kiss the shining air,
Sweet flowers let floating incense rise,
With odors sweet weave hymns of praise and prayer,
And question not the fearful need that laid
These silent sleepers on these tentless plains;
Their loss the rolling years cannot abate,
Nor time with all her centuries estimate
The sacrifice which their brave manhood paid
To save a nation from its dying pains.
Dead are they? No, in all the blessings bought
By the rich promise of their manhood slain,
They live immortal; in the deeds they wrought
Their names are written in undying light,
Which passing centuries shall but make more plain;
Theirs is a morning which shall know no night.

II. (1878.)

This fair bright land is the heritage of
Freedom, and her title deeds are writ in
Graves. Today the Nation lives because these
Heroes died, and Freedom soars broad-pinioned,
Strong, like to the fabled Phenix of the
Olden time, born yet anew from out the
Sacred ashes of these her dead yet deathless
Sons.

We call them dead; we walk with reverent
Tread through all the wooded aisles and grass-paved
Streets of the silent cities where they rest;
With tender hands strew flowers so bright and
Fragrant-breath'd upon the grassy mounds where
They repose in dreamless slumber. But dead
Are they?

Dieth the Sun when hidden by a cloud?
Dieth the Moon when in a misty shroud
Her light is veiled? Or die the Stars when day
Hides them with brightness from our sight away?

So die they not, though hidden from our sight;
Each grave hath voice; each triumph of the Right
Is the embodied thought, the deathless I
Of heroes born to immortality!

THE DEATH OF ELLSWORTH. (1879.)

It was the hour of Freedom's dark eclipse,
The dawn of grim War's red Apocalypse!
From the far north-lakes to the land of palms,
O'er Hate's dull thunder rang the cry, "To arms!"
And thicker than a forest sea of pines
Gleamed shining bayonets along the lines
Of marching armies, moving firmly on
From East and West, from Maine to Washington.
The awful Southern cloud, so black and dun,
Which long had loomed with sullen, angry face,
Had flashed at length its furrowed fire through space,
Had shaken with a worse than earthquake shock,
From proud old Sumter's strong and sea-girt rock,
With its dread thunders all the startled land,
And at the mad sound men had swift upsprung
As if a million loyal hearts were one,
And purpose firmer than the mountain rock
Swelled into being at the treacherous shock;
Strong men stood up and then with pale lips swore,
Come life or death, that on the Old Flag o'er
Their heads proud waving there should never be
One bright star less—Country and Liberty
The dear old Banner's broad blue field should see
Washed from its stain by life-blood of the free.

Bright fell the moonlight on Potomac's wave,
Her broad, deep waters like a silver sea
Shone round green banks and kissed the flower-decked lea;
Spring's perfect beauty crowned those star-gemmed nights;
Like giant sentry stood the solemn heights,
Moveless and silent; the coming of the Spring
Had waked the Earth to fragrant blossoming;
In the far groves the nightingale was heard,
Pleased that her song the listening silence stirred;
Soft was the whisper of the emerald leaves,
As answering to the Night Wind's gentle breath,
And soft the babble of the murmuring brooks,
Winding like silver threads through forest nooks,
And white within the moonlight like a star
The grand dome of the Capitol was seen afar.
Silence had fallen on the city's streets,
Save where the sentries trod their lonely beats,
Or where, like phantom cities stretching wide
About the Nation's capital on every side,
Gleamed the white tents and dying camp-fires' glow,
And armèd men were moving to and fro.

O fair the starlight o'er those Southern plains,
And pure the brightness that the moonlight rains,
And grand the glory of those circling hills,
And proud the city that their circle fills.
Green are the forests that o'ercrown the heights
Of Arlington, yet every breeze of Night's
That sways those forests, stirring leaf and limb,
Stirs fears that set even stout hearts trembling;
For here and there the river's banks along,
Do camp-fires gleam, and Southern hosts are strong.
What awful rain of shot and bursting shell,
What leaden hail, what burning fires of hell
Might hurl destruction through the startled air
Should rebel batteries be planted there
Upon the glorious hilltops that uplift
Their smooth, green crests, unscarred by rocky cleft—
O ye who love the Old Flag and its stars,
Down with the rag that bears the crimson bars!
Up! forward! march! and haste to occupy
The vantage ground, or in the effort die!

So when the midnight moon was hanging low,
Ere morn had set the eastern sky aglow,
A moving army down the city's streets
Passed—one strong column where the river beats
In measured throbs against the Long Bridge piers;
Another, past the Aqueduct, which hears
The roar and swell of waters rushing by;
And one, by Ellsworth led, moved steadily
Down to the ship which still at anchor lay,
And swift embarked, then down the stream away.
On, on until it neared the city old—
Quaint Alexandria sitting in the mould
Of ancient years, her walls grown gray with time,
Her gabled roofs steep as a mountain's line—
As green with moss as rocks by forest stream;
Her crooked streets so narrow that they seem
Strangers to sunlight—the sidewalks lay
Sunken in places as if stern Decay
Had sought to eat the solid brick away.
And old, old houses by the river's side
Leaned, as if faint, towards the flowing tide.

The night had faded, and a perfect morn,
Golden and cloudless in the East, was born;
Each blade of grass, each fragrant blossom stood
In the fair dawn a jeweled sisterhood.
Down by the landing softly swept the tide,
In silver ripples on the green bank's side;
Their murmur sounding 'neath the gray old piers
As if they held the prophecy of tears.

How in the dreamy silence of the hills
A solemn peace seemed brooding. Nature fills
All things with beauty as if God were there;
The glorious gush of bird-song filled the air,
The bees hummed lingeringly amid the flowers,
Whose dewy fragrance filled the morning hours;
With tinkling music ran the laughing streams,
And on the hill-tops Morning's golden beams
Fell like a halo from the eastern skies;

The bright Morn held no voiceful prophecies
Of the dark shadow that ere noon should fall
Across the Nation's heart; of th' unspoken call
Of stern Tomorrows that the years would bring,
Of loyal millions with their sad eyes dim.

Ah! so still, so very still was the air;
Oh! who could dream that in the daylight fair
Hate was busy and was building away
In the slumberous silence of that sweet May
Its blood-red altar! Oh, will no voice shout
To the brave old ship that is coming out
From the river's stream to the landing's head—
To the brave young hero who with martial tread
Walks the deck—will no voice utter aloud
'Neath that rebel flag, Death is weaving a shroud?
No! Fate is voiceless, and the silent street
Soon echoes the sound of their coming feet;
Pickets are posted and the dead old town
Is soon made for Freedom a camping-ground,
And Southern maidens, whose soft eyes are wet
With tears of parting all undried as yet,
Whose ears still hold the sound of swift retreat,
Still feel Love's kisses on each tear-stained cheek,
Peep from behind closed shutters pale with fear,
Fancying the invaders whose firm step they hear
As something less than human—Northern hordes
Untaught and savage—men whose ruthless swords
Love blood and slaughter and War's wild rapine,
With trembling hands white as the lily's sheen,
Holding the curtains in their velvet palms,
With hearts swift beating with their wild alarms,
And faces pale as their own bosoms' snow,
Kneeling, they look to see the coming foe.

But soon, as if upon the black midnight
Had dropped the brightness of the noontide's light,
As passes when the summer sunshine glows
On the far frozen arctic land of snows,
The long, black night, unbroken by a day,
Passed the pale specter of their dread away.
No vulgar rabble met their frightened gaze,
No ragged mob its lawlessness displays,
But staunch as the lofty pines that rise
An emerald wall against the sunrise skies,
Erect and firm, with quick yet measured tread,
Came the Zouaves by brave young Ellsworth led;
His manly beauty grand as 'neath Southern skies
Ere ripened into splendor. His brave look defies
Danger and death. His firm lips wear the seal
Of strength and tenderness. The cannon's peal
Would belch its thunders never at his back;
His feet would foremost tread the fiery track
Where War's red scythe mows down its swaths of slain
As mows the reaper Autumn's fields of grain,
And his strong arm would foremost move to bless
Or friend or foe in need or helplessness.

Then sad eyes brighten and faint color steals
To lip and cheek; that stealthy look reveals
The soldiers' manhood; half their terrors cease,
As if such presence stirred the bells of Peace.

Yet Southern hate and Southern blood were warm,
And like the swift red lightnings of the storm,
Hidden within the blackness of the cloud,
Outbursting with fierce thunders crashing loud,
While tempests shake great forests in their grasp,
And lash the seas to mountains ere they pass;
So in the pause of conflict, gathering strength,
Broke Treason's thunders o'er the land at length.

O blossoming roses red and white,
O violets blue as the skies above,
O gentle maidens pale with fright,
O all-voiced things of Peace and Love!

Cry, cry aloud to the sunny air!
O wandering winds find voice and speech,
For Ellsworth's steps are tending where
Death waits—his single hand would reach

That bannered insult to the free
That floats from the old moss-grown roof
Of Alexandria's hostelrie,
Where Treason shows its cloven hoof.

His swift feet climb the winding stairs—
Ah! to what undreamed heights they led!
With one strong grasp the flag he tears
From the tall flag-staff overhead.

The loyal winds sweep round him there,
The sunshine crowns his head with gold,
But brighter still, and still more fair
Shines round him Fame's grand aureole.

Stood he there erect and strong,
Hating Treason, hating Wrong,
Doing duty as his wont,
Facing there the awful front
Treason offered to her foes.
With that banner on his arm,
Downward to his doom he goes.
Nevermore shall light of day
On his living face be shed,
Half-way down that dark stairway
One swift shot and he is dead!
Dead! the bullet in his breast!
Dead! with th' grand, calm face upturned,
And the hero heart at rest,
Which so late had proudly spurned,
In its self-forgetfulness,
In its "unrevengeful calm,"
All that Southern hate confessed,
All the might of Treason's arm.

They bore him tenderly away
Down to the river where the sobbing tide
Broke in the brightness of that perfect day
In low, sad rhythm on the old ship's side;
The grand old banner hid its starry light
Half down the tall mast's length—sad sound
Of music and of muffled drum
Filled all the wide, deep silence round—
All other sounds were hushed and dumb.

Up the great river moved the dead along,
Beneath him all the water's pulses beat,
While the low murmurs of their dirge-like song
To the far sea in solemn chorus sweep.
O how the Nation's Capital
Stretched out its hand to him!

How wept the young, the good, the fair,
While stern men's eyes grew dim!
How noble was his coffined face,
How grand the starry pall
Our mourning Mother gave her son,
Among her first to fall!

Out of his dying grew the life
Of purpose grand and high,
Out of his dying Freedom spoke,
And free men gave reply.
They spoke on bloody battlefields,
They spoke through prison bars,
They spoke till Peace flung wide again
The grand old Stripes and Stars.

GARFIELD. (1881.)

It is God's will, and so it must be right,
Although at every pore the Nation bleeds;
But God looks onward, past the brief dark night
Of Time, and while we blindly grope,
Crying for light, His sunrise crowns the hills,
And then we see what love His purpose fills,
How better far His wisdom than our hope.

No coffin-lid can on his manhood close,
No dead white silence on his name can fall;
In the grand stillness of his last repose
He lives among us mightier today
Than when in battle Freedom's hosts he led,
Or, thunder-tongued in eloquence of speech,
Spoke words undying in the Nation's ear—
Words that all coming centuries shall hear.

The grave of Garfield! Oh, such graves we need
As stepping-stones on which the race may climb
To the grand heights where Freedom's steps shall lead;
They are our Jacob's ladder to the skies—
To the clear heavens of Freedom's shining day.
Such dead die not, though hidden from our sight;
Such graves have voice; each triumph of the Right
Is the embodied thought, the deathless I
Of heroes born to immortality.

Mock not his memory with mere idle speech!
Let acts, not words, the Nation's sorrow tell—
Great acts, and true, that shall uplift as well
Towards the grand, pure heights on which he stood.
Guard well the memory of his noble life,
Keep fresh and green as heritage for Time
His manhood's greatness and his deeds sublime.
Friend! Soldier! Statesman! Chief! hail—and farewell!

GREATNESS.* (1882.)

I looked into the night,
After the sunset's glow had fled,
And there before me lay
A revelation by the darkness made—
The mystery of the skies,
The glory of the Milky Way,
The star-crowned heights
The longest life of years
Would not suffice to reach,
Glimmering through the blue,
Just faintly shining through
Like atoms, those great vast globes of light.
And what of these? The far-off stars
Shall fall like tears from off Creation's face,
And of their shining glory there shall be no trace.
I saw a man elate
With pomp and kingly power,
Of thought the potentate—
The nations reverenced him;
Of Nature he was king,
Her laws he read as from an open book,
Her mightiest forces took,
Like harnessed steeds, to do his will,
Making the lightnings thrill
With swift intelligence of thought,
And the still air he taught
The mystery of speech,
Until it came to be
A vast, grand whispering gallery.
Yet he, with eloquence as silver-toned as song,
Died, life's noblest mission yet unwrought,
He gave to lonely griefs nor help nor thought.

Before me stood a woman, pale
As the pure lily's white-tipped face;
Genius, nor aught of beauty's grace
Had she, so lowly born;
The world could see no glory in the strife
Of her meek contests—life
Brought no renown, and fame no wreath
Of shining bay or laurel leaf.
But she had dropped like dew
Her tender speech; she knew
The greatness of the sad soul's needs,
And her sweet words and kindly deeds
Had softened widows' woes,
And orphans' blessings round her rose,
And men, too, who had borne such weight
Of sorrow that it seemed as Fate
Were God, and God were naught,
Had by her such sweet faith been taught
That sorrow had for them a blessing wrought.
And God shall write her great,
Unto life's noblest mission true,
That mission which is only but to do
Ever the duty that lies nearest you.

* In San Francisco Chronicle.

"THE STAR OF EMPIRE." (1885.)

(Read before the Ohio Association in Los Angeles.)

Fair California, sitting by the sea,
With germ of Empire budding silently,
Thy skies so bright they do but seldom bear
But floods of sunshine in their golden air;
Thy soil so rich its fruitful hills and plains
Seem never thirsting for soft summer rains;
Sweet singers in the old Past sang of thee,
And ships made paths across the pathless sea
To reach thy golden shores, for bards had told
Of thy sun-flooded plains and mountains gaunt and old;
And those brown Children of the Sun had dreamed
Of thy fair skies, until to them they seemed
Not quite of earth, for their wise ones had said:
"Close by the gates of Paradise, sometimes ajar,
Broods endless summer o'er a wondrous land,
With shining skies and golden strand,
And beauty like the undimmed brightness of a star."

Out from the valleys where the skies are old,
Yet bend in varying splendor o'er the earth,
Where Freedom's steady pulse has long been told
In deeds heroic and in patriot worth,
The State of Brough, of Garfield and of Grant—
Proud galaxy of Freedom's noblest sons,
We come upon these sunset shores to plant,
Not only 'neath these glowing summer skies,
Our broad rich vineyards which by sunshine kissed
Yield ripened fruits which gleam like amethysts;
Not only orchards, where like golden suns,
Through the cool emerald of their thousand leaves
Glows the ripe orange, and with harvests done,
Like mighty pyramids lie our ripened sheaves;
Not only to build cities that shall stand
And face the centuries in their pomp and pride,
Come we as pilgrims to this sunset strand,
Where the brown Children of the Sun have died
To give us place—O not for this they passed.
'Tis not for this dead ages serve today,
And sleeping centuries lift their heavy lids
To watch the march of Empire's westward way;
'Tis not for this that like some sculptor great,
Lifting with pride the veil from off the stone,
Reveals the colossal statue insensate
Yet with a god-like grandeur round it thrown.
Time lifts the curtains of this Sunset West,
Flings open wide its mountain-guarded gates,
While all the land from its trancéd slumber wakes—
From the long night of its unhindered rest.
But here sits pregnant Empire young and fair,
The sun of Progress kissing her white face
As she makes ready for her coming heir—
The grand New Life to which the Old gives place.
'Tis ours to watch with her, to build the State,
To mould its laws, and blaze the path for Right,
Our sunrise and our sunset homes to mate—
Twin in their glory and their patriot might.

But here beneath these glowing skies
Of cloudless summer glory,
We'll ne'er forget the Buckeye State,
Nor fail to sing its story.
The State of strong and stalwart men,
Of statesmen and of heroes,
Of prairie land and forest glen,
Of commerce-laden rivers;
Of lakes that lie like spreading seas,
Ploughed by the keels of Plenty;
Foremost in warfare with the Wrong
Her sleepless sons stand sentry.
An athlete on the fields of life,
With muscles never tiring,
With heart and brain and brawny arm
To grander deeds aspiring.
Oh, here beneath these glowing skies
Of cloudless summer glory,
We'll ne'er forget the Buckeye State,
Nor fail to tell its story.

THE MEN AND THE DAYS OF '61. (1885.)

The fragrant breath of flowery June had filled
the Summer skies,
And the world had waked to beauty as to some
rare and fresh surprise
Of new creation, grand and sweet, like Eden's
happy morning,
As if again the world were young, and sinless
days were dawning.
A broad, bright river stretched away with silver
on its breast,
And in the purpling distance rose the lofty
mountain's crest.
A wide, fair valley gemmed with flowers and
dewy emerald grasses,
A long white ribbon of a road adown the valley
passes;
And there, 'mid stately elms and oaks and somber pine-trees tall,
Stood the mansion in the valley, a grand, ancestral hall.
The ivy vines crept o'er it, and the roses hedged
it round,
And the lilac shed its fragrance, and the lilies
bent them down
To kiss the fragrant mignonette, and the blushing pinks that grew
Along the border of the walk that ran the garden
through.
The apple-trees were all in white, and the
blooming peach-trees shed
Their dainty blossoms all along the wide, sweet
garden bed;
And like wingéd jewels, in and out amid the
roses rare,
Fluttered the shining humming-birds, like
things of light and air.
A sparkling fountain shed its rain in murmurs
soft and sweet,

And laughing children stretched their hands its
shining drops to meet,
Or ran in romping gladness along the garden ways,
Like sunbeams flitting down the paths while
their stately father plays,
As if a boy himself again, at merry hide-and-seek,
And like white lilies through the boughs their
laughing faces peep;
And their young and gentle mother, still
beautiful and fair,
Looks down upon her treasures with a smile
that is a prayer.

A small, rude house stands by the mill,
'Tis homely, plain and humble,
Yet happy groups of boys and girls
Within its grasses tumble.
They're full of life and careless glee,
Of boyish pranks and laughter;
Today is bright, it is enough,
They care not what comes after.
Their mother bends above her tub,
A meek and brown-eyed woman,
One used to toil and daily cares—
Wife of a sturdy yeoman,
Whose brawny arms and horny hands
Do daily toil and labor;
A kindly husband, father, friend,
An honest man and neighbor.
His only rest at sunset hour,
Between the night and morning,
Or when the blessed Sabbath comes
With sacred gladness dawning.
Then with his wife upon his arm,
The children following after,
He walks to church in full content
To the music of their laughter.
He is a man of heart and brain,
As well as brawn and muscle,
Loving the quiet of his home
Far better than the bustle
Of larger life in cities led
'Mid scenes of speculation.
Yet his sturdy arm would bravely strike
For the safety of the nation.

Down where the meadows run to meet the green
banks of the river,
And where the golden sunrise lights in shining
arrows quiver;
Where the June blossoms fill the air with fra-
grance and with sweetness,
And happy choirs of birds pour forth their
songs in rich completeness.
The little garden, bright with flowers between
its emerald hedges
Where roses in the June's soft breath stand
bowing to the sedges,
Stands a cottage in the shadow of the beeches
and the pine,
Covered o'er with honeysuckles and the morn-
ing-glory's vine,
To the sunlight of the morning all its windows
open flung,
And the bright canaries' cages in the open
spaces hung,
While singing at the window to the April blos-
soms nodding,
With a voice as clear and sweet as any wildwood
robin,
Her dimpled fingers pink and white thrust out
amid the roses,
Where a moment, like a snowflake, her soft,
white hand reposes,
Leans the pretty housewife in her perfect girlish
beauty,
Looking far too slight to bear any heavy cross
of duty;
While below, her husband, turning the fresh
earth amid the roses,
Thinks among the blossoms there none so sweet
a flower discloses.

Oh, homes like Eden folded within the Summer's
beauty,
To you will come like trumpet note the solemn
voice of Duty;
For even now upon the breeze its sound is surely
waking,
And loving hearts in thousand homes their sad
farewells are taking.
From our shattered ranks and armies is heard
its solemn pleading,
From the thousands of our dying that on battle-
fields are bleeding;
From the prison pens and dungeons where our
soldiers starve for bread,
And grow mad for lack of water, vermin-cov-
ered, worse than dead;
From the Southland's far plantations, where the
black man is a slave—
Whipped and sold, a thing, a chattel, that his
manhood cannot save—
These are pleading, and the echo fills the sad-
dened air with pain,
Stabs the pulses of the Nation till it bleeds in
every vein.
Even now the summons cometh, even now the
shadow falls
Just within the golden sunset, lo! the dread To-
morrow calls.

A month of days had melted into nights and
nights to mornings turned,
Till o'er that quiet valley July's late sunlight
burned.
The meadow grasses quivered in the scorching
rain of heat,
But below the shining river ran in murmurs
cool and sweet,
And beyond, across the meadows, like a border
cool and fair,

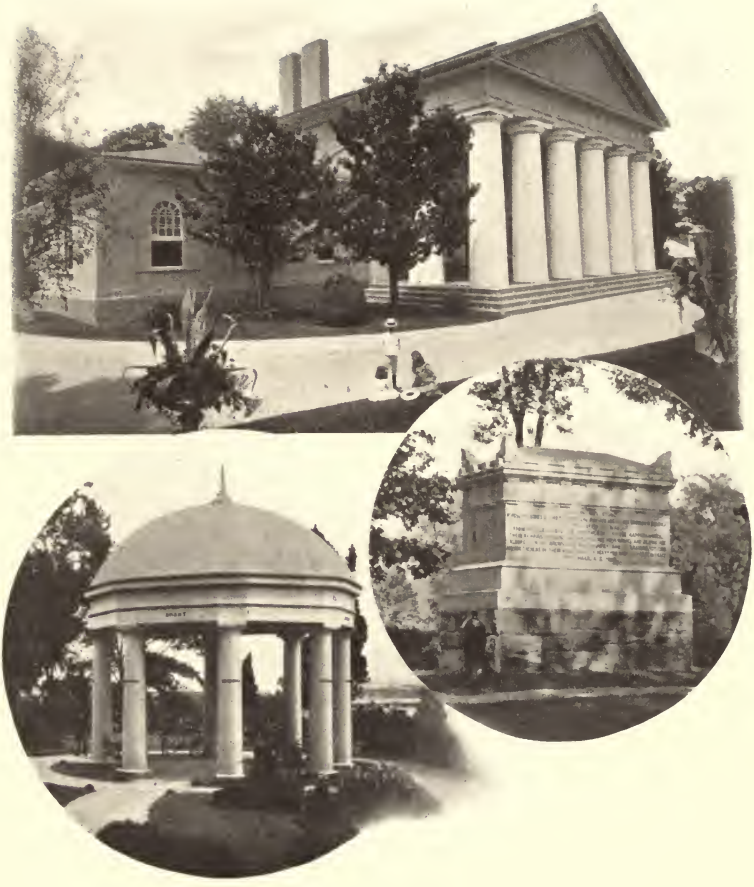
Rose the wooded hills, the forests like an army
standing there.
'Neath their soft and leafy shadow the silver
church-spire shone,
Touched by wandering sunbeams lurking 'mid
its gray white walls of stone.
Last eve across the valley had the church-bell's
echo rung,
Rippling through the sunset stillness, hushing
all the busy hum
Of village life; through lanes and sweet byways
and pleasant street,
Had come the sturdy tramping of many hun-
dred feet,
In answer to the ringing and the calling of the
bell—
Tramp, tramp, tramp! how the coming numbers
swell!
There had been news of battle and of our army's
bloody rout,
And men seemed to catch the echo of the Rebel
triumph shout;
And it set their hearts to beating, and it filled
their souls with fire—
Bull Run's blood-red battlefield stirred the hearts
of son and sire,
And from princely hall and cottage, and from
humble wayside cot,
As one man the men had gathered all with souls
that faltered not;
And a regiment enlisted from the country and
the town—
Men of brain and brawn and muscle, men of
wealth and of renown—
Men of strong and steady purpose, with the
horny hands of toil—
Nature's noblemen whose birthright was to
plough and till the soil.
Yet beneath the sweat of labor in these manly
breasts were set
Hearts of oak whose loyal fires steeled each
thinking bayonet.
Out from the grand old hall their colonel with
his noble face and mien,
And the stalwart, sturdy yeoman in his foremost
ranks is seen,
And the brave and lion-hearted from the cot-
tage o'er the way,
Comes with stately step and steady to marshal
for the fray.
Beat, beat, beat! to the rattle of the drum and
the ringing of the bell,
Drum, drum, drum! how the surging numbers
come and the hosts of Freedom swell,
How the banners float aloft, how the shining
bayonets gleam,
As the regiment is gathered on the shaded vil-
lage green.
Then a pause, a sudden stillness, filling all the
summer air,
And the old and white-haired pastor lifts his fer-
vent voice in prayer:
"O Our Father! God of nations, God of battles,
hear us pray,
And work for us Thy miracle of loving care
from day to day;
Our Country calls, and here this morn, on Free-
dom's holiest altar
We lay our dearest sacrifice with faith that does
not falter.

"O Thou who for the love of Thy poor human
children bleeding
Hung on the cross and died to live, now for us
interceding,
We pray that on the march and on the battle's
gory field,
Where Death turns up his furrows, be Thou their
hiding place and shield;
Tread down as in a wine-press the flaunting Stars
and Bars,
And soon let Peace fling wide again blest Free-
dom's Stripes and Stars."

'Twas thus the Nation sprang to arms when
Freedom's need was spoken
In the thunder of the cannon when Sumter's
walls were broken,
In the challenge of the bugle, in the rattle of the
drum,
In the ranks of gathering foemen massing
strong in 'Sixty-One,
With that bastard flag uplifted, flaunting insult
to the free—
Flag of bondage, flag of Treason, with its bars
of infamy.

Drum, drum, drum! how the very air is stung
till its pulses quiver!
How the echoes fill the valley, how they trem-
ble down the river!
How they stir from North to Southland! how
they thrill from East to West!
How they sound from o'er the prairies and from
every mountain's crest!
Was there ever seen such marching—faces
steady to the foe,
Sire and son together moving with their pulses
all aglow?
With the Nation bowed and pleading, bending
on its knees to pray,
Was the great Grand Army mustered and
strengthened for the fray.

What of the years that followed, O soldiers, tried
and true?
What the record of our army—the Grand Army
of the Blue?
Answer for us, Lookout Mountain, Gettysburg
and Donelson,
And the vales of Old Virginia, where with blood
the rivers run;



ARLINGTON. MEMORIAL ARCH—TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

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Let the answer come undying from the March
unto the Sea—
Where it curbed the strength of Treason, where
our banner floated free—
From the rushing Shenandoah, from the gleam-
ing Rapidan,
From the bloody battlefield saved by ride of
Sheridan;
From the scene at Appomattox! let the triumph
answer ring,
Where our army with its Leader, mightier stood than
conquering king.
Grant at Appomattox! Sound it! Ring it all
the ages down—
Mercy was the Victor's mantle, generous kind-
ness was his crown,
Grander 'mid his host of heroes, 'mid his ranks
of tattered blue,
With their war-worn riddled banners, rent by
grapeshot through and through—
Grander than the mightiest heroes Iliads have
ever sung,
Grant, the Soldier of the Nation, with the bat-
tles he has won.
O great Grand Army! who today your yearly
trust are keeping,
With your swords within their scabbards and
your trusty muskets sleeping;
O great Grand Army! lying low on tentless fields
of battle;
O martyrs! who in prison-pens heard not the
rifle's rattle,
Whose souls passed out through prison bars to
waiting thrones of glory,
Time's latest ages still shall keep the splendor
of your story.
Then raise your starry banner, strike up with
fife and drum,
As with fragrant wreaths and roses the grateful
millions come
To the Meccas of our Freedom, to the altars of
our trust,
To the Nation's shrines made holy by our hero
soldiers' dust!

THE NATION'S DEAD.

(Memorial Day, 1884.)

Men sprang from farm and shop and forge,
their loved and homes forsaking,
When Treason's voice in cannon shot from
Sumter's walls was breaking;
They marched in columns and in ranks
beneath our starry banner,
From East and West, from North and South,
from town and wild savannah.
The Nation with its lifted hands and voice
of solemn pleading,
Gathered her best and bravest sons, the
sacrifice unheeding;

"Go forth and battle for the Right, give up
the Union never!
And shrined within our hearts you'll live
forever and forever."

Oh, never shall our hearts forget the thrills
of exultation
That like a mighty tide swept o'er the
pulses of the nation,
When came like joyous trumpet-note, or
glorious paean swelling
In every heart, and filled with hope the
lowliest loyal dwelling:
No more for us the cannon's roar, nor shot
nor shell shall rattle,
No more the cruel shafts of death upon
the field of battle,
For lo! at Appomattox is our crown of tri-
umph won,
And the flaunting flag of Treason into the
dust is flung.
Loud our paeans swelled and louder, and
our banners proudly gleamed,
Like the pillar of Jehovah, o'er the faces
bronzed and seamed
By the awful strife of battle, by the toilsome
march and pen
Of the filthy Southern prisons, where by
thousands died our men,
When back from Appomattox and the
sunny Southland far,
With their shattered ranks and legions,
came our heroes of the war.
But our hearts beat warm and tender for
the comrades lying low
On the tentless fields of glory where the
sighing south winds blow.

* * *

Bring spotless lilies, opening buds and roses,
Heap high the garlands where our heroes lay,
Rich be the fragrance where their dust reposes,
Green be the laurel, amaranth and bay,

O spirit of our martyrs! ye mighty unseen throng,
Ye army of the faithful who to all time belong,
From far Atlantic waters to these peaceful sunset gates,
Love her tender watch is keeping, Glory round your
ashes waits.

OUR IMMORTAL DEAD.

(Decoration Day, 1886.)

O the earth is fair and sweet,
The world is full of life,
Yet, shining Sun, beneath our feet,
Beneath where emerald grasses meet,
And all Spring's fairest blossoms blow,
The Nation's loyal dead sleep low
Within four hundred thousand graves.

A quarter century hath fled,
In days, and nights, and months, and years,
Since first we laid away our dead
Bathed in a Nation's tears.
Flowers bloom within the Summer's calm,
Birds sing within the leafy trees,
And daisies breathe their tranquil psalm
To every passing breeze,
And smiling harvests pour their tides
Of rippling wheat and golden corn
Above the plains where heroes died
In grim War's blood-red morn,
When Treason loosed the hounds of strife,
And Slaughter poured its rain of fire,
Seeking to quench the Nation's life—
Make Freedom's fondest hopes expire.

O heroes! soldiers! royal braves!
'Tis Freedom's air we breathe today,
Because you gave your lives away
For Freedom's sake.
Blow, bugles, blow!
Ring, sacred chimes,
From land of palm to land of pines!
We hold them dear who sleep so low—
The blessed dead who loved us so,
And with each coming year we'll tell
The deeds they wrought,
The glory bought
By their life's blood and pain.
O hero soldiers! not in vain
The wounds, the pain, the blood ye spilled,
The sacred graves that ye have filled.
They're Freedom's harvest seed.
This land, thick-sown with martyrs' graves,
Is Freedom's consecrated ground.
Ring, bells, and tell to winds that blow,
To mighty tides that round us flow,
That this is Freedom's land—
Your deathless gift of sacrifice.
O dead! O braves!
Each sacred grave
Holds Honor's shield and Honor's trust,
And bending low at Freedom's shrine,
E'en as a maiden counts her beads,
Will we rehearse your noble deeds,
And guard your sacred dust!

GRANT.

(Impromptu. 1885.)

Ah! why do not the wires break, and the very lightnings quiver
With the sadness of the tidings that they bear—
With the sorrow of the message that they're flashing everywhere,
From sea to sea, from northern lake to river,
And to the sunny Southland, broad and fair?
Alas! how the Nation's heart bleeds, and its sons their heads are bowing,
As the saddened wail is echoed to the sky,
As from lip to lip the mournful tidings fly,
Like a crushing tidal billow flowing,
Or a sudden smiting arrow from the sky.

GRANT DEAD AND TRIUMPHANT. (1885.)

To Mount McGregor's silent height
An unseen army came,
In the splendor of the morning,
When the trees were touched with flame—
With the golden glowing glory
Of the unhindered sun,
And the bending arches of the heavens
Like a vaulted roof were hung.

There was no sound of marching,
And no tread of coming feet,
And no banners met the vision
From the lofty mountain's sweep;
There was no sound of bugle,
And no echo of the drum,
And no voice of thundering cannon
Was by answering echoes flung.

From the trees rang glorious anthems
Of the bird-life glad and free,
And the Summer breeze caressing
Touched each forest-leaf and tree,
While the shadowy battalions
From the summits of the sky
Swept silently as the sunlight
In their lengthening columns by.

"Let us have peace!" the watchword then
Along the mountain height;
"Let us have peace!" the end had come,
Triumphant was his flight.
The warrior rose, saluted Death,
And then his foe withdrew,
Heaven's gates swung wide, and, victor still,
The Nation's Chief passed through.

* * *

Soldiers of Grant! Shades of our heroes!
As from the far shores they rallied round,
What a welcome they gave to the hero of battles,
As he stood there with peace eternally crowned.
He fought it out on the line of patience heroic,
He climbed the far heights of Faith and of Trust,
And life's shattered tent he left gladly behind him—
He is done with earth's battles, so lay dust unto dust.

THE DAYS OF '64. (1886.)

The farmer swings his scythe in the meadow,
the bees in the clover hum,
The scent of the flowers the hills float over,
the sleeping noon has come;
A thin, intangible haze lies dreaming on
river and hill,

And, pierced by the sun's hot lances, the
pulseless air lies still.
Still, save for a silver shimmer that dances
before his sight,
As he leans on his scythe and wipes his brow
with a brush of his shirt-sleeve white—
Leans and listens, as if he heard a sound
that he did not hear—
The sound of cannon, the tramp of feet and
the shout of the cannoneer.

While he stands, comes news of the battle
fought so late in the South—
'Twas a brave fight and we won it, facing
Death at the cannon's mouth;
Our troops were mown down in swaths like
the grass here, there at the South,
But the living filled up the gaps as they
opened, fell into rank,
Bore steadily down—a river of fire—on the
enemy's flank.
What did you say, sir? Yes, I had three sons,
brave men, on that field;
Soldiers of steel—hearts of oak in their
breasts—they never would yield
To the foe; they would march steadily on if need
be, to death,
Through the lightning of battle and its shell-
scorching breath.

Ah, you have news of them! You bring me a
letter! I knew full well
That John would be in a hurry the glorious
news to tell;
And Henry and Joe would never wait until
they wrote to me,
If only a line, to let me know of the Old Flag's
victory!

But—'tis not the boys who write; 'tis a
hand I do not know;
Read the letter for me, neighbor, for my eyes
are blinded so,
"Dear sir, the battle raged most fearfully"
—'twas so the letter said—
"And through a blood-red sea we fought o'er
billows of the dead.

"A hundred guns lay planted on the battle-
mented height,
And more than twenty thousand rebels were
marching on our right;
And, down in the valley under, ten thousand
troops lay low,
While the rebels poured down on us like a
mighty river's flow.

"John stood up on the height there, in the
thick of the fight, by his gun,
And the way that he fought, sir, was like ten
thousand in one;
Volley on volley he thundered out from the
throat of his gun;
Like the hurricane's sweep was the battle
from noon to the setting of sun.

"But, just in the flame of the sunset, when its
glory fell low on the hill,
There came a lull in the battle, and I noticed
John's cannon was still—
Shot in the breast he lay, close by his gun,
but his face wore a light
As if some angel had touched it—right there
in the midst of the fight.

"And when the sound of the battle was like
the roar of the seas,
And the red lightning of war flamed over the
shell-riddled leas,
Joe's sword, like a banner, led the way for
his men in the fight—
As they bore down on the rebel batteries to
the left and the right.

"And Henry was with him, and swiftly their
column was massed
Where the red sickle of fire cut them down in
heaps as they passed;
'Twas their column that turned the tide of
the battle—I heard the shout
When they captured the guns and the
rebels turned in their rout.

"They both lay there, sir, dead on the field; I
found them at night
After the battle, their locks wet with the dew,
their faces as white
As God's saints; God's peace had touched
them both, and I know full well
None were braver than they 'mid the thousands
of heroes who fell."

Oh, white was the father's brow, and his face
like death as he heard;
Like a statue of stone for a moment he stood,
nor stirred;
As the letter was folded up, e'en his hair grew
white, it seemed,
And he looked away to the South, as dreaming
that he had dreamed

That never, never again to the farm his boys
should come,
Marching back with steady step to the sound
of the fife and drum;
And the noon seemed growing darker, and the
bees' hum died away,
As he stood there in the meadow where he
had been making the hay.

LIBERTY'S MORN.

(July 4, 1887.)

The summer skies of '76 bent
O'er the land, until at length God poured
Abroad the light—the glorious morning light
Of the glad day we celebrate. In all
The summer woods birds sang and happy brooks
Babbled melodious gladness. The flowers
Lent perfumed sweetness to the waiting air,
And all the Summer's pulses were as still
As if Nature lay in trance with eyes fixed
Upon the pregnant future. The nightmare
Of the past was ended. Men had awaked
To freedom. With hand of iron purpose
They had wrenched the yoke of tyrants and stood
Up wearing the glory each of uncrowned
Kings. The love of Liberty stirred all the
New World's pulse, as wide she spread
Her starry banner. The Nation superbly
Steadfast stood—"Liberty or death!" its
Watchword ever. Sunward the eagle spread
His pinions, as if he felt freedom in
All the air. Though but a handful, our sires
Faced the Old World with a front of fire.
Not a mountain wall stands firmer
In its place than stood their armies.
Their spirits were electric, inspired
By one great purpose—Columbia
For Freedom. Their souls loved liberty
As the eye loves light or the ear melody,
And as saints love Heaven. Manhood
Were beggarly without it. Better
Were fettered hands than fettered
Souls. Those fathers of our land! the
Tyrant's heel could never stamp their living
Purpose out while yet a hand was left to lift
The sword for Fredom. "Liberty or Death!"
That unyielding aim warmed every breath
And fired the powder in their cannon, and,
Omnipotent of purpose, they gave this
Land unto us free as the pure air of
Heaven—free as its mountain peaks that lift
Up their shining foreheads to the sun and
Breathe through all vast space—free as the boundless
Oceans with their infinitude of waters,
Which alone limit our shores. But ah! the
Struggle of the conquest! The awful
Baptism of blood ere Peace crowned Liberty
With Empire. When first they came the New World
Greeted them with the thunder of the winds
Among her pines. Her hills and plains fronted
Them with frozen stars. Her broad and flowing
Rivers lay entombed, wrapped in their icy
Shrouds. Bare, skeleton arms the forests stretched
To them, and the sun looked cold amid the
Mist and clouds. And here were savage foes, whose
King was Cruelty. How leapt at their fierce
Touch the poisoned arrows! How swift within
Their clutch fell the red tomahawk and the
Murderous scalping-knife! How fought they with
Devouring flames, making their scorching tongues
Their weapons of vengeance. The lonely cabin
And the throngéd stockade, the fire fed on,
Lighted by dusky warriors. The Old World,
Mother of our land, forgot her love for
Her New World children, and loosed her dogs of
War to seize them. Terror and Danger laid
Strong hands on Freedom's cradle. But ever
Beside it, with unfaltering hearts, Courage
And Patriotism stood tireless
Sentinels. They lifted like a trumpet's
Notes their clarion tones. The glory of
The old heroic past shone on them. Such
Brave blood as first stirred the pulse of all Earth's
Liberators coursed through our fathers' veins.
They spoke, and all the wide world listened. The
Cannon's thunders from the heights of Bunker
Hill echoed their words, and Lexington, with
Rattling musketry and with sword unsheathed,
Proclaimed their love for Freedom. Thus the seeds
Of Liberty throughout our land were sown
In graves, and wet with blood of heroes.

What
Is our country's glory? Oh, not alone
The continent of space which sleeps between
The seas, but the immortal names and deeds
Sublime with which it has crowned Freedom. What
An aureole of brightness lingers around
Them! How like a galaxy of stars shine
Forth the New World's heroes! Like the fragrance
Of sweet flowers the perfumed glory of
Their noble deeds. Not till the stars fade, and
The last man of the race has passed, shall the
World forget our Washington, our Lincoln
And our Grant, nor our great Grand Army—the
Light of whose heroic deeds makes Freedom's
Noonday brightness.

Then ring, O ring today
The joy-bells of the Nation! for man holds
His manhood free, and all our lands lies in
God's lap of blessing.

THE LESSONS OF MEMORY.

Memorial Day.

We go in silence backward through the years.
Memory leads us, crowned with the starlight
Of tender thoughts. There are tears within her
Eyes, and her lids are heavy with sorrows
Unforgotten. What sees she? Where leadeth
She? Look! listen!

'Tis Spring in the warm South.
How pure the breath of orange bloom! How the
Soft breezes stir, weighted with perfumed sweets!
The bulbul sings in the forest that fringes
The warm sunset. The rivers run on with
Happy laughter to meet the smiling sea.
In the cotton fields the negro labors.
The sun burns him, and the master's whip stings

Him. His breath sweeps aching heartstrings. He lifts
His eyes and wonders if God sees. He sees
Men bought and sold, and wonders if God hears
The cry of tortured hearts. Chains clank where men
Are sold like cattle. Does God hear?

Fronting
The sun-warmed sea, throated with cannon are
The black walls of Sumter. The fort is Freedom's
Eye watching the land. Within, with pulse which
Throbs across the continent, Loyalty
Stands at the guns. Morn sees the Stripes and Stars;
Eve wafts their glorious colors with her
Breath. But from the pregnant womb of the fair
City fronting the fort, Treason, full-grown,
Hath leaped. Its breath is fire. Its heart is hate.
Its flag the Stars and Bars. Its drink, the blood of free-
men.

God has heard the slave. The
Cannons thunder. Across the water they
Pour their fire on Sumter. Smoke wraps the fort;
Fast stand the loyal heroes. Not firmer
Stood they of Thermopylae. They shout back
With belching cannon. With leaden ball, with
Hurtling shot, with bursting shell, defy the
Traitor. The Nation, as with one eye, watches;
As with one ear, hears. Through all the loyal
North thousands of hearts beat as one when
Sumter falls. From the forge comes the sturdy
Blacksmith, with arms brawny enough to bear
The shield of Hercules. From his desk the
Clerk, his brows knit with weightier problem
Than all his columned figures. From his store
The merchant, clasping his musket. From the
College the man of science and the young
Student, grasping the sword. From the pulpit
The man of God, armed with the love of right
And ready for the leaden hail. From the
Farm the farmer and the laborer, their
Hearts beating like drums to the music of
Freedom. The mother kisses her son and
Gives him to her country. The wife's heart is
Torn with the sharp clutch of Sorrow, and bleeds
Within her breast, but her words drop blessing
And tenderness, and the breath of courage
The husband feels upon his cheek as her
Lips kiss him farewell. The maiden smiles through
Tears upon her lover, but as she bids
Him go the word sounds like a death-knell to
Her hopes.

Later, the little children lift
Their dimpled hands and cry for papa, but the
House is still, for papa has gone. In the
Wife's ears rings ever the sound of battle,
And her dreams are of death and white faces
Turned upward to the stars; but she does not
Falter. Oftimes the maiden, like a lily
Plucked from its stalk, fades with longing and
With waiting, but no word is sent to her
Lover to weaken his courage.

And so
Went forth our armies. Under the stars they
Slept, under the sun they fought. Footsore and
Bleeding they marched. Fronting long lines of steel,
Fronting fixed bayonets, rushed onto the
Foe. With smoke poisoning the air, with fire
In their faces, and Death marching before
Them, still they pressed on.

O the armies of
Dead! O the breathless bivouacs where not
A breast heaved nor a pulse stirred! where eyes
Stared up to the moon and the sun, and where
Forms were as stiff as stark winter-trees! O
The horrors of prison-pens, where skeletons
Walked, tortured by hunger, with life enough
Only to breathe! O the rivers of blood
Which made holy the ground! O the graves which
Are like altars, where the brave sleep, and where
Freedom hath wept! O the homes where Death walked
In the silence, each step on some heart! These
Memory shows us as we walk today
Where smileth white-robed Peace, and birds sing 'neath
Skies that bend no more above the smoke of
Battle; and where green grasses wave to hide
The furrows made by War's red plowshare, and
'Mid the rustling of her robes the whisper
Falls, stirring our hearts with its electric
Breath. The land thick-sown with heroes' graves should
bring forth
God-like harvests. The Nation's purposes
Should grow straight up to heaven, as trees grow
Sunward. Remember the brave who died to
Save the glory of their country, and guard
Well the land they loved.

WESTWARD EMPIRE.

Look up with tender eyes, O earth so fair!
Unto the shining sun;
Lean down, O skies! with sapphire eyes
Unto the mounts which come
Thrusting their shoulders into the deeps
Of the far heavens, with them breathing
The breath of stars, and feeling
The leaping thunders stealing
O'er clouded paths along;
Hearing the wondrous song
Of the far-circling spheres.
Hoary, O mounts! are ye with years,
Yet young in the light of the sun,
When the lips of the morning are prest
All glowing and warm on your crest
Do ye look, and tender the glow
Which burns on your foreheads of snow.

O mounts! with your granite-wrought lips,
Ye are dumb! ye are dumb!
Yet sometimes we know that a tongue
Ye do find for your echoing crags,
For they beat the still air with their sound,
And break all the silence around;

They answer the roar of the thunder,
And the cataracts leaping from under
Their feet, and they shriek back to the cry
Of the mad whirlwind rending the sky.

But, O crags! ye are dumb, ye are dumb!
When to ye we questioning come
And ask of the ages agone,
And ask of the people who lie
In the bosom of earth, 'neath the sky
Which living they loved, your lips
Are frozen with silence. The tips
Of the pines, which are dark
In the sunshine as well as the storm,
Seem touching the stars, and they lean
On the breath of the ether, between
The earth and the sky. Do they know
Aught of the myriads below—
The races who have come and have gone,
Who for ages have slept in the breast
Of this warm-bosomed earth, at rest
For all-time 'neath the stars?
Can they tell us the secrets ye know,
O crags! with your altars of snow,
And your oaks, like the priests of old Time,
Which beat to the rhythm and rhyme
Of the psalms of the ages, which flow
From the lips of the tempests which blow,
And from tender-voiced zephyrs at eve,
With a sob as if Nature did grieve
For her long-vanished children today,
Who are but dust to nourish the rose,
And the sun-loving palm-tree which grows,
Drawing its life from their death?
They may know, they may know, but their breath
Tells only of life, not of death.
O sky! down bending so fair—
All fair with star-islands ye are,
And white Milky Way which is trod,
I am sure, by the angels of God—
Afar in the silences spread,
'Twixt the stars in the deeps overhead,
Do ye hold the pathway they passed?
Did ye catch the sweep of their wings—
The wings of their spirits unfurled—
As they left behind them the world
With its blue-bosomed sea all bedecked
With its jewels of isles, where have crept
Through the ages the tides at their play?
The world with its sunshine and calm,
With its glory of orange and palm,
This world of the West on the rim
Of the sunset. O skies! can ye tell—
Oh, whisper it low! what befell
Those dusky-hued children of yore,
That they faded from mountain and shore?
Through the starry-gemmed regions of light
Can ye find not some trace of their flight?
The sky gives back never a sound,
Through the deeps of its silence profound
No answer is heard, but the song of the bird floateth down.

O starry-eyed Occident land!
O blossom-lipped, beauteous land!
Whose winter is golden as noon;
Whose breath is the orange perfume;
Whose blood is the warm ruddy wine
That flows from the fruit of the vine;
Whose pulse is the calm, stormless sea;
Whose gold is the harvests that be
On thy luminous valleys and hills.
A voice cometh to me that thrills
Like the voice of a prophet my soul.
O hoary old mounts! ye may keep
In your breasts the secrets which sleep
'Neath your crags and your pines.
To a vision-blest Patmos I turn,
And I'm done with the ashes-filled urn
Of the Past. O vision sublime!
I see the grand future of Time,
I see on these shores of the West,
Where long-vanished nations do rest,
Like a seed that is sown,
A glory like that of the sun.
O Nebo! I stand on your height
And my eyes grow glad at the sight
Of the vision I see. God's pillar of cloud and of fire
Leadeth westward, and Freedom's desire
Leadeth on to this land of the sun.
God hath lifted the race to the heights of His will,
And Freedom wears stars that like planets do fill
The space of His purpose divine.
Sierras, rock-ribbed and snow-crowned,
The grand Alps of Freedom rise higher than ye,
And down on the shores of this sea
The splendor of Empire doth rest,
Like God's crown on the race.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

'Twas a fair city of those olden times
To which Columbus came, hugging his dream
Of undiscovered lands lying across
The shadowy sea, as yet unploughed
By keel of any ship than the blue, starlit
Skies more pathless. For years, by night and day
Had the great Pilot heard its voice calling
Him with enticing speech. Arise! arise!
The beckoning west seemed crying. Beyond
The horizon's purpling lines the lapping
Seas seemed kissing golden shores, and as he
Breathed Seville's soft airs, heavy with odors
Of fragrant jasmine and spicy pomegranate,
And dreamed beneath her opalescent skies,
Or within her Moorish temples worshiped
Where saintly statues rose, or walked in courts
Of marble, where fountains sang in tinkling
Melody, and grand cathedral walls, set
With bright gems, echoed the music of the
Swaying bells, and where he drank the lemon's
Spicy breath, or trod beneath green-needled
Pines, their aromatic wine inhaling,

ISABELLA OFFERING TO PLEDGE HER JEWELS TO AID COLUMBUS.

[From the Painting by A. Munoz Degrain.]

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And watched the ships lying at anchor by
The Golden Tower, and had speech with men
Of science and of thought, he nursed his hopes
Anew, and the New World brightened to his
Vision. O large-souled man! waiting and
Waiting still, through weary years, till thy smooth
Brow grew furrowed, and Disappointment's stern
Winter whitened thy hair, divinest patience
Was thy crown until the New World, mid its
Smiling seas, rose to thy sight, set in the sunset's heart.
But not from fair Seville, where
Guadalquiver's shining waters sunward
Flashed, sailed his proud ships toward the setting
Sun; but from small Palos, dreaming by the
Wave, home of sea toilers, did at last—like
A star out of midnight—set the great Captain
Forth to find the waiting world within the
Unknown West. The little town ran to and
Fro to see the three small ships upon the
Shining sea, mere motes upon the waters;
And women, with their babes upon their breasts,
Bemoaned his folly in defying death;
And some among the curious watching crowd
Talked scornfully, and winked their eyes, and shrugged
Their heavy shoulders, and called him madman,
Fool, and driveling foreign idiot, who
Yet should bait the fishes with his flesh when
In the restless deeps of unknown seas the
Maddened billows raging in their wrath should
Howl his requiem. The criminal, with
The strong iron bars 'twixt him and freedom,
Shut from heaven's blessed air and day's sweet light,
The foul dungeon walls his sunless and his
Starless firmament, his strong limbs cramped by
Narrowness of space, scorned liberty when
Offered at the price of sailing with this
So-called mad adventurer, and hugged his
Chains, and hugged captivity and noisome
Prison cell. Our God was there. The New World's
Shores were not for such as he.
O ever
Blest Rabida! Beneath thy red-tiled roof,
Loved by the morning sun, kissed by his beams
When sinking to the west, beacon upon
The pine-clad heights of Palos, thou nursing
Mother of those mighty hopes cradling a
World unknown! God touched the eyelids of
Thy children, and friar and padre bridged
The deep with prayers, helped to swing backward
On their ponderous hinges the great Past's
Iron doors. And there with steadfast gaze walked
Silently the noble Admiral, while
Scanning sea and sky, Hope's fire burning beneath
His lids, and his large-visioned
Eyes, forever seeing things unseen, turned
To his golden dreamland of the fair yet
Undiscovered world. Upon thy shores, O
"Memory-haunted Palos," the midnight
Of Time's past gave place to golden dawn of
Freedom, and those rude caravels, like specks
Upon the great sea's breast, saw a New World
Rise upon far western waters, where, sleeping,
Lay the whole world's hopes, broad'ning the round, sweet
Earth, and broad'ning man as he inhales
Its atmosphere of freedom. O dawn most
Pregnant when these small ships sailed from Palos!
The starlight pales within the glowing east,
From La Rabida's height Columbus comes
With hurrying feet; youth's heart seemed stirring
In his breast once more. The years of waiting
Are behind him now. The fluttering sails
Move him like angels' wings. The hurrying
Steps of sailors on the decks is music
To his ears. The boatswain's whistle is like
Gabriel's horn. The Cross is there above
His vessels' spars. The rising breeze swift fills
His waiting sails. Farewells are said, the anchors
Weighed, the unknown sea before them, but
Mystery beyond the blue horizon's walls.
O days and days with naught but sky and
Sea! the blazing sun, the far and silent
Stars, or clouds and rain and howling tempests'
Wrath, and those small ships upon the boundless
Waste of mighty waters. A mocking ghost,
Despair, sits at the helm and clutches each
Sailor's heart; only the leader's soul lost
Not its faith; only his dauntless courage never failed.
But one sweet morn, when purple
Lay the West, and Morning's star shone on
The sleeping skies, and calm was on the sea,
And white birds floated on the rippling waves,
And berry-brightened boughs seemed laden with
Hope's wine, floating the deep, sweet as the starry
Paean at Creation's birth, when sang the
Morning stars together, one glad note ran
Across that unknown sea. "Land! Land!"
Then pealed
The signal gun and shouts and joyous cries
Of sailors swept the air, and glad Te Deums
Broke upon the decks. At last! at last! the
Waiting years were crowned.

Four hundred years! four hundred years!
And a continent we bring,
Where from ocean unto ocean
Each man's a sovereign king.
Fling wide our starry banner,
No slave beneath its fold,
And tell our children's children
This deathless story old.

SOMETIMES. (1898.)

God's day does sometimes come
Through darkness and the gloom
Of a dead nation's tomb.

Sometimes from blood and death
The fairest blossoms spring
And Hope finds surest wing.

Sometimes God lifts His arm—
We hear His anvil ring,
And then may Freedom sing.

O struggling nations, hear!
God's arm is now uplift,
And His new day is near.

I see its blessed dawn,
As in the heaving main
Sink the great ships of Spain.

And as I see afar,
Above the isle-gemmed seas,
Our banner in the breeze,

So proudly flung, and there
See Freedom's sure advance,
Strong as an avalanche.

O blessed "Sometime," when
God as our captain draws
His sword in righteous wars,

And when, with ear attent,
Unto His children's cry
Salvation draweth nigh.

EARTH'S GREAT SEAS. (1898.)

Earth's wondrous oceans looking to the sky,
Mirroring the sun and all the wide, vast blue,
The glory of the countless stars on high,
The great, grand mountains, old yet ever new.

Kissing earth's shores with white-lipped waves of foam,
With soft breath cooling all the sultry land,
Sweeping afar, beneath the great world's dome,
To isles which do like cradled empires stand.

To far, far lands where Tyranny doth reign,
Crushing whole peoples with its weight of woe,
And then away to other lands again,
That brood in silence 'mid eternal snow.

And then to lands that lie as if a-dream,
'Neath skies that smile in floods of golden light,
So fair they do a modern Eden seem,
A world of beauty filling sense and sight.

O seas so vast! Ye mighty "half-world seas!"
Your pulses beat as old and strong as Time,
The great lands sleep beside ye, and ye call
Unto them ever with your voice sublime.

Vast highways are ye, where, unhindered, grand,
In its great march hath Freedom's footsteps trod,
Gathering within her arms an island land,
The fairest pearl sown by the hand of God.

Sweeping afar to where the Orient lies,
Gemmed with the islands sleeping on thy breast,
Ye have made pathways 'neath the bending skies,
Which Freedom sought, where halting Empire rests.

Ye've borne our flag, our starry flag afar,
And peace hath dawned where'er its colors wave,
And Hope hath smiled above the front of war,
And hoary Tyranny hath found its grave.

And our blest banner with its Stripes and Stars
Shall wave forever on those farther shores,
And men grow great and free, while Freedom bars
Her gates 'gainst wrong, and holds her golden stores

Open to all, whate'er their race may be,
Great that God made them men, and greater grown,
As years pass by, in that their souls shall see
Themselves unfold in the grand harvest sown
Beneath the banner of the brave and free.

ROLL ONWARD. (1898.)

O measureless the sea that is gnawing the land,
And holding the shores in the grasp of its hand!
Broad, vast as the sky with its star-fields unfurled,
With pulse beating time with the heart of the world.

Great highway of nations! thy wide waters roll
From the noon of the South to the night of the Pole;
They clasp the far East like a pearl to their breast,
Then move like a god to the star-lighted West.

Sail onward, sail swift, O ye ships of the free!
And hasten the dawn of that grander To-Be;
Your legions are shod with right clear as the sun,
And the strong voice of Freedom speaks out from each gun.

Roll onward, great ocean, roll onward and bear
The legions of Liberty on to the war;
Make a path o'er thy deep for Freedom to tread
With our own starry banner proud waving o'erhead.

WHEN THE BATTLE BREAKS. (1898.)

We know not what may be; th' unwritten years
Are dim with clouds of heavy doubts and fears;
Peace hides her face, and War with dripping hands
And horrid front within the future stands—
We hear the thunders from the cannon's throat,
Black'ning the air, its poisoned smoke does float
In sulphurous masses like the breath of hell;
Hear curses, shrieks and the despairing yell
Of routed forces; see the watery main
Torn as by cyclones, covered with the slain,
Reddened with blood of heroes brave and true,
Who die for Freedom and for me and you.
And oh! the countless other hosts who die
For cursed Tyranny, who forgotten lie
Dead on the deep beneath a tropic sky,
And on the land by castle's front and fire,
Mown down in ranks, these martyred hosts expire,
While tossing waves fling on the waiting shore
The white-faced dead whose battles are all o'er—
The brave, the true, the gallant and the young,
Whose deeds shall yet by Fame's proud voice be sung.
O white immortals! Freedom's noblest sons!
Heroes who stood unflinching by your guns!

Nor swerved one inch amid the leaden hail,
Nor did the might of your strong courage fail.
Nursed in the years of perfumed peace, ye grew
High-souled as truth, and to your country true.
Ye cannot die, though Spanish guns may beat
Your great souls deathward; though your bannered fleet
Sink, like the Maine, beside that alien shore.
Deathless are ye, deathless forevermore,
Brave men, grand heroes who for us have bled,
Life is as nothing in the scale where shed
Is human blood for Freedom; War's red scars
Are Honor's badge beneath the Stripes and Stars.
Boom, boom, O guns! the leaden hail may plow
The sea and shore, but ever at the prow
Of our great battleships, courageous, calm,
Shall stand our heroes with unfaltering arm;
Strong for the right, and swift shall be unfurled,
Earnest of peace, unto the watching world,
The Stars and Stripes, the ensign of the free,
The priceless flag of sacred Liberty.
E'en the black torpedoes beneath the ships
Shall speak, with their terrible blackened lips,
Freedom for man, and out of their thunder
Shall the calm of Peace come, riven asunder
The strength of th' tyrant whose throne shall be hurled,
Broken and crushed, 'neath the feet of the world.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL. (1898.)

Our Country, O our Country! do ye not hear its call,
As with drum and thundering cannon it's appealing unto all?
It is crying out for soldiers, it is calling men to take
The stirring front in battle for blessed Freedom's sake.

Give, give, O wives! your husbands, most priceless gift ye know,
And hold your hearts from selfishness and from rebellious woe;
Send them with prayers and blessings, and tender love and true,
To battle now for human need—stand fast, both me and you!

O the full and bitter vintage of wearing hopes and fears!
O the weary path of loneliness that is wet with burning tears!
O the heartache and the sorrow that must come to you and me,
They are woman's priceless sacrifice for th' cause of Liberty.

Give, give your sons, O mothers! the young, the true, the brave,
Sons of a mighty continent that tyrant knows nor slave;
Go forth in dauntless legions to fight for human weal,
With th' voice of Justice speaking from your lines of burnished steel.

Give, give, O gentle maidens! the men your love hath crowned,
Their strong and tender hearts and true will make each battle-ground,
Like those of sons and husbands, earth's consecrated place—
Holy of Holies will it be for Freedom and the race.

O God is with our legions, and His foot is on the sea,
He is holding now the sabre that shall make a people free,
He is raining down His blessing on our armies as they fight,
And His arm will give the victory to Freedom and the right.

FREEDOM'S SEED. (1898.)

O the glory of the dawning! O the splendor of the day!
When the power of th' oppressor shall be broken by our sway;
When great Freedom plants her banner beside the spreading palm,
And the fury of the battle melteth into tropic calm.

When the famished lips of Hunger shall no more be starved and white,
Or the cruel hand of Slaughter be lifted in the fight;
Where the placid oceans whisper of but perfume and of rest,
And the island in the sunlight seems a garden of the blest.

Hear the pulses of the Nation in the drum beats of the brave,
Who with heart athrob with pity go to succor and to save
Those whose lives are crushed and bleeding, torn by tyrant's cruel hand,
Till we at their cries of anguish could no longer moveless stand.

Lo! the mills of the gods grind slowly, and the centuries fly past,
Laden with the wrongs of ages, which we will wipe out at last;
Cuba, scourged, down-trodden, bleeding, lift your face, redemption nears,
Speaking from our belching cannon, smiling from our shining spears.

Land of endless Summer, lying like a pearl upon the deep,
We forget not in your bosom do the Maine's brave heroes sleep;
From their graves shall spring the bravest of our self-appointed trust,
Freedom's seed is lying hidden in each grain of sacred dust.

AMERICA. (1898.)

It is a long, long march from savagery
To the heights of Freedom, where man looks forth
Glorious in manhood's fullness, king of
The world, master of self, ruler of his
Own passions, with soul aflame

With godlike longings, aspiring upward
To the great and true, which are immortal.
Mere existence is not life. To truly
Live, the soul must be awake with all its
Powers. It must be up and doing, and winged with
Mighty purposes, warm as the blessed
Sunlight, active as the winds which walk the
World and sweep the far-off skies. There is no
Limit that we know to man's attainment.
Forever on and on is Being's law;
Forever up and higher tends the soul
When true unto itself. 'Tis thus we walk,
'Tis thus we rise, till, lo! the savage in
Our nature dies, and man is made fit for
Freedom. O Starry Banner! emblem of the free!
How hath the race moved onward 'neath thy folds!
A continent to Liberty hath here
Been born beneath thy stars; and where once did
Roam the savage, lo! today the grandest
People that Old Time hath known doth high-souled
Walk the path of Progress. Humanity
Doth feed their hearts with pity for the weak,
And their souls are tender for the needy.
The Stars and Stripes speak to the listening world
Of Humanity's great brotherhood. The
Very air seems freer where they wave, and
Stirred by tenderer pulses. Free from stain
Is the grand, starry flag of the free and the brave
As the blue of the heavens overhead
When the day shineth clear of a cloud and
The glory of sunlight filleth the world
With its light. Land illumined with splendor,
Fair as the sun, with a story as white
As the stars, no blot on thy name, no step
That leads backward, but on, ever onward
For Freedom and man doth America
Press, while watcheth the whole world with amaze.

THE RACE SHALL WAKE. (1898.)

The great fair Earth, it has a voice for me,
  Breathed from the leaf-tongued trees and blooming flowers,
From mountain tops and from the vast wide sea,
  Through Morning's glory and the sunset hours.

The calm, dim sweetness of the opening Dawn,
  The glory of the full, sun-flooded Noon,
The star-eyed beauty when the Night is born,
  Are each the notes of one majestic tune.

Full-choired and sweet the glorious anthem rings
  Through Earth's vast aisles, dim lit by taper stars,
Through the grand arches where the sunlight flings
  Throughout the day its shining golden bars.

Each water-drop within the flowing stream,
  Each grassy blade upon the valley's breast,
Holding within its arms the sunlight's gleam,
  Speaks of God's care, which knoweth pause nor rest.

Sometimes, when Nature leans with brooding brow,
  Cloud-decked, and swept by many a stormy breath,
She seems a mourner, and we marvel how
  Her great heart throbs with anguish and with death.

Nature loves peace, she loveth calm and light,
  Clear skies and tranquil sea and smiling land,
But still the storm comes, elements do fight—
  And grim Destruction stalks on every hand.

So on the still, calm brightness of our day—
  Our day of peace, and growing strength and light—
Broke War's red tempest, and the awful sway
  Of maddened passions struggling in the fight.

But out of this mad tempest yet shall break
  Great hopes for nations, and our arm shall be
The stay of Freedom, and the race shall wake
  To fairer day, to higher destiny.

BLOSSOMS ON THE DEEP.

(Decoration Day, 1900.)

Strew flowers upon the wave,
Tributes to heroes brave
  Who died for men.
Their high souls daring death,
They fought till latest breath
  For Right and Liberty;
  Martyrs they be.

They died for you and me
That we might all be free
  From might of Wrong.
They struck at Tyranny
Which threatened Liberty
  With iron yoke to bind
  And fetter all.

Brave men and true were they,
And deathless is the way
  Which they have gone;
For in our hearts they live,
And freely do we give
  To those immortal ones
  Love's tribute here.

Strew flowers upon the deep,
The cradle where they sleep,
  And let them rest;
Rest in secure repose,
Till this earth life shall close,
  And cruel war no more
  Unsheathes the sword.

O surging waves! roll on
In ever endless flow
  O'er Freedom's sons!
Hallow each year anew
The deeds they dared to do,
  Fearless in Right's own might,
  For Country's sake.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

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FREEDOM'S LAND. (1901.)

This continent of ours between the seas,
A vast wide empire on whose breast might rise
Thousands of cities great as Rome of old—
Greater in might and in free majesty—
Its farther shores bathed in the sunrise light,
While its great West is resting in the arms
Of star-crowned Night, and where, while Winter walks
Upon its sunrise borders, Summer loth
Sit beside its western seas, breathing sweet
Balms and fragrance, her feet flower-sandaled
And her robes woven of rich emerald
Grasses, her air filled with the melody
Of birds and the symphony of running
Waters—this land is Freedom's own, pregnant
With promise for the race. Glorious with
Hope, the future turns to it her smiling
Face, while Tyranny doth slink into his
Darksome paths, and, trembling, seeks the shadows
Of some other clime where tyrants, iron-
Shod, dare walk and murder Liberty. O
How fair thy shining pages when unrolled!
Here God hath set thee 'twixt two mighty seas,
Gemmed thy great breast with lakes like oceans in
Their vastness, and they've grown white with sails of
Commerce; here, like some unslumbering god
Of old—some mighty Titan—stretched the "Great
Father of Waters," and unrolled the wide
Prairies, where may grow unnumbered harvests;
And elsewhere lifted mounts that thrust their heads
Above the cloudy curtains of the sky
Into the blue deeps where planets shine, and
The Sun's great eye forever looks undimmed
Upon the bright heavens. Land whose harvests
Are enough to feed the world; whose mines of
Gold and silver might fill the treasuries
Of all nations; 'neath whose soil is stored full
Seas of oil, enough to light all lands, and
Furnish fuel for all industries, and
Where Jehovah's hand hath reared uncounted
Forests, whose green leaves weave a canopy
Of shade when Summer sleeps within the wood,
And, touched by the gentle breeze, send lute-like
Music forth to glad the listening ear,
As if somewhere a seraph whispered 'mid
The silence. There are giants in these woods
Amid our high Sierras who clasped hands
With Time when youth was on his forehead, and
The race was in its infancy, dwelling
In tents or sleeping 'neath the stars. The proud
Sequoias lifted their heads above
The fair young earth and gladdened it with their
Fresh loveliness. The golden sunbeams on
Their swaying leaves fell softly as they were
Nature's kisses full of tenderness, and
Warm, nursing care. The air, which, like a fond
Caress touched the bronzed foreheads of Bethlehem's
Shepherds, wafted across the oceans wide,
Blew 'mid their leaves, while happy birds among
Their branches sang. Land where Science doth sit
Garbed in her grand achievements, conqueror
Of Nature's forces; where we do speak across
The continent and make the lightning's tongue
Whisper our message for us. Land where church
And school and mighty printing-press are thick
Sown as stars in the blue vault of Night, where
Each citizen is king, sovereign of
His own destiny. Land of proud heroes
Whose immortal deeds are deathless as the
Liberty for which they fought; thy soil is
Sacred soil, made holy by the baptism
Of patriots' blood, and by the countless
Graves made glorious by their sacrifice.
And not until Night's countless stars
Shall pale, and the great life-nursing Sun go
Out in utter darkness, shall thine own sons
Prove false to Freedom and to thee,
O land we love! great Land of Liberty.

THE SCHOOL OF LIBERTY. (1901.)

How far away that dead old Past doth seem!
How like to fiction or a strange-wrought dream,
When this wide land, lying between the seas,
Cradled the savage, lifted to the breeze
Forests as vast as empires, plains as lone
As if all life from this whole earth had flown.
When ne'er the roar of Iron Horse was heard,
Nor busy Industry the silence stirred;
When the slow tread of ox-team broke the way
Across the continent, when night and day
Dangers beset men as they onward passed—
Brave sons of Freedom—o'er the deserts vast;
An Empire's space unfolding wide to view,
With hills and plains and grandeur ever new.
No rails of steel the mighty distance spanned,
No cities stood in this unpeopled land.
The distant West—how full of mystery,
How dim the forecast of its destiny!
The mighty Now was not foreshadowed then,
Its greatness ne'er had touched the hopes of men;
No visions stirred of the grand Yet-to-be—
This proud Tomorrow of our liberty.

Slowly the nation woke and Freedom stirred,
The solemn voice of Destiny was heard;
The East and West clasped hands, th' Star of Empire's
day
Westward with shining beams did wend its way;
O'er tracks of steel the Iron Horse did speed,
Church, school and printing-press following its lead;
Great cities rose upon the wide-spreading plains,
And the Flag waves from east to western mains,
And now we sit beside this western sea,
With germ of Empire budding silently—
Empire of free men a continent to be,
The school of Progress and of Liberty.

ANARCHY.

(September 18, 1901.)

Hell oped its door and from its awful deep
A horrid monster crept. Blacker than hell
Itself its loathsome form. Its baleful eyes
Burned with a lurid light; its tongue was flame,
And each word dropped was fire to kindle all
The vilest passions of the soul. Hate is
Its offspring, and bloody Murder is its
Twin. On cruelty it doth feast, seasoned
By unmeasured treachery. No deed too
Black to stay its vengeful lust for power;
Its fangs are full of poison and are held
In readiness to make their deadly thrusts
Whene'er occasion offers. Swift as the
Thunderbolt and fatal as the awful
Lightning's stroke are they. Its plottings are in
Secret. Friendship is not sacred, and its
Guise conceals the foulest purposes.
A hydra-headed monster this and many-
Armed, its track covered with venom's poisonous
Slime, and today it walks abroad fattening
On Murder, lifting the assassin's arm,
Striking at all those who represent the
Majesty of law, and seeking to pull
Down the safeguards of Society, all
Barriers to crime, and make the world drunk
With the wine of lawlessness. O how the
Great heart of this Nation bleeds today through
What this awful monster's blood-stained hand hath
Wrought! Damnable as hell its deeds,
And black as its awful midnight. It hath
No conscience, and God it doth not fear. The
Brand of Cain is on its forehead; and Satan
Is its consort. Anarchy, spelled with the
Hellish alphabet of Crime, its dreadful
Name, and Assassination the black robe
It wears. As freely as the Sun drops its
Life-giving beams, so freely doth it wield
The dagger's point and the dread pistol-shot
Of the assassin. O great free land of
Ours, weeping in anguish by the Nation's
New-made grave, all loyal hearts rent with their
Speechless woe, up! up! and swear before high
Heaven, in Freedom's holy name, that this
Great land, baptized anew in th' sacred blood
Of our beloved and martyred President,
Shall purge itself of Anarchy, nor give it place
To set its crime-stained foot, or move its blood-red
Hand, or lift its voice, mouthing at all times
Foulest blasphemies against Liberty
And Law, beneath the sacred banner of
The glorious Stripes and Stars.

* * *

"It is God's way," cried he, our nation's martyred son,
"It is God's way, not ours. Oh, let His will be done!"
And then he softly murmured—Oh, hear from sea to sea!—
While holy trust sustained him—"Nearer, my God, to Thee."
It is God's way, we cannot doubt, to make this people see
The threatening dangers that are hid in lawless Anarchy,
And so unto the Cross we cling, through all this anguished night,
But still, O Land of Freedom! rise in thy glorious might—

While this great stricken people do bleed at every pore,
Oh, let them rise and swear again that Anarchy no more
Shall find a home among us here on Freedom's sacred shore;
Make this dear grave a stepping-stone to Freedom's noblest height,
Then may we see God's purpose clear, and then the dark grow light.

AMERICA'S MORNING. (1901.)

O mighty sea! asleep in Palos Bay,
With gold upon thy softly-rippling waves,
The blush of Morn within the Summer skies,
And when Noon comes the gold of ripened sun;
When ends the day, Night, star-crowned like a queen,
Bending above the quiet of the scene.

The rippling waves run with scarce-sounding feet,
There is a murmur in the quiet sea,
And Morning wakes to find upon the wave—
One bright cloud watching them—three ships,
Like great, white birds with wings outspread to fly,
Ready to tempt the wide sea's mystery.

One heart is there that pulses high and strong;
His eagle eyes look outward to the West,
With spirit vision he looks down the path,
And sees fair isles upon the tides asleep,
Beyond the purple of th' horizon's line,
Where Day sleeps when its sun has ceased to shine.

Prophetic vision sets his soul aflame,
Again he says across the water's rack,
"There are some lands that only God hath seen,
Our three ships shall go sailing for their shores."
And to his sight those lands seemed beckoning,
Like breeze-swept boughs filled full of blossoming.

O the long days upon the trackless deep!
The days of storm, the nights when thunders rave,
The hours of mutiny, the hopeless days
When seas are reeling in the tempest's wrath,
And faint hearts would turn backward from the quest,
But for the strong heart in their leader's breast.

On, on these ships sail toward the silent West,
Till one fair morn, upon the vessel's deck,
Broke, like the music of an angel's voice,
The sudden cry, "Land! land ahead! fair shores
Amid the wide sea's sun-kissed wilderness,
A new world waits our weary hearts to bless."

O moment of Earth's ages! who can speak
The pregnant largeness of that wondrous hour?
The Past swooned, dying in its magic light,
The new day's dawn was full of vital air!
And Freedom's pulses throbbed around the world
From these new shores round which the vast seas curled.

THIS WAKING WEST. (1902.)

In the old days, ere was our Flag unfurled
Upon these farther shores that front the West,
As now upon the sunshine's golden flood,
This dreaming, semi-tropic land did rest.
Th' wild-flowers bloomed, th' emerald grasses grew,
Birds sang from dawn until the dewy eve,
And summer lingered all the happy year.
The caballero, with his eyes of night
And hair as glossy as a raven's wing,
Rode his proud steed as if it were a part
Of his own frame, doing his will, as did
His ready arm or his wandering feet,
While the gay señorita, with her dark,
Liquid eyes, beautiful as the starry
Midnight, smiled on him as she whispered words
Of honeyed sweetness, and her soft laughter
Was like the tinkle of a silver bell.
How glad the hours when their swift-flying feet
Kept time to the soft strains of mandolin
And sweet-voiced guitar, o'er which their ready
Fingers ran, waking delightful melody.
Life then was but a long Today, a breath
Of ceaseless gladness, and their Tomorrows
Walked unquestioned and uncared for. It was
Enough for them To Be, in this glad world
Of sunshine and of fragrance. *To do* was
Not their creed. What mattered that yet unborn
Tomorrow which they might not see? Today
Was theirs, and it was full of beauty, and
They were glad in its brightness and its charm.
What though proud Progress walked not ever here?
What though the homes of sun-dried bricks were all
Their hands did raise to dot th' emerald sward?
Was not the glory of the sunshine fair?
Was not the splendor of the hills most bright?
Was not the flooding sunshine ever warm?
Was it not June through all the gladsome year—
A June of blossoms and of summer air?
Why, then, should they be sad or have a care?
No, life was like a song, and every day
Was filled to fullness with delight and joy.
The earth did blossom for them, fruits did grow,
The land was fair with Plenty's overflow.
It was enough, what more could they desire?
And so this realm lay waiting for the time
When Progress stirred, and when another race
Should come to find the riches hid within
The soil, and plant great orchards and wide vineyards
Here; build cities grand, and open Traffic's
Door; bid Commerce enter at our Golden
Gate, and lightning steeds climb our great mountain
Heights, and busy Industry set all her
Wheels a-whir, until the land should ring with
The proud march of ever-moving feet, and
This waking West should be the glory of
Expanding Freedom with her Stripes and Stars.

IN MEMORIAM.

(Strewing flowers on the waves—Memorial Day, 1902.)

O Freedom's glorious sons! who sleep
Cradled within the Ocean's deep,
Ye cannot die; forever wide
As sweeps Old Ocean's restless tide
The winds shall bear your name afar.
Immortal are your deeds, they are
The sacred heritage of Time,
Forever blossoming; sublime
As God's great purposes, they broke
The Tyrant's power and Freedom woke
To deathless life. Then bring today
Earth's fairest flowers, and reverently
Upon the waters fling them wide
To the unresting Ocean's tide.
Wide as the sea, O let them roll!
A blossom for each hero's soul.

THE LAND OF THE STRIPES AND STARS. (1902.)

This wondrous land of ours, how wide it is
And full of beauty! A continent of
Space, stretching from sea to sea, with vast plains
Outspread, and mountain heights uplifted till
They look the bulwarks of a world, so strong
Not e'en the giant Time could topple them;
With mighty rivers, the broad highways of
Commerce, singing clear the sounding anthem
Of unceasing Progress, and with lakes like
Inland seas, upon whose shores great cities
Lie, the wondrous marts of traffic, feeling
The pulse of trade throughout the whole round world.
All zones are clasped in its embracing arms.
On our far northern borders Winter is
Throned as king, with the iceberg for his scepter,
And the long Night, jeweled with stars, as the
Mantle for his shoulders. And here the wild
Winds thunder and beat in frantic madness
The frozen shores, and th' sun walks timidly
Near the horizon's line, not daring the
Zenith, and trees grow dwarfed as fearing the
Cloud-touch of the frozen sky. Nature here
Is solitary. No singing bird or bee
E'er breaks the silence, save when the wild lark
Soars from his nest as th' pale ghost of Summer
Comes for a few short weeks to wake th' grasses
And to coax the few strange wild-flowers into

Transient bloom. Next comes the zone of singing
Birds and mighty forests, whose hills are girt
With trees, whose rivers leap in gladness and
Run gaily on past meadows green, and the
Tasseled fields of corn and billowy seas
Of ripening wheat, the land of singing
Brooks and of plenteous harvests. Land of
Green valleys and of prairies wide, vast as
Some Old World empires. Summer and Winter
Hold each the scepter for a season here,
And Winter wears his robes of white until
Laughing Spring comes tip-toe o'er the way, and
Paves a path for blooming Summer's feet, a
Path of roses and other blossoms fair.
The Earth smiles at her coming and is glad,
And makes ready her rich harvests for the
Oncoming Autumn, whose feet are sandaled
With swift-falling leaves, and who puts on robes
Of sober brown as Winter nears again,
To take the scepter from her hand and shroud
The Earth in his white and frozen silence.
Then on we pass across the continent
To the fair borders of this Sunset Land,
Where all the year is like a golden June,
And all the months have harvests rich and rare,
And where bird-song is never out of tune,
And Growth is piping gladly everywhere.
Our fruitful soil cold Winter never treads,
All blossom-garlanded December comes;
The orange ripens in his golden air,
Th' bee and butterfly within his sunshine
Float; the lily lifts its gracious head and
Smiles; our vineyards bend beneath their ripened
Vintage rare, and glowing clusters lift their
Faces to the Sun in joy; pineapples
Glad us with their lusciousness; bananas
Beckon in their yellow sheen, and guavas,
Garmented with rich coloring, do tempt
Our lips to taste their juicy fruit. Here glad
December walks like June, and ever wears
His emerald robes, and Day forever
Bids us out of doors, 'neath bending skies,
Filled full of warmth and light,
And arched like a gleaming sapphire o'er th' world.

IN THE TRACK OF EMPIRE. (1903.)

This mighty Southland, cradled in the West,
  Kissed by the seas and crowned by mountains high,
Valleys like empires lying on its breast,
  And fields of bloom outspreading countlessly—

Is the great land the Future calls its own;
  Dominion waiteth here, Freedom aspires
Amid this wondrous beauty to enthrone
  The wisdom of her State, kindle her fires

As beacon-lights to shine around the world.
  And Nature is her priestess. She has spread
Her glory round us, and she has unfurled
  Her bannered vastness, with swift feet has fled
From Winter's frozen paths to walk the ways
  That Summer's hand has paved with blossoms sweet;
Divine the splendor of her passing days,
  Enchantment weaves the sandals for her feet.

This great Southwest! Unmeasured, vast and grand,
  Its mountains near the stars, its waters leap
From cloud-swept heights, its forest band
  Th' unwhispered secrets of the ages keep.

For centuries 'twas hidden from the world,
  Waiting Time's fullness and the glorious day
When Freedom's flag should proudly be unfurled,
  And Liberty hold here its perfect sway.

That day has dawned, and now 'tis ours to build
  For the great Future, wield the mighty stroke
That shatters Wrong, to teach the anthem trilled
  By waiting Hope since first the race was born.

Let us be true, rise to our noble trust!
  Shape mighty deeds to make our Southland great,
Strike at Wrong with an unyielding thrust,
  Let all our acts lend luster to the State.

THE PRESIDENT IN THE GREAT WEST.
(May 9, 1903.)

The great West opens wide her golden doors,
  Behind which mountains rise and green vales lie,
And Beauty walks along her grassy moors—
  The land of vastness with its panoply
Of lofty peaks and wide-encircling seas,
And Nature's wonders and its mysteries.

The great West, with the Star of Empire crowned,
  Where Freedom's pulse beats strong with loyalty,
Where great and growing cities may be found—
  The germs of greater cities yet to be—
The world of Sun, the world of blooming flowers—
The fairest spot in this loved land of ours—
Flings wide her gates with welcome in her air,
  With bounding pulses as she hastes to greet
The Nation's Chief—unfurls her banners fair,
  To crown the pathways of his coming feet,
And brings her homage to her uncrowned king,
Fealty and love her willing offering.

OUR COUNTRY. (1904.)

How vast our country and how wide outspread,
Dimpled by lakes, by shining rivers fed,
Bordered by mighty "half-world seas" that lie
A trackless highway underneath the sky;
With towering mountains lifted to the blue,
Touching the spaces where the stars look through;
Valleys like empires in their boundless sweep,
And wondrous falls where the white waters leap,
With rainbows on their forehead, and their voice
Rending the air like thunder; cities like choice
Jewels uncounted rise from sea to sea,
Great forests lift their heads in majesty;
Like billowy seas the rippling wheat-fields lie,

Touched by the breeze, their whispered melody
Is Plenty's song, so low and sweet and clear
It sweeps the chords of the whole atmosphere.
Kissed by the sunlight, the cornfields golden glow,
The cotton-fields are white as drifted snow;
Great orchards smile and vineyards stretch afar,
Unnumbered crops the vast wide spaces star.
Blest land of Freedom! most divinely fair,
A land like thee we find not anywhere;
No land beneath the stars can vie with thee,
If true to Right and blessed Liberty.

M'KINLEY.

[Read by Rev. Robert McIntyre, D.D., at the dedication of the McKinley Arch at Avery, January 7, 1904.]

God took of common clay and made a man,
One great in the majesty of manhood,
And grand in his nobility of soul;
Purity carved out the wondrous texture
From which his life was wrought, and tenderness
Was in the woof of character. Duty
And Right stood as sponsors for him, and high
Intelligence and love—love for man—poised
His great brain and made him wholly fit for
The lofty pedestal of power. His
White life was Christlike, and he held himself
The servant of the people. In his large
Heart he bore their needs, and with unfaltering
Purpose sought to answer them. His own wants
He crucified whene'er in conflict came
They with the Nation's needs. The mountains, lift
Unto the skies, rock-ribbed and moveless, are
Not more fixed than his grand purpose, which stood
As firm and changeless as their eternal
Heights where the Right called for his sustaining
Strength, and Wrong was to be crushed by the
Iron-shod feet of Duty. The hills may tremble
Beneath the earthquake's shock and shrink from
Their firm foundations, but never would he
Falter or turn aside when Duty's voice
Called him to action. He was a tower
Of noble purpose, and yet a man whose
Tenderness might touch the stars; whose justice
Was far-seeing as the Sun; whose love was
Measureless as are the Ocean's tides; whose
Pity was like a sea unfathomed, and
Whose high sense of Right was strong as the
Tornado's sweep that lifts the sands and bows
The giant trees. Great man and true! The long,
Long centuries of Time shall breathe thy
Name, and the unforgetting patriot
Generations shall to their children teach
It as the synonym of all that's great
And high in noble, loyal manhood. So
Here we raise to thy imperishable
Memory this arch of stone, and as it
Stands and fronts the shining skies, and fronts the
Countless stars and the vast mountain heights that
Lift their heads to heaven, it shall speak unto
The winds of thee, and they shall waft thy name
Afar, and the stars shall hear, and the glad
Sun nurse it in tenderness and write it
On the sky with his bright beam; and coming
Generations shall exclaim, McKinley!
The dearest synonym for patriot,
And for blameless, high-souled manhood.
Watchword of Liberty, the land you loved
Will write in noble deeds thy name, which cannot die.

God and Nature.

"Where God thunders in billows of storm."

NATURE'S VOICES. (1882.)

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

The trailing robes of the departing Day
Swept all the mountain tops, lying in
Sunset beauty on their crests like gossamer
Of rubies, transparent, clear and shining
As the rich warm gold of June's bright sunshine.
How all the heights stood up transfigured! How
Glowed the peaks, as leaning on the broad blue
Breast of Heaven, the skies bent down and kiss'd
Them. How seemed to stretch the higher peaks, and
Thrust their bare heads into the infinite
Air, as if searching for the hidden heart
That throbs within the starry deep of worlds.
And as Night dropped down and spread her star-wrought
Mantle o'er the earth, it seemed as if my
Spirit caught from far a silence that was
Full of speech—day calling unto day, and
Night to night in echoless whispers,
Filling all of space.

II. (1888.)

Yesterday was fair and sweet, so gay
With bird-song and with light as if some way
The air had turned to honey and to wine,
And music rare that was divine
In fullness. The brooks had melody,
And even the breezes blew
In tune, with undertone
Of harmony, as through
The leaves they wandered, stirring
Them to wordless hymns, and purring
Amid the soft-lipped flowers,
As if a soul within them hid—
A wonderful musical soul—did
Answer with perfume, and pour
Its heart out unto them, a heart more
Sweet than the kiss of a child.
Oh, tell me not that the wild
Sweet flowers have never a soul,
For under and over the whole
Of God's world we find speech,
Though the tongue be not human. Each
Flower and green-springing blade
On hillside and valley and glade;
Each stream that flows on to the sea,
Each star that far shining we see,
Each cloud with the storm in its breast,
Each mount with its uplifted crest
Leaning near to the sun,
And Old Ocean, starred with its isles
Where God thunders in billows of storm, or smiles
In the silvery waves which creep to the shore,
And bathe the white sands evermore,
All have voice of their Maker divine.

OUT-OF-DOORS. (1885.)

I was out in November's sunshine,
And the Earth, though brown, was warm,
And the skies were as blue as the Summer skies
Of a cloudless May-day morn.

And I heard the cricket singing
His merriest, happiest song,
"Crickety, creak, chirpety chirp,"
It hummed as it hopped along.

And the little fat gopher, sleek and brown,
Came peeping up out of the ground,
And his cunning black eyes they twinkled at me,
As he sat there looking around.

And a squirrel came up with a whisk of his tail,
And nodded his head on the sly;
And a large golden butterfly, spotted with red,
Like a blossom with wings floated by.

And the ants formed a long marching column which passed,
With never a step out of line;
Up and down the tall tree-trunk they came and they went,
With never a laggard behind.

And the honey-bee buzzed on the edge of a flower,
Then in for its honey he went,
Then out he came and went flying away
With a buzz that was full of content.

And the house-fly came sunning himself in the air,
And his soft gauzy wings were outspread,
And a big, happy spider was spinning away
On his web right over my head.

And I saw a black beetle who was up and astir,
And a caterpillar running away,
And a lady-bug hurrying down from a rose,
As if she'd not a moment to stay.

And the pigeons flew down from the roof overhead,
And their colors shone bright in the sun,
And a brown-breasted bird in the tall cedar tree
Just the sweetest of songs then begun.

And I lay on the ground, contented and glad,
For the world was so lovely and fair,
I could not be lonely, I could not be sad,
For all things were glad that were there.

TENTING ON THE CANYON'S SHORE.

(Santa Cruz Island, 1887.)

The Dawn comes dewy-sandaled o'er the heights,
So airy-footed that we hear no sound;
The sky leans down to touch the lofty crest
Where trails Morn's garments; birds sing from east to west,

And breezes stir light-winged amid the trees,
And waves breathe low their welcome from the seas.

The first faint flush of Dawn we cannot see,
For the green-blossomed hills here intervene,
Lifting a world-high wall between us and the Sun,
But from our leaf-roofed chambers we behold
The far stars fade, the blue turn swift to gold.

We see from out the darkness creep the crests
Of circling hills that bound the cañons deep;
First brightens their dim outline, and then, lo!
The baby oaks they nurse upon their breasts.

At length we see the cacti's branches spread,
All crucified with many thousand thorns;
And trailing vines that from the gray rocks hang
With leaves of green, and blossoms amber-hued,
Like golden altars in this solitude.

Down thread-like cañons steal the crystal brooks—
Each water-drop a silvery note of song—
Laughing amid the rocks and singing low,
Leaping in cascades down, they onward flow
Till Silence folds them, and they fall asleep
In quiet pools upon the cañon's breast,
Cradled in shadow of o'erhanging crest.

Brightens the world, and lo! the sea is spread
From beach to the horizon's distant line,
Blue as the bending skies that hang o'erhead.
How creep the waves and thrust their fingers white
Round the sharp-pointed rocks. Soft flecks of foam
Play 'mid the pebbles, then the waters run
Swift rippling backward, then make rush once more
To tell their story to the waiting shore—

The shore upon whose bosom we may rest;
Its narrow frill of sands and pebbles gray
Bordering the green, where tufted grasses grow,
While flowers, like jewels, lie upon its breast,
And pyramids of rocks stand scarred and old,
With Sphinx-like faces turning to the blue
Of the light waves that steal their channel through.

Oh, it is sweet from the great world to go
And hide ourselves within the silent heart
Of the deep cañon; to lie beneath the sky,
Uplooking to it where the green boughs spread
Of grand old oaks, or where a narrow line,
Like God's own finger, reaching to the hills,
It lies above us like a thing divine.

We're better for this pause, our hearts grow up
To Beauty, and our thoughts run wide
From worldliness; each tree and flower,
Each grassy blade and softly-running brook
Is but one page of Nature's open book—
God's alphabet of wisdom written clear
In sunlight, starlight and the mighty sea—
The sea, whose tidal anthems we may hear.

THE LOVE OF GOD. (1894.)

The love of God, which is so vast and deep,
I feel it in the wind that falls asleep,
Rocking the roses on its pulsing breast,
Holding the lily in its soft caress.

I feel it in the sunshine glimmering down,
Golden in brightness, falling like a crown
On mountain's crest, and, like a living tide
Of tenderness, outflowing far and wide.

I feel it in the grass and in the flowers,
Breathing their perfume through the golden hours,
And in the note of every bird that sings,
And in the vine's low, tender whisperings—

In the blue sky, a flawless sapphire spread
With glory beaming far above my head;
In earth and air and all the boundless deep
Where, twin with sky, the mighty oceans sleep.

KINDRED WITH NATURE. (1895.)

There's that within me which does ever feel
Its kinship with the Earth—the wide, sweet Earth,
Environed with its atmosphere of calm,
Its sky jeweled with stars and lit with suns,
And its broad, green lap silvered with rivers,
And walled round with majestic mountain heights,
Capped with white snows or thick with wooded spires,
Rising till their loftiest pinnacles
Seem fretted with the ever-twinkling stars.
Then, purpling, they dream at last upon the
Breast of Night, or, waking, smile within the
Clasp of Day, which baptizes them with light
As if new-born, though great and vast as heaven;
And the sea, spreading its pulsing deeps so
Far they touch the Orient, where first man
Lay cradled on the breast of Time. Away
Their shining waters run, shadowed sometimes
With storms, then their wrinkled waves are smoothed
By fragrant calms borne from far lands of spice,
From vales sun-lit, rose-filled, where bright birds sing
And tropic loveliness a-swoon does lie
Within the noontide's stillness. The world speaks
To me with thousand tongues that hide within
Each leaf and grassy blade, each petal of
A flower, each bush, each tree, each perfect
Rounded grain of sand, and rainbowed drop of
Crystal water; within each pebble, so
Carved unto perfection, and each sunbeam
With its gold melted to fullest brightness.
Sweet are the idylls rivulets do tone
In silver notes as they do onward run.
The harmonious anthems chanted by
The river's voice seem ever to repeat
Truths wonderful, as does the mighty sea,
And all the breathing winds, low-voiced as love,
As they were living this fair life with me,
As if somewhere a soul were waiting for
Them through which they might find the Eternal.

I lay my ear to the warm breast of Earth
As if to hear the baby roots astir,
To catch the trickling raindrops as the soil
Drinks in their fullness, rejoicingly
Moistening their lips within the glad Earth's
Nursing bosom, where does hidden lie the
Mystery of growth. How does life touch them
There with the glad breath of resurrection?
And what are life and growth, those strange
And mysterious forces working so
Silently, so unrestingly through all
The vast, wide realm of God's great universe,
Wherever circle stars and suns and the
Far planetary spheres; where'er is thrust
A root into the wide Earth's ready soil?

I held within my hands a little blade
Of grass, so cunningly shaped, so perfect
In its texture, so rich in coloring
That it became my teacher. It seemed to
Ask, am I not marvelous? Say, can you
Explain the secret of my growth—how life creeps
Into the tiny seed and sets my roots
To stirring in the silent dark of the
Great Earth's bosom? What force is it that gives
My young life strength to thrust itself up
From its earth sepulcher into the air
And the warm heaven of sunshine? How springs
At last my tender, emerald leaf, filled
With its succulent richness for the hungry
Kine? What force is it that, silent and
Unresting, day by day, lengthens my slender
Blade, and then at length does bid it pause in
Full completeness? You say 'tis Nature's law.
But what is Nature's law? Is it some blind
Force hidden in matter, some unconscious
Agent that with unerring skill doth year
By year, and age by age, unfailing
Fashion me always the same in color,
Shape and texture? Is Matter vaster in
Its skill than Mind? Nay, thou sayest; yet look
Among thy race and find, if so thou canst,
A man to form me—one who can create
A single grassy spear, or shape the seed
From which it springs, and give it strength to grow.
You cannot. Then will you proclaim that Nature
Is my Maker? That dull, senseless matter can
Create even the tiny seed from which
I spring? Nay, behind all growth, all being,
Animate and inanimate, above
All law—law being but the expression
Uniform of this controlling will—is
God, the Infinity, thy God and mine.

BIBLE PICTURES. (1896.)

Come back, O Past! and let us look today
Into thy vanished face. How beautiful
The chosen land, and fair, and oh, how soft
The murmur of sweet Kedron's brook! how green
The blessed hills uplift against the blue!
How fair the city nestling in the sun!
The shad'wy palms that drop their cooling shade;
The olive trees, pale-silvered in the light;
The golden blossoms by the highway there;
The lilies of the field, dew-filled and white;
The high-domed temple on Moriah's height;
The hill of Zion, palace-crowned, we see;
Jerusalem, joy of the earth! e'en as
The mountains round about thee are, so is
The Lord about his people, loving them,
Ready to bear for them, His own, the shame,
The anguish of the bitter Cross. How vast
The mocking throng threading its dusty way
To Calvary! The Roman and the Jew
Haste jostling on. The way is thronged by those
Who long in their own hearts had nursed the hope
That He, the Nazarene, the wonder-worker,
Who the dead had raised and made the deaf to
Hear, and made sightless eyes to see, and dumb
Lips filled with speech, was He whom Israel
Waited, the King and Savior, who should lift
The hated Roman yoke and set them free.
And there are those who hiss their hate and scorn,
Who cry aloud in wanton unbelief,
"Others He saved, Himself He cannot save."
The Roman spears gleamed savage in the light,
Like a great wave the human tide flows on,
All faces turned to Calvary. Upon
One side stands tearfully and still, each face
Anguished and white, with eyes fixed moveless on
The spot where lies the Cross, where brutal hands
Are stripping the royal purple in which
With mockery Herod had clothed the Christ,
The patient Nazarene—the little band
Of loving followers. No words they speak
As hundreds wall them round. Nothing they see
But the white face of Him on whom is laid,
In that dark hour, th' whole world's sins.
They hear the mocking laughter of the crowd,
They see the Crown of Thorns upon His brow,
And the blood from His torn forehead trickling
Down, the cruel arm that thrusts the reed as
Scepter into His hand. Then comes the sound
Of hammer's stroke as nails are driven through
The quivering flesh. The Cross is lifted,
The bleeding feet and hands of Christ fast to
Its wood, and there on either side of Him,
"King of the Jews," the wretched malefactors.
How shall we tell the story of that day,
When Earth stood shuddering in dumb amaze,
And the far Sun with lidless eye looked down,
Beholding her, while trembling for her sin,
And all the stars their faces veiled as the
Day grew black with horror? Angelic hosts
With drooping wings hovered o'er Calvary,
Longing to lift Him from the shameful Cross,
But stayed by the purpose of His own will—
The Holy Sufferer's, working for us
Redemption. The end is near, when on the
Silent air, sweet as the melody of

Heaven, is heard the Christ voice once again,
As lifting dying, anguished eyes He cries,
"Father, forgive them, they know not what they
Do!" And, then, as if God touched Him, lo! His
Face shines like a sun beneath th' darkened sky,
And as if blesséd angels speak, we hear
Triumphant, sweet, and sounding in all ears,
Words that shall gladden men amid their tears
Till time shall end: "Lo, I the Resurrection
Am and Life; believe in me and ye shall
Never die."
Then comes the mighty earthquake's awful shock,
When the hills reel, and Death opes wide his doors
Amid the rock-hewn tombs. The dead come forth
Drinking of life again, their long silent
Pulses stirred once more to fullness by Christ's
Life-giving name. The Temple's veil is rent,
And the jeering crowd is hushed to silence.
Well may the people smite upon their breasts
And cry, "Surely this was the Son of God!"

The first day of the week dawns calm and clear;
The air is sweet and still, with flowery
Odors fragrant. The earth breathes soft as a
Young babe upon its mother's breast, resting
In dreamless slumber. Not a leaf pendant
On its green stem stirs in the cool dawn. The
Earth seems hushed to waiting. But at length the
Day breathes freer. Dawn brightens o'er the watching
Peaks of Moab, and Olivet is flushed
With golden gleams. The Temple's dome is like
Transfigured light, and Mount Moriah is
Bright as a glowing sapphire, while all the mounts
About the Holy City are a-gleam
Like a fire-opal full of changing lights
And rainbowed beauty. A little thrill runs
Through the shining leaves of camphire wood, and
Through the many palms and silvered olives,
And like a tongue of flame the sunbeams fall
Within the breast of Kedron's rippling waters.
The joyous birds amid the many boughs
Break into song, as if each feathered breast
Were brimmed with melody. Then unto the
Holy Sepulcher, with sorrowing faces,
Wet with the dew of tears, the women come
With spices laden and perfumed ointments,
And speaking thus do they draw near His tomb:
"The dear Lord, we will anoint Him for His
Burial. His Sepulcher fragrant as
Love shall be, and sweet as the memory
Of His undying words. But who shall roll
Away the stone, the heavy stone at the
Grave's mouth where He is laid?"
O blessed Marys at the blessed tomb,
Angels await your coming, shining ones,
With Heaven's light on their faces fright the gloom,
Make glorious the Sepulcher. Blessed
The words they speak and full of hope to men:
"The Christ is risen, for He hath conquered Death."

GOD, NATURE AND I. (1897.)

The sky! how blue it looks today, how fair!
No cloud within the infinite deep of air;
The winds run softly through its shining ways,
As if half dreaming still of Summer days
When on the breast of Calm they slept, while low
They breathed, and all the tender, leaf-crowned trees
Stood hushed and still, as if they feared to stir
The pulseless silence. Only the soft whirr
Of bird-wings broke the stillness. Flowers smiled
In gardens and upon the hillsides wild,
As if a soul were in them which did know
The gladness and the glory which do flow
From Nature's heart when, warm and bright and fair,
She nurses Summer in the sunlight, where
Life takes form, and beauty has its birth,
And hastes to garment all the glad, sweet Earth.

When all the world is glad, why should not we
Be glad with it in fullest sympathy,
And hear the voices which the breezes bring
As well as those of happy birds which sing,
And note the joy within the blossoms' smile,
And list the murmur of the streams, the while
They, rushing seaward sing, yet ever pour
Their tuneful resonance unto the shore?

Oh, life is sweet, with Nature's pulsing heart
Throbbing with tenderness. Kindred with it am I,
And love, sweet love, I find in earth and sky;
The world was made for me, its heart is mine,
And of its fullness I am but a part,
God made it all, and I, O God! am thine,
The blessed cradle of my rest, Thy heart.

THE PENITENT. (1898.)

O still the night and starless; all the dark
Of dusky skies and cloud was overhead;
The winds were sleeping, and all sound seemed dead
On the bare plains far from the city's streets.
But one there was who walked alone. And hark!
The silence stirs; the still and shuddering air
Shrinks at the cry of that lone soul's despair.
"Alone, alone with my great crime for aye!
It walks with me and will walk till I die!"
A maniac shriek he gives, looks at his hand,
Rubs it, tears at it, yet still the brand
Of Cain he sees, red, red is it with blood.
"O wash it, wash it white," he cries, and then
In that lone desert, far from sound of men,
In the white sand he wallows, and shrieking
Until the circling vultures seem to shrink,
And starts the lion at the desert's brink.
Then came wild wails and sounds of bitter weeping,
And then mad laughter, as his soul were swayed
By demons; then a soft sigh his laughter stayed.

He rose and knelt upon the sands and prayed.
His soul grew calm as on the desert's brow
Fell the first light of sunrise. Holy now
That desert place, a penitent was there
Whom God had heard and blessed with answered pray'r.
In such grand temple it is good to be.

GOD'S POEMS. (1898.)

The sunsets of the year! The mist of gold
Drips through them ail as ever fold on fold
The crimson clouds do wrap us in their light,
And Glory seems through them to take her flight,
Spreading her wings within the shining West,
Holding the world upon her burnished breast.

The mountains leap to her and breathe anew
In their warm splendor, and the valleys, too,
Seem heaven-born as the sunset's light
Smiles full on them until they swift grow bright
As silently heaven's blessed rain of gold,
Like some swift deluge, does the land enfold.

Not Earth alone this sunset glory fills,
For human hearts do open, and it thrills
And fills them, too, and men grow better then,
Richer in faith, higher in purpose, when
The poems of God's love are thus unrolled
In the full splendor of the sunset's gold.

THE MIRACLES OF NATURE. (1899.)

The little flower lifts up its head
Unto the bending sky,
As if it sought to learn and know
Life's wondrous mystery.

O shining blades of grass! how great
The marvel that ye be,
Man's utmost skill could never make
Such perfect things as ye.

O leaf upon the swaying bough!
Dropping soft shadows down;
The shapely tree-trunk lifted high
Doth wear you like a crown.

No sculptor's hand could chisel here
Such perfect thing and fair,
With life within each tiny vein,
And motion pulsing there.

O water-drops within the stream
That shimmer in the Sun!
A perfect globe, a wondrous sphere,
Hides in you, every one.

O little grain of sand! so white,
So shapely do ye lie,
More perfect is not star or sun
Within the far-off sky.

O Nature! folded in thy hand
On every hillside's breast,
On every plain beneath the Sun,
A miracle doth rest.

A miracle of power and love,
Of skill that is divine;
Each tree, each blade of grass, each flow'r,
Father of all, is Thine:

Formed by Thy hand. The shining Sun,
The great, unresting Sea,
All things are Thine which Nature shows,
And Thine, like them, are we.

OUR FATHER. (1899.)

The great, blue heavens look down as if to find
A soul within the Earth, an answering mind;
For they are lonely in their cloudless light,
E'en when the Sun shines gloriously bright,
And swiftly down steals the soft-footed breeze
To templed aisles amid the swaying trees—
Steals in and out amid the smiling whole
Of sky and Earth, as if it had a soul
To bear to Earth the whisper of the skies
As it in hushed and wondrous beauty lies.

Somewhere in hiding there must surely be
The soul of things which throbbeth warm and free,
Perhaps the winds which silent-footed do,
Through the vast highways of the shining blue,
And the sweet woods and meadow spaces far,
Steal on us as sure as light of sun or star,
In occult language which we do not know,
Bear some sweet message as they onward go—
Whispers of love and of divinest care,
Of the great Power which keeps us everywhere.

And the glad birds which sing today so sweet,
Perhaps great Nature's yearning heart repeat,
And bud and blossom make their swift reply
To rolling sea and overarching sky.
The drowsy hum of many million bees,
The leaf-tongued voices of the swaying trees,
May lisp some words our spirits do not hear,
But which are caught by Nature's listening ear.
But somewhere, somewhere over all is One
Who cradles Earth within His tender hand,
Who sees each leaf, each blossom's opening face,
Each blade of grass, and gives to each its place,
And hears each voice from shining sea and land,
And all their needs does fully understand.
He is Our Father, and like Nature we
Are all His care, and 'tis His ministry
Guards Earth, sky, sea, and 'tis His love that broods
O'er life and growth, and in Earth's solitudes.

And, O my soul! how it doth long to know
More of this Father, and to truly feel
Within my heart His great love's overflow,
And sometimes by a sweet-tongued flower I kneel
And feel Him near, feel that He's in that place,
As if I'd met Him in it, face to face,
Know that in all things God's own life abides,
In sky and earth and ocean's restless tides.

OMNIPRESENT DEITY. (1901.)

The tall tree, with its branches o'er my head—
Its million leaves like many whisp'ring tongues—
Gleams in the golden sunshine which is on it shed
Like blessed benediction from above;
The shining leaves seem like a happy smile,
And I do hear sweet whispers from the flow'rs
That breathe but gladness through the golden hours.

The em'rald grasses nod their bright young heads,
As fall the sunbeams down upon their face;
They drink the light like wine and grow apace;
The brown old Earth is now no longer bare,
And we do see God's glory everywhere;
Something of His own being He hath shed
In all the beauty that's around us spread.

In all this great, fair world no chance is seen;
When Time began God spake and it was done,
System on system into being sprung,
Vast voids are filled with countless circling worlds,
And at His voice the heaving ocean curls
Its restless tides about the barren shore,
Lashing the rocks but leaping nevermore

O'er the wide continent, their proud waves stayed
By His command, His fiat they obey;
"Thus far, no farther shall ye go;" the land
Lies calm though seas are beating at its gates;
God's law enfolds it, and secure it lies,
Like a vast emerald beneath the skies,
And Growth forever at its footstool waits.

O Growth! its wondrous mystery do we
Behold, yet cannot fathom it—in vain,
As grasses upward creep so silently
And buds unfold, and trees rise toward the blue,
Is vision strained, no motion do we see,
No sound from all these growing things we hear,
We only feel that God himself is near.

For Nature's laws are but the mode He takes
To work His will; life at His touch doth wake,
We know not how or whence He calls it here,
We only know the sun-filled atmosphere
Is vital with His presence; no atom sleeps
Where God is not, for boundless space doth lie
Within the sight of His all-seeing eye.

NATURE. (1901.)

The dimpled lake sleeps in the cradling arms
Of the green slopes that lie about it, crowned
With glory of the groves, never a sound—
Save that of rippling melody which charms—

Comes from its depths as if its waters sang
Of blessed calm and holy peace and rest;
The sunshine falling now upon its breast
Writes golden notes perhaps like those which rang

Thro' starry spaces at Creation's birth,
When the glad morning stars together poured
Their glorious symphony while they adored
The great Creator of the heavens and Earth.

O these glad mornings! Peace lies pillowed here,
And Beauty sleeps upon the breast of Day;
And all along the emerald-bordered way
Incense is poured upon the atmosphere

From spaces where the nunlike lilies lean,
And where the roses bloom so very fair,
And blossoms drink the sunshine of the air,
And the tall trees a silent priesthood seem,

And far beyond as the tall mountains rise;
The sky like one bright sapphire shines above,
The winds breathe softly, while love, only love,
Seems filling earth and dropping from the skies.

BEING'S MYSTERY. (1901.)

I wonder at my self, at my own being's whole,
At my soul's essence, its beginning and its thought,
So strange, mysterious, by God's own wisdom wrought,
Free-will its heritage, and yet in God's control,
Freest when it is God-swayed and sceptered by th' right,
Noblest when humblest it doth stand within His sight.

O mystery! what am I, whither do I tend?
Shall I live on forever, outlive stars and Sun,
And when they cease my being's life be just begun?
The circling centuries pass and long eons end,
Time ceases, yet this deathless and immortal I
Active forever lives. O what is destiny?

Forever onward, upward, higher, higher still,
Godward, unrestingly our spirit life may tend,
And then, O soul of mine! O what shall be the end?
To live with God, to do the fullness of His will,
A sinless, "self-poised personality" to be,
A deathless soul, reflection of Infinity.

THE LIGHT. (1901.)

With each new day the glorious light is born,
Fresh in its beauty, never growing old,
It wraps the sky and all the mountain heights,
And the broad vales that slumber in the Sun,
Touches the waters with its wondrous gleam,
And ev'ry leaf and ev'ry blade of grass
Drink in its glory as the sunbeams pass,

While the sweet flowers sip life from its soft touch,
And Color riots in its fullness, too.
And Fragrance fills her chalices with such
Delightsome odors the soft breeze's wings
Are laden with them, and even the dew
Yields sweetness, and the happy bird that sings
Seems telling of the light that is so fair,
And of the beauty round us everywhere.
But oh! there's one blest thought that comes to me,
That cheers my heart and fills my soul with peace;
"I am the Light," saith He who will not cease—
The blessed Christ—and in this light we may
Rejoice forever through an endless day,
A day so fair that e'en the glorious rays
Of sunshine illumining our earthly days
Seem like th' night beside the radiance bright
Of Him, our Christ, who is our Life and Light.

THE DEATHLESSNESS OF BEING. (1901.)

A great life cannot die; the present thrills
With all the glory of a deathless past;
Good deeds are stamped with immortality,
And they eternally do blossom and
Bear fruit. In all the vast wide universe
Of God nothing is equal to the man
Who bravely dares do right, however much
Beset with danger the way of right may
Be. To dare, to boldly do, is god-like,
When Duty leads the way. No jewel like
One's conscience when the heart is pure
And undefiled; its luster naught can dim,
Nor ever Shame can cast its shadow o'er
The man whose upright march is onward
In its light. No coffin-lid can on such
Manhood close, for it will live forever
In the deeds it wrought and noble purposes
Fulfilled, the priceless heritage of all
The future, the changeless keynote of all
Glorious, stainless days to come.
No thought of good is ever lost to man,
And no kindly deed doth ever perish.
Today doth write itself upon the page
Of coming Time, and the great Tomorrows
Of our being are but the perfect blossoms
Of the budding Now.

WITH NATURE. (1892.)

I love to steal down cañon paths,
Between the emerald hills,
And hear the voiceful Sabbath psalms—
The chorus of the rills.

I lay my head upon the grass,
Beneath the singing pines,
The rhythm of their swaying boughs
Is like to sacred chimes.

And grand the anthem which I hear,
Borne down from heights afar—
These mountain heights whose symphonies
Ring out from star to star.

Divine the songs which Nature gives
From tongues of tree and flower,
They sing of loving tenderness,
While mountains sing of power.

GOD'S WORLD. (1902.)

We know 'tis His—God's world—for who but He
Could lift the mountains, spread the mighty Sea,
Who from th' ground thrust up the glorious trees,
Each leaf a lute for wind-born harmonies?

Whose hand but His could form th' wondrous flowers,
Water the Earth with gently-falling showers,
Unroll the sky, with all its countless stars,
And let the Morning through Night's hidden bars?

Whose hand but His could make the grasses spring,
And robe the Earth in emerald covering,
Color the rose upon its slender stem,
And gild with gold the lily's diadem?

Set the bright clouds within the sunset sky,
Teach the young birds through pathless air to fly,
Place crystal waters in a flowing tide,
Spread golden harvests through our valleys wide?

Poise fly and bee upon their gauzy wings,
From whence the color of the rainbow springs,
Pour out the sweets of fragrance on the air,
In such rich fullness all the Earth may share?

Light up the sky with glory of the Sun,
And guide its way until the Day is done,
And Night drops down with all her star-sown worlds,
And with her hand immensity unfurls?

And who but God made Man, clothed him with thought
And high intelligence so he hath wrought
Deeds marvelous, and Nature's forces trained
To do his bidding—the wild lightnings tamed

Until they are his messengers of speech,
And the swift steeds that bear him onward, each
Flash a silent courser, safe and strong,
O'er vale and mount, conveying him along?

He measures heaven—th' unfathomed deeps of air,
Traces the orbits of the planets there,
Predicts the flight, ere he can see their face,
Of mighty comets through the fields of space.

God's world! O it is wonderful and fair!
A miracle around us everywhere,
From falling sunbeam to the opening flower,
From grassy blades to mountain tops which tower

To the far skies; from smiling vales and seas,
From rushing winds to softly whispering breeze.
God's world! the rosy evening skies proclaim
It His, and the bright golden sunrise flame

Speaks, too, of Him, while the lang'rous Noon
Holds breath of worship, and the forest gloom
Speaks with its leafy tongues from ev'ry tree
Of God, the Omnipresent Deity.

LIFE THROUGH CHRIST. (1902.)

How long ago the Christ walked this fair Earth;
Beneath the stars He stood, beneath the Sun,
By Galilee's bright waves His wandering feet
So often strayed; its waters heard His voice
And hushed their murmurings. At His command
The raging tempest stilled and breathed like a
Young child in slumber, and from the awful
Silence of the grave the dead came back, clothed
With strong new life, treading once more the old
Familiar paths, smiling again into
The faces of their loved ones. In Him Death
Found his conqueror and life took on a
Vaster meaning. Redeeming love bridged the dark
Unseen, swung wide the gates of immortality,
And filled the night of death with the bright beams
Of deathless Hope and the clear sunlight of
Undying Faith. Down the long centuries
Ot passing years rings the God-voice, more sweet
Than angel symphonies, filling the soul
With peace, as break the glad words upon our
List'ning ears: "I am the Resurrection
And the Life, whomsoever believeth
In me shall never die." O man, rejoice!
Love bids thee come and live. No death is there
For him who, through the love of Christ, doth wait
For blessed immortality. 'Tis love
That calls us home unto our Father's house,
And Death the angel messenger He sends
To lead us onward to the life beyond,
Where are the many mansions, the living
Waters and the pastures green; where Christ shall
Lead us, and perfect, endless being shall
Brighten "where God's own light, unhindered and
Undarkened by a sun, shines forth alone
In glory." Through God's great universe our
Feet may wander, and the glory of His
Love and power shall gladden us forevermore.

A WINTER LESSON. (1902.)

O sun-filled deeps! ye bend above a world
Where Growth her glorious banner has unfurled,
Touched by the rain, she flings it wide and free,
From grassy blade and crest of leaf-crowned tree.

We call them dead, the grasses brown and sere;
They slumbered on the hillsides far and near,
And still above them bent the cloudless sky,
While floated far rich Perfume's argosy.

Then came the rain in full and gentle showers,
And poured its blessing on this world of ours;
The herald of Earth's resurrection morn,
How swiftly at its coming life is born.

In emerald beauty fields are quickly clad,
And all things waken to a new life, glad.
In the swift glory of the sunshine fair
Death slips away and life is everywhere.

So shall we waken when this life is o'er,
If we are Christ's, and then forevermore
Shall life unfold and being blossom new
In God's own light, eternal ages through.

IN THE OPEN. (1902.)

The flowers about me whisper
  Glad music to my ear,
The skies bend blue above me
  As if they, too, would hear

The perfumed song so holy,
  Breathed through the golden day,
As if some angel singer
  Had passed along the way

And left a sweet note ringing
  Through flowering shrub and tree,
A blossomed note of gladness,
  Of worldless ecstacy.

"The alphabet of angels"
  The poet calls the flowers,
And with this alphabet the Day
  Through all its golden hours

Writes hymns of wondrous sweetness,
  And Earth fills out her choir
With singing birds that upward rise
  As if they did aspire

To reach th' skies and flood th' air
  With melody so sweet,
While bees and happy insects weave
  Song-carpets for our feet.

O out of doors! I love it,
  With birds and flow'rs and trees,
With golden sunlight falling
  And Wind's soft symphonies.

The palms and eucalypti rise
  Still upward to the blue,
The lake lies sleeping in the Sun,
  The jeweled grasses, too.

All things around me seem to say,
  Behold God's temple here,
We see His footprints in the flowers,
  We feel His presence near.

THE BANNER OF GOD'S LOVE. (1902.)

I love to sit within the lap of Day
And hear sweet music whisper in the air,
The golden sunbeams ever seem to say
Our God is Light and He is everywhere.

The blooming flowers have each a voice for me,
An alphabet of fragrance for my ear;
We worship Him, the glorious Deity,
With offered incense, lo! I seem to hear.

The tall trees stand, their countless leaves aglow
With shining light, while stirring in the breeze,
Like perfect lute-strings breathing soft and low,
The praiseful notes of Nature's harmonies.

The em'rald grasses, too, have voice of praise;
Lowly are we, and yet God's tender care
Does shelter us; each slender blade does rise,
He sendeth Growth to bless us ev'rywhere.

We clothe the Earth, and lo! His smile does fall
Upon our heads; we're shapen by His Hand;
Sunlight and Rain, His servants, watch o'er all
Our countless hosts which in the fields do stand.

The mountains rise and speak to me of power,
Omnipotence alone could lift them up
Where clouds do dream and the descending shower
Nestles amid the rocks and fills the cup

Where rivers drink, then swiftly onward run
To seek the valley's floor, their crystal tide
Smiling along the vales beneath the Sun,
The anthem of their waters sounding wide.

Through the far spaces their Te Deums ring,
The great Sea hears and answers to their notes,
The happy flowers respond with blossoming,
And birds pour music from their feathered throats.

Oh, God is here within this sweet, wide world,
We feel His presence but see not His face,
But yet the banner of His love unfurled,
If we but look, we see in ev'ry place.

OUR HIDDEN SERVANTS. (1902.)

Time marches onward and the centuries wake
To God's great purpose. Man a conqueror stands,
Staying the Lightning's force, giving it speech.
Across the seas and trackless air it bears
The words we utter in our chambers far,
And the whole air trembles with the thoughts of
Men, while the secrets of the stars are ours.
The rocks, that through the long years have been dumb,
Doth Science smite and give to us their secrets.
The lightnings are the harnessed steeds that bear
Us through our streets and over mountain heights,
And they ere long will push our ships, swift-winged,
Across the seas, and mayhap will help us
Fly the air, sailing o'er continents and
Highest mountain crests; th' sun-filled atmosphere,
The mighty deep we traverse soundlessly
And unafraid. Most wondrous is the book
That Nature opens for our reading in
The clear light of this New Century, with
Science as its interpreter. Its leaves
Are many as the stars, and on each page
Are revelations new and marvelous.
The whispering leaf hath voice for us, and
The falling sunbeam hath a new-found tongue.
With strong hand man hath rent the veil which did
Lie on Nature's face, and he is climbing
Toward the boundless Vast, with step unhindered,
The race grows larger-visioned. Mystery
Is vanquished. It is Law rules all things, and,
Let us find its key, the heavens shall
Whisper to us through newly-opened doors,
Tell us what is hidden in their deeps, till
We may look behind the stars, beneath the
Tossing seas, and into the great Earth's heart,
And in all things find the hidden servants
God hath made ready for our bidding.

THE ETERNAL HILLS. (1902.)

I sit and front the distant mountains, those
Mighty peaks uplifted to the skies, their
Sharp fingers thrust into the blue, clasping
The clouds that hover o'er their crests, and their
Bare, rock-ribbed heights looking like twins of Time's
Countless centuries. Still, vast and solemn
Do they seem to stand, as pulseless as death,
And yet eternal as the shining stars.
The valleys at their feet, all orchard-clad
And stretching to the seas, whose light waves kiss
The silver sands and whisper of the far-
Off Orient, where the race was cradled
When old Time was young, smile upward with a
Look of peace, as if they knew these mighty
Sentinels were steadfast and watchful as
The stars and sun. But drawing near them, what
Do we behold? Great cañoned deeps which are
The templed aisles of Nature, where are reared
Her rock-hewn altars, and where her silver
Streams chant their eternal oratorios
Of praise and power. And here the winds worship
Amid the tall forest trees, waving their green boughs,
While the wild-flowers pour oblations sweet
Upon the air. Countless birds form a glad
Choir, and the woods ring with their melodious
Anthems. The grassy blades lift timid heads
For their baptism of dew, while the rocks
Are piled far overhead, rising, as they
Were a Jacob's ladder, to the skies. The
Sweet interludes of song are hummed by bees,

And bright-winged insect throngs, whose gauzy wings
Like living rainbows gleam in the sunlit
Air. How far the great world seems amid this
Holy mountain atmosphere, and how sweet
To hither come, where the full soul of man
And Nature's soul may hold communion high
And life ennobling in God's own blessed
Sanctuary of the eternal hills.

NATURE'S TEMPLE. (1902.)

I love the temple fair which Nature's hand
Hath reared; the wooded aisles within her vast
Forest deeps, where her glad choirs of birds join
In the chant of living waters, and the
Symphony of myriad leaves, which the
Light winds stir to voiceful harmony, and
Where th' dew in Night's starlit hours pours out its
Baptism. I watch the emerald grasses
Spring, and feel God's hand behind them lifting
From the brown Earth their slender blades, and shaping
Them to beauty. Like incense cups the flow'rs
Pouring upon the air the perfume of
Their breath. The mountains rise like altars to
The bending skies, and th' white clouds, like angel
Wings, rest on their shoulders. All things seem to
Cry, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!"
And to beckon man to worship. All things
Stand, each in its appointed place. God's breath
Is in the wind, and His benediction
In the light, for God is Light. The wide plains
Look up to Him, wrapped in their golden robes
Of sunshine. The shining waters in the
Rivers and the sea are garmented with
Light. The winds, with their thousand voiceful tongues,
Whisper amid the leaves: "Our God is here."
Thus in the temple He has made does God
Draw nearest unto my spirit, and there
Most reverently do I worship Him.

WITH NATURE. (1903.)

What shall I write, what shall I say,
How put the golden heart of Day
With words into some fitting shrine?
How paint the sunlight with its shine
Of golden glory on the leaves,
As down it falls and with them weaves
A roof of gold above my head,
While all the Earth is garmented
With grass and many-colored flowers,
And beauty fills this world of ours?

Oh, words are weak and words are vain
To paint the wonders of the plain,
The marvel of the mounts and hills,
The radiance that the sunlight spills,
The shimmer of the quivering leaves
Where the soft breeze forever weaves
Its whispered melodies, as though
A lute were touched as onward go
Soft-footed winds with breath of musk,
Perfuming daylight and the dusk.

I only know 'tis sweet to be
In God's world, full of harmony,
Of blessed beauty, shine of Sun,
Of starlight when the Day is done,
And all the wide and boundless Vast
Is on our wondering vision cast,
To live a God-wrought entity,
Undying to forever be,
Growing throughout eternity,
Nearer to God's infinity.

PICTURES. (1903.)

Above me bends a fair and sun-filled sky,
  A world of glories set beneath the blue,
  With color, fragrance woven through and through,
And mountains rising upward vast and high.

The bright-toned landscape gleams with gold and green,
  And far away the sparkle of the Sea—
  We cannot catch its wondrous melody—
Like shining crystal o'er the fields is seen.

The pulsing winds just stir the many leaves,
  The sunshine drops mosaics on the grass
  Where the tree-shadows fall, and as we pass
Amid the flow'rs his song the cricket weaves.

One fair white cloud lies just above the hill,
  A crown of gold is on the tall tree's crest,
  We see it mirrored in the lake's clear breast
Which lies as dreaming, rippleless and still.

O deeps of air! vast deeps of sunny sky,
  What lies beyond the brightness that I see,
  What but the vastness of immensity,
Where worlds on worlds sweep on eternally?

There is no space where nothingness may be,
  No point where God's creative hand is stayed,
  On, on, still on forever, yet displayed
Is everywhere the might of Deity.

COME WALK WITH ME. (1903.)

Come walk with me, come walk abroad,
  And see the glory of the sky,
  The beauty that around does lie,
And hear the Wind-Sprite strike a chord

Of softest music 'mid the trees.
  Their thousand leaves are breathing low
  Above my head where'er I go,
The sweetest wood-born symphonies.

And here a bird spreads wings in air,
  And rises upward toward the Sun,
  And there a spider's web is hung,
A swaying silver bridge so fair.

And here the busy ants are seen,
What lessons may we learn from them!
They should wear Labor's diadem.
The world of Industry doth teem

With no more tireless hosts than they.
And ah! just see the silver sheen
Of the fair lake that lies between
The dreaming hills where shadows play

Beneath the swaying peppers there,
And see the eucalypti climb
Above the tallest stalwart pine,
As reaching for the upper air.

And far the lofty mountains rise,
Soft, lambent light around them glows,
The flood of sunlight overflows
Beneath these cloudless, sun-filled skies.

The faces of the wild-flowers meet
My eyes along the paths I tread;
How sweet the perfume which they shed,
As on I go with willing feet.

And Silence walks the hills today,
And Beauty, clad in Nature's dress,
Walks with me, too, my life to bless—
I feel the richness of her sway.

And here a rock lifts up its head,
Magnificent in wealth untold,
The countless wealth of lichen's gold
O'er its broad sides so thickly spread.

And see the stores of silver gleam,
No Croesus ever had such store
As that which ceaselessly doth pour
Adown the waterfall's full stream.

Oh, could we weigh the gold that's hid
In every sunbeam that we see,
Or learn the wondrous alchemy
Of change beneath the harvest lid,

Transmuting sunbeams into grain,
Full of rich ripeness for our need—
Enough the whole great world to feed—
Giving the dead seed life again,

What wisdom would be ours; but ah!
How blindly onward do we go!
Of Nature's miracles we know
Scarce more than of the farthest star.

WITH NATURE AND GOD. (1903.)

Oh, I've been close to Nature, and the leaves
Seemed whisp'ring to me as I sat today
Beneath the shadow of the towering trees,
Where the light breezes wandered in their play.

The many grasses quivered at their touch,
The flowers looked upward with a smile of light,
The birds sang o'er my head with voices sweet,
The sunbeams fell like golden arrows bright.

I felt within the heart of Nature there
God's presence round me in the boundless deep
Of glowing skies, and everywhere
That the winds moved with swift, unfettered feet,

Love seemed to walk with them—God's love and light,
Alone I was not, He was with me there,
And kept me ever in His loving sight,
And held me ever in His tender care.

GOD IN ALL THINGS. (1903.)

O God in all things! We may see
His glory in the sky and tree,
In mountain heights that round us rise
As they were kindred with the skies;
In the wide vales below them spread,
In the vast Ocean which is fed
By countless rivers which do run
From every clime beneath the Sun
To fill its deeps. All things we see
Are voiceful of the Deity.

How wondrous is each tiny blade
Of grass which God's own Hand hath made;
How perfect is each swaying leaf,
How marvelous the golden sheaf
Of ripened grain; like diamonds rare
The shining dewdrops everywhere;
And then the bird-song and the flowers,
The glorious sunlighted hours,
And afterward the starlit Night
Which opes immensity to sight.

And Man! The image of his maker he,
The offspring of the Deity!
His deathless and undying I,
Unfolding through Eternity.
Oh, to be Godlike, to be true!
It is the highest he can do.
And through this way his pathway lies
Towards life's own high infinities.
Child of Today, yet he at last
Shall know the fullness of th' endless Vast.

THE ALPHABET OF DEITY. (1904.)

The open air, oh, yes, I love it well!
It is my home, the home my soul loves best,
And there I wander free 'neath sunlit skies,
Where fragrance-laden breezes lightly swell
And trees are lit with glory of the Sun;
Their leaves sway lightly in the shining air,
The grasses tremble on Earth's bosom, too,
And all the world is full of happy song,
And buzz of bee and flies all rainbow-winged,
And joyous life of every creeping thing.

Like rippling silver do the waters stir,
And on the bosom all the shadows dream,
Where bend the trees like guardian angels near;
And the green slopes run down to fold them in,
While silver-lipped they kiss their grass-shod feet.
On, let me wander 'neath the sunlit sky
And lift my eyes unto the mountains high,
Those wondrous mounts that seem to touch the stars
And lay their crests upon the moonbeams' tide—
That seem a-dream above this lower world.
So grand, so far, do they not sometimes hear
The planets whisper as they circle on
Through the great Vast, so measureless outspread
Within the deeps of the wide, viewless air?
Sometimes I wish that I had wings to fly,
And could go on and on, forever on,
Past the great orbits of uncounted worlds
Until I had reached the boundaries of space.
But should I find more wondrous things afar
Than we find here within this world of ours?
Pause, pause and think how wonderful the bloom
Of all the flowers, how grand the stately trees,
How perfect are the water-drops that flow,
How glorious the rainbow hues of light,
And wonderful the little grassy blade;
The grain of sand is perfect as a sphere,
The growing vine, soft-footed, creeps on high,
Soundless in motion, clothed in thousand leaves,
Perfect in color, smiling in the light—
Listening the wind's whisper as unseen it treads
The pathless air. How rainbow-like the wing
Of fly and bee! Who painted them and taught
Them how to fly? Who woke the melody
The robin makes, or framed the glorious
Notes of meadow-lark and happy mocking-bird?
Who gave the color to the opening rose,
Painted the violet in wondrous hues?
Who lights the clouds with glory as the Sun
Passes from sight adown his western way,
And spreads all wonders that we daily see?
Oh, out of doors, within the open air
Let me but wander and these marvels see,
And learn to live as God would have me here.
These voiceless wonders to my spirit speak,
And in them all an alphabet I find,
Which God has written and which I would read;
'Tis one of love and power and tender care,
And reading it, I find God everywhere.

GOD'S WORLD. (1904.)

God's hand is on the mounts, 'twas His own power
That touched their lofty crests and lifted high
Their rock-hewn foreheads to the bending sky.
These mounts which far above the valley tower
Are glorious in majesty. O how grand!
As sweeping the high stars they seem to lean
Above the beauteous Summer vales so green
With the fresh grasses covering all the land.

The winds are whisp'ring 'mid the leafy trees,
And bird-song floods the deeps of sunny air;
Bright blossoms pour their perfume ev'rywhere,
The world is full of sweetest harmonies.
No chance is here, but God's creative Hand
Formed all the wonders that about us lie,
And He unrolled the blue and boundless sky,
Set firm the mountains where they moveless stand;

And spread the seas and all the shining vales,
Lifted the hills as footstools for His feet,
Scattered the flowers which our glad eyes do greet,
And lit the Sun whose glory never pales.
The countless stars which light the evening sky
He placed within the endless deeps of air,
And circling their vast orbits everywhere
They hear the voice of His infinity.

O God is here, the winds do hear His voice,
And unseen run on messages of love.
The flow'rs do hear His whisper from above,
And silently to growing life are stirred.
The trees His loving messages do bring;
Each leaf hath whisper of His tender care.
In the hot noontide it is like a prayer
For balm of coolness which they round us fling.

The many birds their happy voices ring,
And glad are they as is the golden light
Of Summer's morn, and all the rivers white
With crystal waters full Te Deums sing
Along their way as swiftly to the Sea,
Like blessèd messengers they onward go,
Singing the harvest psalms so full and low,
With richest, untranslated melody.

God's world! And we may find Him ev'rywhere
If we but look and Faith doth give us sight,
And for our staff we have the blessed right.
He fills the Sea and the highest deeps of air,
His hand is on the stars and on the Sun,
On the lowly grasses as they upward spring,
On trees and flowers, hills, vales and ev'rything.
As near today as when the world begun.

FOREVER NIGH. (1904.)

The little bird beneath my green vine leaves
Does twitter softly, then anon he weaves
A full-voiced melody. The breezes hear,
And bear it onward ringing sweet and clear,
Making Day gladder and Earth more divine.
I watch the fullness of the May sunshine,
And hear the merry hum of flies and bees;
I see the golden glory of the trees,
Crowned with the sunlight of the dreaming Noon
That lies asleep above the blue lagoon.
How light the ripples on its placid breast,
Like happy smiles they on its surface rest,
As if 'twere glad the bright days are so fair,
And Summer sweetness filled the balmy air.
The rose-bush leans above the dewy grass,

The humming-birds above it lightly pass,
Dear spirits of the Dawn they seem to be,
Telling their gladness to each bush and tree.
How many tones in Nature's joyous voice,
How many ways she bids us all rejoice!
She gladdens us with fullness of delight
By the rich glory of the Morning bright;
With golden splendor of the Noon she stirs
The hearts of all her countless worshipers.
In star-crowned Evening we may also see
The high, far gateways to immensity;
And looking, we may feel how small are we,
The deathless atoms of eternity.
And yet our thoughts the highways of the air
From star to star may traverse everywhere.
We weigh the mighty worlds that fill the deep,
Where suns and stars in their vast orbits sweep,
And find that in the Earth and boundless sky
Our Maker, God, is still forever nigh.

NATURE'S CHILD. (1904.)

I love the skies that bright above me bend,
I love the Earth so fair, so sweet, so wide,
With mountain heights that rise on ev'ry side,
And gentle breezes that light-footed wend
Across the vales that smile beneath the sky,
And kiss the trees with fragrant lips unseen,
As lies their path the swaying leaves between.

This wild wind-lover, he is sometimes shy;
Sometimes his lips just touch the opening flowers
Which lightly tremble at his fond caress,
But answer with a loving tenderness,
And pour their gladness out through all the hours
In rich perfume that makes the Earth more sweet.
I love the trees, for they do seem to me
Nature's high priests, whose blessèd ministry
Makes holier the pathways for our feet.

O this great Earth! 'Tis wonderfully fair,
A thought of God so perfect and divine,
From mount to sea, from dusk to clear sunshine.
The sunlit hills His hand-wrought footstools are,
The mounts that are uplifted to the skies,
Touched with the glory of the upper air,
Seem heaven-built altars, gloriously fair,
And starlit candles all about them rise.

When the soft Night drops down and hill and vale
Rest in the moonlight's flooding silver glow,
How is the Vast unrolled! we come to know
Immensity, and feeble speech does fail.
This sunlit world, this moonlit world are one,
This wondrous world of hill and vale and sea.
O how I love it! and I fain would be
Dear Nature's child until this life is done!

GOD. (1900.)

The glorious sunshine falling down like rain
On mighty mountains and on spreading plain
Is golden-tongued and eloquent to me
Of God, the unforgetting Deity.

No wind that blows, no blossom that unfolds,
No blade of grass, no ocean wave that rolls,
No singing bird, or butterfly, or bee,
But speaks of Him who fills immensity.

Center of all things, soul of being He!
Life of all life, the perfect Entity!
Within His hand He holds the starry worlds,
And into space the flaming comet hurls.

But He is Love, so unafraid am I,
Secure with Him, I leave my destiny
With Him; I walk and e'er His voice I hear;
"Look up, my child, and feel thy Father near."

MORNING OUT OF DOORS. (1900.)

I sit within the park; the placid lake lies near,
And scarce a ripple stirs upon its waters clear,
Its bosom heaves as lightly as a young child's breast
When it is softly sleeping in its cradled nest.

The birds skim softly through the shining sea of air,
The happy butterflies are flying everywhere,
The fragrant blossoms smile upon me as I sit
Within the trees' cool shade near which the glad flies flit.

How beautiful the spot! The trees like God's high priests
Seem whispering prayers, nor do their whispers cease.
They speak of peace and love, and all the atmosphere
Is but a sounding gallery where we do hear

Ten thousand voices in their harmony divine,
Outspeaking to us, and the golden, warm sunshine
Falls like a benediction from the hand of God
On tree and flower and on the emerald sod.

And such a blessed rain of bird-song falleth now
From the leafy chamber of yonder swaying bough.
O Father! I do feel Thy watchful presence near,
Thy unseen footsteps tread this golden atmosphere.

NATURE'S LESSONS. (1900.)

O mounts sublime! I look to thee and dream
Of the sky deeps where roam the winds and stars,
Where Night the vastness of her realm unbars,
Where Day walks with the Sun, crowned with his beams,
Hiding the mighty planets as they sweep
Their vast infinitude of orbits round,
Moving forever onward without sound,
Yet ever their unswerving pathway keep.

O mounts, O stars! the alphabet of power,
God-written are ye for our eyes to read;
God's glory ye declare; shall we not heed
The wondrous message that ye give as dower
Unto man's spirit, telling God is here?
Jehovah's footprints are your lofty heights,
His finger-points are in Earth's starry nights,
His whisper in the breeze-swept atmosphere.

Breathing around us, fragrance-filled and sweet,
His hand doth hold the sun-filled deep above,
With alphabet of flowers we read His love.
The shining sea's a pathway for His feet.
O Earth! thou art God's temple where we stand,
The trees are His high priests, that point our eyes,
Like His own fingers, to the bending skies,
And heaven seems nearer, clinging to His hand.

SONGS OF NATURE.

His Glory.

This perfect morn, it is so very fair
I feel God's presence in it everywhere;
The glory of His love is in each swaying leaf
And in the rain of brightness that doth fall
Like Heaven's own mantle over all things fair
From the blue, bending sky and boundless air,
To where the palm sways softly in the Sun,
And where warm tides of brilliant colors run
Through roses red and golden poppies, bright
With the Sun's laughter, and violets blue
Lift up meek eyes, as if they really knew
God's eye was on them; and where the lilies bow
Their milk-white faces, like a cloistered nun,
All silent-lipped 'neath this effulgent Sun.

Oh, when breathes soft the spirit of the breeze,
I love to watch the sunshine on the trees,
As sway and shine they in this golden Sun;
Some silver bright, some gold, yet every one
A miracle of light. Ah, unseen fingers holy
Must touch these leaves with somewhat of heaven's glory,
God must be here, He is not far away;
It is His glory on the face of Day.

II.

The Morning her pure azure tint has spread
Above the Earth where dewdrops shine like stars,
And lilies stand with lifted cups of gold,
And the sweet-rose lifts up its perfumed head,
And whispers to the Dawn its story old
Of dewy slumber and divinest dreams,
As cradled in the starlight it did sleep,
Wrapped in the silver of the Moon's bright beams.

The sacred silences of the Night are filled
With wordless mysteries; the holy starlight, spilled
Like Summer rain, though tongueless to our ears,
Is the harmonious anthem of the far-off spheres,
A song of beauty which higher souls than ours
Hear, as 'tis poured into the heart of flowers,
Which give to us the sweetness of its breath—
Its glory, shining through their raiséd leaves,
A symphony in color—the garnered sheaves
Of songs whose silentness we note,
While Nature hears, through all her ways afloat,
Their rich, sweet melody attuned unto her ears.

Life and Duty, Hope and Joy.

"Chime sweetly, O ye wedding bells, chime clear!"

WEDDING BELLS.

(On the Wedding Anniversary of a Santa Barbara couple, Oct. 1, 1883.)

I.

How swiftly slip the years like pearls
Adown Time's silver string,
(Chime sweetly, O ye wedding bells, chime clear!)
How lean the roses round our length'ning days,
And pure white lilies their sweet incense bring—
The lilies of our hopes which are so fair,
The roses of our love which are so dear—
(Chime sweetly, O ye wedding bells, chime clear!)

II.

The glad Spring of our wedded life
Hath passed to Summer's dawn—
(Chime sweetly, O ye wedding bells, chime clear!)
The early Summer with its June's clear morn,
Its golden fullness, its "enchanted dusk,"
Where souls brush off the dust of day,
And hearts grow warmer growing near—
(Chime sweetly, O ye wedding bells, chime clear!)

III.

The music of those bells floats on
Adown the crystal years;
(Chime sweetly, O ye wedding bells, chime clear!)
For days grow brighter as the Sun climbs higher;
Our heart-throbs now keep time and beat together,
Our hopes are twin-born, and our sometime fears
Trust takes and loses them, nor leaves one near—
(Chime sweetly, O ye wedding bells, chime clear!)

II. (1889.)

Time stands today and counts his rosary,
The beads of years he holds upon his string,
And in each pause we hear the glad bells ring.
O wedding bells! so mellow, soft and clear,
Ring out your music for each wedded year.

Past is the May-time of your wedded life,
And breaks the noon of Summer on your way,
But still the lilies of your hopes are fair
And sweet the roses of your love do bloom.
And Trust pours out her treasures of perfume.
O wedding bells! so mellow, soft and clear,
With silver chimes ring in this noontide year.

O Future! as your hidden skies unfold,
Let Joy's white flowers still blossom in their sun;
Let all Life's after-summer come
With June-like gladness, and its evening-time
Be sweet as that when first the chime
Of wedding bells in their young May
Sent echoes down Life's flowery way.
O wedding bells! so mellow, soft and clear,
More joyous ring with every passing year.

FROM MIDNIGHT TO MORNING. (1876.)

I was up in the early glory
Of the golden-footed Dawn,
When the Sun flashed out his brightness
In the face of the coming Morn,
And the long and gleaming lashes
In a fringe of sunbeams lay
As they fell from the drooping eyelids
Of the lovely new-born Day.
And I said, O Earth! as ever
Thy beauty is born anew,
As out of the darkness the daylight,
As Night brings the glory of starlight,
So out from the midnight of sorrow
Is born Joy's brightest Tomorrow.

THIS FAIR, BRIGHT DAY. (1878.)

The roses pour oblations full and sweet—
I feel their beauty with my bated breath—
The jeweled grasses tremble underneath,
And the white lily with its golden wand
Distills such incense that the light-winged breeze,
With its soft touch upon my brow and hand,
Seems but the soul of Perfume; in the trees
Birds fold their wings, their glad throats filled with song,
And seems to take the world into itself!
Making a pathway through the golden Morn.

O I am glad! My very heart is thrilled
And bees with golden crests buzz swift along,
Sight is the Soul's touch, and its touch has filled
My inner sense; through eyes my soul has laid
Its hand on Nature's face, and this bright day,
Golden in beauty, with soft dimples made
On the wide blue by pearly clouds, which stray
Like snowflakes drifting through the shining air,
Is gathered to my inner life, and there
Fills all my soul like an unspoken prayer.

TWO. (1881.)

I see a river wide and shining fair,
Set with green isles, where rarest blossoms spring,
And fill with fragrance all the morning air,
And singing-birds are ever on the wing.

Above it bend such bright and glowing skies,
No clouds above their sunrise-glory shed
Their shadows on the stream; no eddies rise
In the grand river by the streamlets fed.

All things are lovely, and the bells ring out
Their melody of music by the tide,
And boats are drifting here and there about—
Some drifting singly, some float side by side.

O fair bright river! this life's loveliest ones
  Float on thy sunny breast, while Hope sings sweet,
And Trust has built her palace on thy wave,
  And Faith's white lilies bend their heads to meet

Thy sweet cool tides, that in their ebb and flow
  Baptize them with the silver of their waves,
And kiss them with soft lips before they go
  Where their pure waters all the green shore laves.

Adown the flowery bank come, hand in hand,
  Two unto whom life still is young and fair;
Love watches them from this far Sunset Land,
  And though divided, we are with them there.

For now, on Love's bright river, lo! they launch their boat,
  Its white sail spotless in the glowing light;
And down the silver-rippled stream they float,
  To the wide Ocean, just within our sight.

There may be clouds to hide the golden Sun,
  There may be storms that shall beset their way,
There may be troubled seas to be outrun,
  And deep, dark waters where the breakers play

On some dread Scylla or Charybdis' side;
  But safe their boat shall float along if they
Have Love, the mariner, their helm beside,
  And life be with them one long blessed day,

Spent in fair isles, with tropic splendor crowned,
  Filled with the heart's best fruits of Peace and Trust,
Wherever Hope's sweet singing-birds abound,
  And fill with song the Eve's "enchanted dusk."

LIFE.

O Life! I sometimes wonder what 'tis worth!
It would be nothing if this time-held Earth
Were all of it, though days are very fair,
With shining skies and sun, and everywhere
In Night's vast spaces countless stars are hung,
And the great-bosomed hills are glorified
With bud and blossom, while in the far wide
Vales, tremulous and breeze-kissed, grassy blades
Thrill with Day's glory till the sunset fades,
And then soft breezes stir the silent air
As if the Earth did worship, and a prayer
Breathed to its Maker. Oh, but this fair Earth
Is very fair, and it is wholly worth
My wondering reverence, because I know
God fashioned it, and the sweet winds that blow—
Laden with perfume and the balm of flowers—
His hand hath loosed; they walk this world of ours
Like God's angels, brushing at once away
That which would harm us, foul disease and death,
Which flee before their purifying breath.
And, ah! what miracles about us lie!
Just think of it! The wisest man might try
To make a simple leaf or blade of grass,
But into them no power of his could pass
That which would give them life, and make them grow;
And so, O waiting soul of mine! I know
God's touch is on them, and His daily care
Is like the sunlight, round them everywhere.
And the sweet birds, the butterflies and bees,
The mountained glory and the might of seas,
The gurgling laughter of the running rill
Speak to my soul forever, and I still
Thrill to the infinite. And I have found
There's beauty everywhere in sight and sound.
And more than this, far more, my full heart feels
The tenderness of Love, and Love's sweet worth,
The best of all things that do gladden earth.
Then Hope and Faith, O blessed things are they!
Telling of life beyond this little day,
A life where life bursts into fullest flower,
And Man grows godlike through God's love and power.
'Tis this, 'tis this that gives to life its worth,
And glorifies the humblest life of earth.

II.

O Life is grand! It is so great to be
  With soul that unto highest heaven aspires,
With being stretching through infinity,
  Unfolding with new hopes and high desires.

Time but a little moment is of life,
  A shadowed hour before its radiant morn,
The day of storm and of the battle's strife,
  Ere the full triumph of the glorious dawn.

To be forever and to never cease;
  And as earth passes, lo! the shadows flee,
Time's curtain lifts and God's own day of peace
  Breaks in the light of His eternity.

No more the shadow and no more the doubt,
  The clogs of flesh drop off, the spirit wakes
To boundlessness of life, as passing out
  From time and earth its heavenward flight it takes.

SPEAK TO THY SOUL. (1898.)

The days come to me like pearls of God's own
Setting, each rimmed round by Time's glad, golden
Hours. How fair they are, how full of beauty!
Each has its life, each throbs with new desire,
Pulses with thoughts that upward do aspire
To nobler life, to broader being's goal,
Each but a part of one great wondrous whole—
The whole of life! 'Tis mystery we see!
Oh, what its meaning, what the Yet-to-be
Of Earth's full story of the life of men?
We live not to ourselves, and yet again
Our lives we live alone, for there are deeps
In each mind-world where silence ever keeps
Its soundless rule, nor word, nor voice of speech,
Naught but God's eye this realm can ever reach.
There is a stratum of subconscious self
That's strange to us as some star-world afar,
Swinging in space, whose distance e'er will bar
Our entrance. I know not what's within me,

What thoughts may leap to consciousness and live
In strength of purpose and intensity
Of deeds—deeds that unto the world shall give
To what else were dark a shining glory,
Bright with the luster of their simple story.
List! O list! Does not some echo near ye
Of the grand What-may-be if we but see
Duty at action's helm, guiding for aye
The race of men? Oh, what high destiny
Swims in the Vast which all about us lies!
Waiting to crown us with its rich emprise,
Live we but rightly, seeking e'er to be
As great as God would have us, momently
Using our soul-wings, which would ever bear
Us up, past all those feeble pauses where
The soul falters, up where high endeavor gives
Strength unto being, and the highest lives—
The highest in us that is godlike, pure
As angel purpose, and that shall endure
While being lasts.

* * *

Struggling soul unfold,
Like some white blossom with its heart of gold
Unto the sunlight of God's love. His purpose share;
Be thou the blessed messenger to bear
Truth to the world by living truth each day,
For truth that's lived is stronger far alway
Than that framed simply in a fruitless word.
A theory unlived has never stirred
A life to action. Soul, be up and do
That which makes life, the right, the good, the true.

LIFE IS DIVINE. (1899.)

Time treads the pathway of the ages long,
The years slip by him as on beaded lines.
Beneath his dial sound the echoing chimes
Of the great centuries of Might and Wrong.

Earth swings beneath the Sun and circles round
Her unseen orbit through the fields of space;
Men come and go, and others take their place,
And what of worth in all this life is found?

War to our lips doth hold his blood-red cup,
We drink and shudder at its awful woe,
And Sorrow lingers e'en where blossoms grow,
And hungry Want from all our paths looks up.

Friends smile on us, and then they pass from sight,
Death opes the door through which their feet must tread,
And foul Decay upon their flesh is fed,
And Time nowhere doth show us any light.

But O my soul! look up! look up and see
That which makes day amid the darkest night;
That which makes Sorrow vanish from our sight,
And lifts the veil from all life's mystery.

God is o'erhead. O hear His blessed voice!
Lo! I am with thee ever, child of mine;
Out of this night Joy's living light shall shine;
Be glad in Me, and let thy soul rejoice.

Life's tent is spread but for a passing day,
But lo! my angels round about it wait,
And Love keeps guard, and nevermore blind Fate
Dares haunt your footsteps as ye pass life's way.

My angels sometimes come in Sorrow's guise,
But they are angels still, and ye shall see
Life blossom into joy if unto Me
Ye look in faith, and all your darkened skies

Shine like the Morning, for this Earth is fair
When 'tis faith-lighted, and Doubt's phantom fears
Pass like pale ghosts when Hope itself appears,
Touching all things with brightness everywhere.

O Earth! O Man! God loves ye well, for He
Feeds you with beauty, and makes man aspire
With thought enkindled unto something higher;
Even to Heaven's own glory that shall be

Man's full fruition. Be glad, O Man! and see
Life is divine, and we may make it great
When we stand godlike, with our souls elate
With purpose worthy of Eternity.

Man and Woman.

"Honor's crown, O woman, waits for you."

THE W. C. T. U.

(On the laying of a corner-stone. 1888.)

God built the world for Time's long ages, for
The centuries of years which Change has ruled
And giant Progress nurtured. Not alone
For man in Eden, or for the hoary
Patriarchs whose feet verged on the threshold
Of a thousand years, but for us as well
Who walk the pathway of the present, and for
Those who in Time's twilight hour shall come and
See Time's ending, were these blue skies spread and
The Earth set fast upon its firm foundations.
No To-day bounds God's great purposes; no
Measure of Earth's untold eons can hedge
Them in or compass their infinity.

And like Him who first reared this grand temple,
And spread above its mountain walls the dome
Of its blue sky, and upreared the columned
Trees, and, in the beginning, upon their
Granite base set all Earth's rock foundations,
Humbly and reverently, with our eyes
Upon the pregnant future, upon the
Needs of coming generations, on those
Among their children who shall be drink-scourged
And demon-haunted, we lay, not for to-
Day alone, but for the long Tomorrows
Of Old Time, this corner-stone, above which
We hope to rear the roof and architrave
O'er spacious halls forever consecrate
To human needs; to temper here the shields
Against temptation; to help unto their
Feet those who have fallen.
This corner-stone
Means more than simple building with brick and
Mortar. Each hammer-stroke, each steady
Trowel-sweep smites at gigantic Wrong, and
Rings with pity for the tempted; each chisel's
Touch carves out fresh hopes for them, as beautiful
As is the carven statue which takes shape
Beneath the sculptor's hand, and no less pure
Than is his stainless marble.
These walls will
Also be emblems of courage and of
Patience—of the noble deeds of the large-
Hearted woman-workers by whom, as borne
Down along God's ways into their ears, the
Cry for soul-help was heard and heeded.
As the dew falls down upon the Night, so
Fell on them the grace of earnest purpose,
And in the warm Summer of their hearts is
Ripening now the sure harvest of tireless
Endeavor. The corner-stone is laid. The
Walls shall rise, each brick a pledge of safety
To the poor captive souls bound by the strong
Cords of an insatiate appetite.
Upon the awful nightmare of the drunkard's
Sleep, swept by the bitter winds of Misery,
From out these doors the words of pity shall
Drop down like rain into seared hearts which have
Burned dry with sinning. Here shall be built strong
Dykes of moral purpose, which shall help to
Stay the fiery tide that burns out love
And common decency, and honest pride,
And noble manhood. Lay firm the corner-stone!

THE DRUNKARD.

(A woman's prayer. 1890.)

I heard a woman praying with white face,
While lifting broken-hearted voice on high;
Above her bent the immeasurable sky
Filled full of sunshine, as Sorrow had no place
In all its deeps. But still I know the ear
Of the All-Merciful was bent to hear;
And sometime he will answer, and then men
Will feel how awful sin is—sin of Greed—when
It doth crush the heart and sell man's soul
For filthy lucre. List to the story that her prayer doth tell;
Heed it, ye merciless, O heed it well!
As kneeling with wan face and tearful eyes,
And lifted hands her broken spirit cries:
"My husband! my beloved! O God! give ear,
Bend Thou these heavens and let me feel Thee near,
While for my dearer self I pray to Thee;
Stir Thou the hearts of men till they shall see
The cruel wrong, the deadly infamy
Which opens wide the palace gates of sin,
Where wine is poured for men to enter in.

O Father, hear! the tempters spread their net
Through all the sacred Sabbath hours, and yet
We have no human law to succor men
Lured by their selfish snares; and when
We lift a finger to restrain, oh, then
They cry aloud and shriek that we
Despoil them of their rightful liberty.
Is there no law of human right to stay
This traffic in poor human souls? No way
To stop this robbery of hopes and this
Wreck of homes? Hath wrong no Nemesis?
How long, O Heaven! how long may men
Defy Thee for the sake of gold? When
Shall their cry be hushed, their shameless cry
For liberty to rend our hearts; to try
Our souls; to murder tenderness,
To use the day which Thou didst bless
As other days to drag man's manhood down
To the low levels where the crown
Is set on beastly appetite,

And man is made its fettered slave?
O Heavenly Father! let me crave
Thy blessing and Thy help; teach me, I pray
Full reverence for Thy Holy Sabbath day,
For other's rights; for manhood's needs; may we
Regard our universal brotherhood, and see
Our duty clearly."

She paused; a step she heard,
A tottering step, which all her pulses stirred;
Besotted, drunk, into that Sabbath calm,
The little children huddling in alarm,
Her husband came. Lower she knelt,
More earnestly with breaking heart she prayed,
And think you God heard not? That He
Will answer not? That we shall see
Wrong ever unrebuked? That ne'er will melt
With tender pity for such need and woe
Our Father's heart? That always so
Evil shall triumph? Nay, I tell ye nay!

WOMAN.

Long were the eons of Old Time in which
God the Creator wrought, fashioning from
Chaos this wide, sweet Earth. Fire and ice—the
Mighty glaciers, the ploughshares of His
Power, and earthquakes from the vast womb of
Seething deeps, lifting unto the shoulders
Of the skies Earth's giant mountains,
Were tools within His forming hand to shape
To beauty infinite this world of ours.
Ages were His children—the great Today
Of infinite purpose, to whom a thousand
Years are but as yesterday. Slowly were
Earth's foundations laid, and her green valleys
And everlasting hills made glorious.
But when the Earth was finished and complete,
Its bosom jeweled with blossoms odorous
And fair, and its form girdled with shining
Streams, and the white sands of its shores were kissed
By silver seas, and fragrance-breathing winds
Blew soft beneath the ever-shining stars,
And golden in the deeps of Day shone the
Bright Sun, warming to ripeness Earth's many
Fruits, God wrought more gloriously, and set
His seal upon created things. Through the
Vast silences broke the untold symphony
Of th' Creator's voice. Earth hushed itself
To listen, and the stars stood still; shining
Suns paused reverently a moment in
Their courses, while God spake, "Let us make man
In our own image!" O that first morn in
Eden! Link by link had the long chain of
Created things been wrought, each link showing
Something higher and more perfect until
The end was reached, and Man, the image of
The Creator, in Eden sinless stood.
But no chattering, savage thing was he,
Evolved from ape or anything beneath;
But fresh-formed from the creative hand of
The All-Infinite he sprang, wondrously
Clothed upon with mind that had been taught
By Deity. Intelligence shone from
His godlike face, and from his lips breathed the
Melody of informed speech. Like a god
He stood splendid in beauty, responsive
To Earth's thousand voices, waiting God's will.
Yet still Creation's work was not complete,
And once again through the vast realms of
Space, sweeter than melody of harp and
Diviner than the music of the spheres,
Sounded afar the God-voice, saying clear,
"It is not good for Man to be alone,
Let us make a helpmeet for him!" Oh, then
Did Eden smile, and all its blossoming sweets
At once did lend themselves unto added
Fragrance while Adam slept, then ope'd his eyes
To see a wondrous vision. No flower
Within the garden half as fair as she,
Standing before him with her down-dropped lids,
Half-veiling eyes glorious with their full
Soul-light, and blue as the bending heavens.
She was tall, but all her beauteous form
Was veiled in the shining gold of her bright
Tresses. Like the pink tints of the rose her
Smoothly-rounded cheeks, her lips so curved and
Lovely, words cannot paint their beauty, no
More than could they the shining of the fair
Full moon. Beautiful, the highest glory
Of God's creative work, stood she, crowned
As the Mother of the Race, the helpmeet
Of her husband. Her soul's environment
Was purity; her heart was tenderness,
And yet her thoughts reached out for aye, longing
For greater knowledge. No plaything was she,
But companion, bosoming the great world's
Destiny, her hand shaping its future;
Her deeds moulding the race, the Woman type
Of all the ages. And so today the
World waits on her. But first, highest and most
Sacred, tender as the softened light of
Starry eyes is Woman's world of Home, for
Here she shapes the race, moulds statesmen for the
Needs of nations. Here she does find the high
Noon of her power, and breathes the lingering
Air of Paradise. Yet today wide swing
The golden doors of Opportunity,
Where she may wisely enter if she but
Heeds the simple law of Right! "Do first the
Duty that lies nearest thee." This doing,
Then bravely onward into broader fields,
Seize with thy might whatever duty yields,
Work for the world, hold to the good and true,
And Honor's crown, O Woman! waits for you.

HOME. (1892.)

The world has nothing that is half so fair
As that green island in its desert waste
That we call Home. Oasis-like, it has
Its own delights, its pleasant atmosphere,
Its song and laughter, and its hearts that know
Not doubt, that breathe but faith and loyalty.
The Sun shines ever there—the Sun of Love,
And trust is there, an angel with white wings,
And tenderness with seraph face and form,
And truth, and purity divinely fair
And self-forgetting, which does know no care
But for the other's good, and little
Children, offspring of chastest love, the dew
Of Heaven still upon their hearts, and its
Spotless innocence on their pure white souls.
O blessed home! O well the poets sang,
"Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall."

EARTH'S DIVINEST THING. (1895.)

Oh, life is vast and very sweet and fair!
So full of wonders pulsing everywhere;
So full of glory, from the deeps of sky
To the dim glade where sweeps the water by;
So full of grandeur where the mountain height
Stands face to face with Morning's dawning light,
And where the Sea clasps all the many shores,
And, voiced with power, its diapason pours
In full wave-thunder when the Storm awakes,
And in its wrath the coast's firm bastions shakes.

How like a child the quiet Summer day,
Breathing of calm and sweetness and the May
Of blossoming; birds sing, the light leaves dance,
The butterfly and bee in dalliance
Touch bud and opening blossom tenderly,
Wafting sweet undertones of melody
That set the wide, sweet air attune with song,
Borne through the hidden silences along
Until we hear sounds that we cannot hear
Save with the quickening of the spirit's ear.

O God's great world is ever full of song!
Divinely uttered, and ever, all along
Its hidden ways, from grass-blade to the Sun,
Do its great harp-strings, full of music, run;
Light has its voices, Night its many strings,
Which some sound touches and as quickly flings
Into the vastness which about us lies,
Deeper than Earth and vaster than the skies.

But of all things most wonderful to me,
The highest, purest, is the mystery
Of loving—the full reach of soul to soul,
Of heart to heart, lying beyond control
Of selfish purpose. Is there aught so dear,
So marvelously glad'ning in this sphere
Of earth-life as this ever-blessed thing
In which self dies, and selfishness takes wing?

LOVE'S WISHES TO A BRIDE. (1896.)

O wedding bells! find tongues of song!
Ring sweet, ring clear, ring glad, ring long!
O Day! that climbs the morning's blue!
Come robed with sunbeams, with the gold
Of shining light, make Earth as fair
As Eden's morn when Time was new
And gladness wandered everywhere,
And love its first sweet story told.

O June! fill all your fragrant heart
With tender care for her whose part
Is in your bridals, who today
Takes from your hand the gifts you bring—
The crown of Wifehood—jewel it
With brightest years which never may
Be sorrow-dimmed—O let them flit
Each one as fair as days of Spring!

O starry skies! bend bright above
This bridal hour of youth and love;
Roses of trust forever bloom;
Lilies of hope unfold most fair
Along their path, and wedded truth
Be fairer in its later noon
Than in its golden morn of youth.
God bless and keep you everywhere!

IF LOVE WERE DEAD. (1897.)

My joyous heart today drinks deep of life's
Sweet wine, as do the stars drink sunlight and
The Earth its dew, and as the sea drinks Earth's
Great rivers, as they run down to its deeps,
Their voices glad with joy of strength, and filled
With melody of beauty and rhythmed
Flow of crystal tides, which mirror the far
Skies and all of Day's fair face; and when comes
The soft-breathing Night, she drops her many
Stars into the water's breast to dream, and
There they sleep; although the river rushes
On, with still its waters cradling them, their
Lullabies of sweetness filling all the
Night. Even so doth love cradle my heart,
While all the rivers of my soul run to
Its mighty sea, while the bright skies of hope
Shine with its sun, and the many stars of
Tender thought gleam in the under-tides that
Ever roll and fill the boundless ocean
Of my love's immensity. Oh, soulless
Would life be if love were dead! Each
Shining star would then go out in darkness,
And Hope would lay her golden-tressed head
Upon the block, and grim Despair, with strong
Relentless arm, would smite it with the axe
Of Death. Men would fight like beasts, and hew each
Other down with swords of hate and utter
Selfishness. The home, too, would be blotted
Out, and little children, offspring of lust,
Would drink no more the milk of mother-love,
But bitter waters from the streams of cold

Neglect and death. All song would die, and all
Melody be hushed, and all light fade within
Each silent chamber of the heart, and God—
Yes, God would die if love were dead, for He
Is Love, and we are only like Him when
We love. Then how would Earth make saddest moan
And crumble into nothingness, and all
Soul-life turn to ashes! Chaos would
Spring from beneath Love's pyre, and Hell itself
Anything, if God were not.

O man! 'tis Love that lights the Sun and stars,
And guides the circling spheres for aye through their
Vast orbits; that holds the Ocean in the hollow
Of His hand; and draws the flowing rivers
To its deep; that clothes the fair, sweet Earth with
Loveliness, and fills its air with fragrance;
That gives to soul its life, and to the heart its voice
Of melting tenderness, its swelling tides
Of joy and planets the "home, sweet home," where are
Set "the solitary in families,"
And the divine in man is born anew
And nurtured, and Heaven's own light shines forth,
Reflected in the blessed love of Earth.

THE TRUE WOMAN. (1898.)

[Written for a meeting of the Woman's Parliament assembled at Redlands.]

Down Time's broad path we'll walk awhile today—
Walk backward o'er the long and shadowed way
The race has trod since first Time's morning broke,
And, fair as light, in Eden's garden woke
The perfect Mother of the Human Race;
Perfect in beauty, modesty and grace,
Grand in the grandeur of that love which makes
A woman royal, and which ever takes
Self from her vision, showing to her eyes
Earth's needy ones, whom through self-sacrifice,
Or kindly word, or ready outstretched hand,
She may lift up and help them yet to stand
On nobler heights. Woman as God made thee!—
Creation's crown!—let us turn back and see
What was thy glory, what made womanhood
The best of all things God pronounced as good.
O eyes of mine, O longing vision! see
The vast unfoldings of infinity,
Walk softly down the path that man has trod,
Since sinless stood he face to face with God.

O Mother Eve! Lone mother of thy race,
Young Time it was that smiled into thy face,
That stood before thee, nothing was behind,
But God was near. O first of womankind!
Fair, new-created, thou didst feel the thrill
Of His hand's touch as if it lingered still
Upon thy forehead, and thy heart did keep,
Like the rich perfume of the blossoms sweet,
Adam's first words of greeting. Love crowned thee
With nobler grace than that of royalty.

Thus in that garden, where the Past began,
Stood woman, helpmeet of the perfect man;
Who came as comes the blessed light of Day
To the dark Earth when Night had passed away.
All things were brighter for her being there—
E'en sinless Eden was itself more fair,
And Adam stood with grander mien of grace
To meet the marvel of that woman's face.
Hers the great calm of trust; serene she stood
In the pure majesty of womanhood,
Nor questioned ever which the greater, she
Or the man Adam. The great royalty
Of perfect purpose was around her there
In everything: in the sweet lucid air,
Thrilling with bird-song, pulsing with the light
Of the new-made Sun gleaming in the white
Face of the opening lily's flower,
And in the glory of that morning hour
When Earth is fairest; in the breezes low,
And in the music of the river's flow.
A hush fell on her spirit, to her soul
A deep sense of reverent worship stole,
Holding her heart captive. To be and do
That which is highest, holiest and true
Did her soul yearn for; self passed from sight,
As stars pass from our vision in the light
Of the glad Morning, when the golden Day
Laughs on the hilltops, and love held its sway
Over her soul, born with her perfect life,
And waked to music by the name of wife
When Adam spake. 'Twas then the Home had birth,
And for the coming races of the Earth
Brightened the future; it stood out divine,
Luminous with glory. The way did shine
As if sunlighted, and Eve's gladdened eyes,
Filled with the beauty of the earth and skies,
And the sweet greatness of her woman's soul,
Turned unto God and Adam, and the whole
Pure Eden atmosphere enfolding them
Breathed in an ecstacy of gladness when
Eve spoke, and the Day put fresh glory on,
And looked with prouder face unto the Sun;
The flowers seemed crowding closer as if near
They would bloom lovelier; all things hushed to hear
Her first earth utterance. 'Twas as if her lips
Were soul-anointed, and, self in an eclipse,
Saw God and Adam only, or, still more,
God's purpose in her being. A smile o'er
Her bright face stole, as does o'er the flower
Steal the glad sunbeam, while the hour
Tingled with beauty; and then, low and sweet,
As 'twere some blossom breathing at their feet
A perfumed melody, did Eve's voice break
The waiting silence, and at once did make
Sound perfect music. Ah! what words were these
Owning her joy in being? Symphonies
Of trust were they. Waiting to be and do
All that her God would have her. Adam, too,
With his white soul, strong, sinless, half divine,
Echoed her utterance, while at the shrine

Of her pure womanliness he, thought-wise,
Gave highest reverence, and his glad eyes—
His starry eyes—grew brighter as to him
His life's full completeness seemed to brim
Th' perfect cup of being. Two souls as one
Into that morning of Young Time had come;
She holding her own soul in her glad eyes,
He reading it in joy and sweet surprise,
Glad that God made him greater, giving her;
She, glad to be thus given, without a blur
Upon her new life's page, to find her place,
With the warm light of his proud, tender face
Shining upon her; and to walk with him
Within the path of Duty, sometimes dim,
But leading heavenward always. O divine
This self-forgetting! Woman, it is thine
To walk like Eve, self in eclipse, elate
In thoughts for others, great, most truly great
When thus thou livest, with no outreaching hand
Grasping for place and rule, feeding on husks
Of vain Ambition; waiting as in th' dusk
Of tyrants' power, when woman was a slave,
And then a plaything, and her heart the grave
Of noblest hopes, when vainly she sought to climb
The grand highways of Progress; for her time
Had not then ripened, deeds not blossomed yet
That should yield fruitage, though the soil was wet
With tears of struggling effort. But today
The darkness of that age has passed away;
In this great moment of the present she
May rule by might of gentle purity,
May tread the highways of man's highest thought,
Where the great battles for the Right are fought.
Open for her is every gate that leads
To God's grand purposes, where wisdom feeds
And the world brightens. Woman, be
Strong in the promise of thy destiny!
Earth hath no power to work for human good
So vast and grand as gracious womanhood.

THE TRUE WOMAN AND HOME.

The shadows fall across the quiet hearth,
The eventide draws near; the golden Sun
Is sinking in the West where stars have birth—
The many stars, so soon as Day is done.

How soft the murmur of the breathing winds—
Their tender whispers 'mid the perfumed leaves
Of climbing rose and blossom-yielding vines,
Whose clinging arms embrace the drooping eaves.

The gurgling laughter from the baby's lips
Gladdens the air like music in the night,
For joy seems oozing from his finger tips,
And all his soul is full of sweet delight.

He smiling leans upon his mother's breast;
Her eyes his heaven; his cradle her fond arms;
His world the tender lap where he does rest,
All love-enveloped, safe from danger's harms.

The gate-latch clicks, a manly step is heard;
The mother's eyes grow luminous with joy,
Her pulse-beats quicken, all her heart is stirred
With welcome for the father of her boy.

The love-light in her eyes is like a Sun;
How Earth's cares slip away within their light,
Life's burdens drop; he brings not even one;
Love crowds them quickly from his thoughts and sight.

The table spread in spotless white is seen,
The silver sparkles and the soft lights glow;
The baby's laughter ripples in between
The tides of talk in joyous ebb and flow.

O home, sweet home! True womanhood's desire
Is like the stars which waiteth for the Sun,
Glad to let melt the softness of its fire
In the bright beams from which its light is won.

MAN. (1901.)

How glorious the golden sunset light,
When the whole West aflame with brightness lies,
And the grand mountains in their splendor rise,
Reflecting all the radiance of the skies,
Their rocky crests transfigured and as bright
As if a sun were cradled on each height.

It often seems as if some sky-built door
Had backward swung until we could behold
The land beyond the stars, with streets of gold,
Where Time's great waters never yet have rolled,
And Being's vastness broadens evermore
Beyond the limits of this earthly shore.

How the mind wanders gropingly and blind
Through the great starry region overhead;
Thought's fleetest wings are evermore outspread,
And onward to infinity are led,
Beyond the mighty forces of the wind,
Seeking Creation's outmost bounds to find.

But the mind staggers as the Vast unfolds,
Lost in its littleness, and dumb it lies,
An atom 'mid infinity of skies,
'Mid worlds on worlds that to its vision rise.
O great Creator! who all matter holds
Within the hollow of His hand, and moulds

Each circling world within its orbit's space,
And counts the stars and calls them all by name,
And lights each sun with its unceasing flame—
Its glorious path through ages still the same,
Casting its beams in their allotted place,
O Man! look up, be glad, adore,
We bend in reverence before Thy face.

O what is Man that Thou shouldst mindful be
Of him? A spark from Thine own being shed,
Create to dwell with Thee when Time is dead,
When starry worlds have like a shadow fled.
O the high grandeur of his destiny
As heir, through Christ, of Immortality!

The stars veil their bright faces in God's light,
Th' Sun seems dark, its radiance is so dim
Beside the wondrous splendor shed by Him
Who is the Light. The blessed seraphim
Do worship Him, their angel faces bright
With His unhindered glory, and their sight

Brightens like moons that shed their dark eclipse,
But high above them, heaven in his face,
See the redeemed of this our sinful race,
Whom Christ hath lifted to the highest place,
Next His own throne, where, from the dear Christ's lips
The sacred story of forgiveness slips.

For Christ is thine forevermore;
From sin redeemed through Him we rise
To highest realm in Paradise.

II. (1895.)

O Day! O Night! what mystery is yours!
What wide world-sweeps the silent skies do hold!
In them does vast infinity unfold,
Soundless and ceaseless; each orbit lures
Its starry traveler where space endures,
Vast as God's thoughts and boundless as His will;
But still, O soul of mine! yet still
Vaster art thou than all things; no such span
Measures the stars as that which measures Man.

The Undiscovered Country.

"The sun sank lower, and dark'ning shadows fell on Olivet."

LAZARUS.

The day had broken fair o'er sleeping
Bethany. With diamond luster fell
The warm, bright sunshine o'er the swooning plains
And sleeping hills. The breezes, winged with
Coolness, with but the lightest pulses stirred
The Summer air, and the thinnest veil of
Quivering heat lay like a misty blur
On the bright landscape. Behind, fair as a
Dream, its pleasant slopes looking to the Sun,
As forth it came from the dusky arms of Night,
The lovely Mount of Olives rose, a
Tireless sentinel, where waved the pale,
Silvered leaves of sighing olive boughs, which
Shed their cool rain of shimmering shadows
Upon the summer-dried and thirsty soil.

'Twas here within these quiet streets, o'erarched
By waving boughs, and flooded with the song
Of birds, whose Summer nests were hidden by
The silver of the olive leaf, and by
The swaying palm, that Jesus often walked,
As bent his weary feet toward the loved home
Of Lazarus, where busy Martha dwelt,
And gentle Mary. Lovely was Mary,
Her white lids, with their long, golden fringes
Drooping above the clear azure of her
Wondrous eyes, beneath the perfect arch of
Her snowy forehead, her cheeks smooth-rounded,
And touched with dimples, like a child's, and a
Rosy flush sweeping in delicate waves
Across their velvet softness. Her lips were
Curved like the strung bow made ready for the
Arrow's flying; and gentleness lurked in
All their lines, and there sweetness lay cradled,
And soul of tenderness, transforming her,
Until it seemed as heaven shone in her
Lips and face. Bird-songs were not as sweet
As were her gentle tones, and her glad smile
Warmed one like sunbeams. And Lazarus loved
Her. She was his comforter and solace,
And hand in hand they oft did steal away
From bustling Martha's presence, and together
Talk of the lowly Nazarene, whose coming
Often blessed them, and whom they revereneed
As the Christ, the Son of God, and so Him did worship.
But now Lazarus, the beloved
Was sick. In all his veins the consuming
Fever burned. For days he'd tossed upon his
Couch, and oft his eyes turned a-seeking for
A presence that he missed, and his lips moved
Beseechingly; and yet no sound he uttered,
For speech died there upon his tongue, slain by
The o'ermastering demon of Disease.

But Mary knew for whom his spirit yearned,
And in brokenness of her heart she murmured
Oft, "Why cometh not the Master?" But still
He stayed and came not.

On that morn the day
Had broken sultry. Not a single
Leaf stirred in all the pulseless air. The hot
Sun burned scorchingly, and steely lines of
Heat quivered before the vision. Not a
Cloud dimmed all the wide expanse of blue,
But all the world seemed swooning in the
Shriveling heat. The sick man moaned and in
His wild delirium tossed restlessly
Upon his couch. The window of his chamber
Opened toward Jerusalem, and lifting
Her white hand from his still whiter forehead,
Mary, when she had soothed him by her gentle
Touch, would rise with steps as noiseless as the
Wind's across a field of wheat, and from the
Open casement look, with eyes filled full of
Longing, down the long olive-shaded way,
Toward where the Holy Temple's towers were
Gleaming, and Jerusalem was cradled
In the splendor of the unhindered light,
Ever the same sad whisper upon her
Troubled lips: "Why cometh not the Master?"

The Sun sank lower, and dark'ning shadows
Fell on Olivet. Again the streets of
Bethany awoke to breathing life, and
Sounding footfalls came and went, and many
Stayed a moment at the door to learn of
Lazarus—was his fever less, and had
The Master, whom he loved, come yet to heal?
"Strange! strange!" they whispered, as they turned away,
"Why he doth tarry."

Night passed, and o'er the
Still gray heights Dawn pressed. The ashen olive
Leaves stirred tremulously in the faint breeze,
The purple shadows melted in the East,
Which grew warm with rosy flushes. Bright tints
Of amber and a crimson flood of light
Fell like a mantle on the towering
Heights, and the wide East waxed into the
Golden splendor of the new-born Day. The
Glory streamed in a long lance of living
Light, and fell upon the pillow pressed by
The pale cheek of Lazarus. Like a crown
It lay a moment on his forehead. But
His breath so feebly came that Mary bent
Her ear to list if breath were there. A quick,
Faint flutter, then his eyes unclosed. His lips,
Moving in broken whispers, said, "Dear
Master, come!" Then like white snowflakes fell his

Heavy lids o'er eyes dim with the eclipse
Of Death. His chest ceased heaving. Then a swift, faint
Shudder ran through all his frame, and Lazarus
Was dead.

The soft winds came laden with the
Breath of violet and the lily white, and
Holding the coolness of the dew, and its
Light wings bore bird-song and the melody of
The happy lark, which made melodious
Pathway to the skies. Sweet incense rose from
The far Temple's altars, and their smoke looked
Like pale fingers pointing unto Heaven.
But Mary saw it not, nor took note of
The fair morning. Her young head, with its bright
Aureole of golden hair, was bowed upon
Her hands, which lay like white lilies on the
Couch where Lazarus slept. Not paler was
Her brother's pallid cheek than the snowy
Whiteness of her own, rounded to perfect
Beauty. Her lips were ashen, too, as they
Made moan: "Dear Master, hadst Thou been here, my
Brother had not died!" Yet still he came not.

Four days had passed—days sorrow-filled,
For in his stone-wrought Sepulcher had been
Laid away he whom Death had claimed,
Noble and well-beloved Lazarus. Martha
Was busy in the house, and sought to crush
Her sorrow in her daily tasks. Yet she
Wrought silently, and on her lips a strong
Fixed pressure hardened them to look of
Sternness. But Mary sat alone within
The chamber where Lazarus died, close by
The open casement, and with eyes fixed on
The familiar street, so often trodden
By the Savior's feet, as came He to their
Home to tarry with them for a night of
Rest; and now and then, as lifting her drenched
Lids she would make moan, "Where art Thou, Master?
O Lazarus loved thee well! and hadst thou
Been with him he had not died." Pale as the
Moon's white mist she sat so sorrow-touched, so broken
With her grief. But at length a step she hears,
And someone calls her name. She lists with heart
Throbbing tumultously: "Mary, the
Master cometh and calleth for thee." Swift
Riseth she, and with trembling feet makes haste
To seek Him.

O the sad beauty of His
Face! The pitying tenderness within
His eyes, as Mary, wan as pale moonbeams,
Falleth at His feet, and clutching at His
Garment's hem, cries sobbingly, "Hadst Thou been
Here my brother had not died."
What was it
Burst upon her ear, smiting her words, and
Hushing the pulses of her soul, and melting
It with tender pity for another's
Woe? O dying world, be still! O sin-cursed
Earth! God's pitying love enfolds thee. That
Face divine that o'er the sorrowing
Mary bent was wet with tears, for "Jesus
Wept." O holy Nazarene! O God made
Manifest in flesh! Thy love is round us
Like the atmosphere, and thou dost pour
The wine of Hope upon the troubled heart;
Breathe not, O winds! while breathless there
The gathered throng doth stand about the grave
Of Lazarus.

List, and let your hearts leap
'Mid your tears, and Hope touch Sorrow with her
Holy hand, lighting her eyes with gladness.
O all Earth's voices! be ye dumb while speaks
The Nazarene:
"I am the Resurrection
And the Life. He that believeth on me,
Though he were dead, yet he shall live." Mary
Has hushed her tears and risen to her feet;
Her eyes are fixed upon her Lord. A smile
Has touched her lips, and as one entranced she
Stands waiting His will:
"Roll ye the stone
Away!" All breathless stands the multitude,
While from the yawning Sepulcher the stone
Is rolled. Such silence then! No breath or sound.
A moment, and then with lifted hand, and
Mien majestic, Christ moveth toward the tomb,
And then the still air hears his voice ringing
With power. The waiting multitude close
Round. What do they hear? The singing-bird hath
Hushed its voice, and not a leaf stirred on the
Olive trees.
"Lazarus, come forth!" The
Multitude stood trembling, filled with a
Solemn awe. A shadow stirs within the
Sepulcher. A white-robed form is seen. It
Moveth slowly yet steadily, and lo!
Bound hand and foot, into the broad sunlight
Lazarus doth come. The crowd stirs not for
Wonder and for awe.

"Loose him and let him
Go," low saith the Master. Then moveth Martha
Forward with swift steps to loose his bands,
And there upright in the bright day, the glow
Of health warm in his cheeks, and his eyes filled
With the radiance of strong manhood's prime,
Death hath found its Conqueror.
Lazarus stands forth before them all.

HEART WEARINESS.

O land above the stars!
How far away are ye—the golden bars
That lie between this earthly realm of ours
And blessed life, and heaven's unfading flowers?
I sometimes long to go,
For I grow weary often here below
Of earthly life and its heart loneliness,

And long for larger life and purer holiness.
Each soul at times must stand
On solitary places where no hand
Can touch its springs, no thought but God's own thought.
Divine its longings, which earth-life answers not.
How oft I feel alone,
As if in this great universe were none
But me, but me and God, and sometimes He is far
As farthest planet, or fixed, shining star.

I feel sometimes so cold
As if no human love did me enfold,
As if I were adrift on some far, shoreless sea,
No soul to hear, no tongue to answer me.

And then I kneel to pray,
And soon I feel my Father come my way,
And lo! within my heart this voice I hear,
"Look up, my child, behold thy Father near."

How fades my sorrow then!
How brightens thought, as does the old Earth when
Night slippeth down before the golden Dawn,
And out of darkness comes the glorious Morn.

Oh, only here is rest!
In God's great fullness only are we blest.
His love is like Earth's blessed atmosphere,
Above, around, within us, everywhere.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Life! it is boundless, and my heart doth leap
At its full meaning, at the endless sweep
Of man's own being, which can never die,
Born as it is to immortality.
Death is but rest, a pause in Being's day;
'Tis not the end, 'tis but the unknown way
That we must enter when our footsteps tend
To larger life. O Death! to thee I bend,
Seeing the angel in thee, for thy hand
Is tender to God's children when they stand
Upon the borderland, and thou wilt set
The gates ajar for them, nor ever let
Them lose one blessed ray that shineth clear
Through these same gates upon Earth's atmosphere.
No night is there, and thou dost bridge the way
With beams of faith, although thy waters may
Seem troubled sometime, yet the bridge is strong,
The passage safe, the way will not be long,
And on the other side our Father stands,
Life's crown of glory in His waiting hands.

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

Out from the East the milk-white camels came
Laden with spicy sweets. Myrrh and frankincense
Fragrant to the senses, and treasures rare
They brought from the far Orient. Upon
The desert's silences brave was the sheik
Who dwelt, and who there within his tent had
Heard a voice from out the midnight skies, a
Voice speaking into his heart, telling him of the
Coming One whom the bright star should harbinger.
How yearned his soul for this mysterious
Visitant to Earth! How He should come he
Wot not, whether in mighty state, and in
Kingly purple robed, with a crown of gold, stoned
With its precious stones, wearing heaven's glory
On his forehead, even as the Day wears
Its clear shining Sun, or as an angel,
Winged with the power of Seraphim, and
By His simple presence bringing Peace. With-
In the door of his white tent he mused while
O'er him all the stars of midnight shone, and
The soft desert airs blow balmy upon
His brow. A son of Ishmael, he had
Heard of the divine Jehovah, and Him
He reverently worshiped, and now in
Each soft breeze which blew he seemed to hear His
Voice bidding him arise and seek the
Promised One. Glad was the thrill which all his
Spirit stirred, and in devotion wrapt, with
Brow bared, and his white hair stirred by the breeze
Of Araby, he lifted up his heart
In thankfulness, then sought his couch for rest.
The morninng dawned, and he while yet the day
Was cool, and whispering breezes stirred the
Branches of the palm, set out upon his
Camel, white as the milk of kine. Alone
For a time he journeyed, when lifting up
His eyes at length, as morning brightened and
The midday heat drew on, as nearing an
Oasis green, two other travelers
He saw draw near. Saluting, they did each
To each do reverence, then from the mid-
Day heat sought shelter in the emerald
Coolness 'neath the branching palm whose shadows
Dropped like rain upon the oasis' breast.
Here rested they until the Eve drew near
And lengthening shadows told of lessening heat,
And here the noble Ishmaelite told them
Of his quest. Wise men were they, and learned in
All the knowledge of the East, and in wrapt
Wonder they did hear the marvelous story,
And as he made ready to move on they spake:
"O noblest of the desert sons, if
So we may, we will journey with thee, and
Seek with thee the coming King."
"Peace be with
Thee and thine,' he answered, "and hasten with me."

Night drew, with jeweled fingers, her soft,
Starry curtain o'er the world. Cool blew the
Breezes, touching caressingly their foreheads
And each bronzed cheek; when, lo! at length
A glory shone about their pathway, and
Looking up, beheld the wondrous Star. Then
Each, alighting, knelt upon the white sands
Of the desert's floor, bathed in the full
Refulgence of its light, while on their ears fell
Faint and far strains of celestial harmony.

Again they journeyed on, and night and day
Lo! shines the Star and leadeth them until
Before them rise the gates of Bethlehem.
The sunset light is fading from its towers,
The olive's leaves stir with faint-sighing, and
The cedars breathe but softly. All Nature,
Touched with peace, seems lying in a dream.
Scarce has the heavenly chorus died upon
The holy place. Out from the East, as if
God's glory were unveiled, with added
Radiance bursts the wondrous Star. It leadeth
Them, and following in its shining path
They reach the place o'er which it lingers.
Oh, breathless are they! and with uncovered
Heads, and hearts throbbing with new joy, they enter,
No throne is there. No monarch in his royal
Purple. No crown set on the brow of kingly
Conqueror. No wondrous-winged Seraphim.
Only within a humble manger laid
A little babe. But with prophetic eyes
They see in Him the world's Redeemer. They
Catch anew the angel's chorus, "Peace on
Earth, good will to men!" Reverently they
Kneel, and with uncovered heads they worship,
Then ope they their treasures, even as
Men shall open yet their hearts and pour the
Treasures of their love before His feet.

Near two thousand years have passed and still we sing
Of Bethlehem's babe; and still we worship,
Not as child but King; and still the treasures
Of our service and our love we give—Faith's
Sweet frankincense and myrrh of Sorrow
Sanctified, whose fragrance is divine, and
Still we sing of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

LOOK UP.

O Soul of mine! when on thee presses sore
Life's heavy burdens and its loneliness,
With earnest crying I do thee implore
To look not earthward, for not blessedness
Or sweet surcease from sorrow cometh thence.
Earth hath no gladness and no recompense
To answer all thy infinite desire,
Or give thee all to which thou doth aspire.

Oh, there are lonely Sinais where flash
Grief's awful lightnings, rending all thy sky,
And wide, lone deserts void of tenderness,
Where is forever heard the mournful crash
Of broken trusts, while scathing Cruelty
Hides in sharp words that on thy wounds do press
Like two-edged swords; and, all bayoneted,
Indifference thrusts thee where Love instead
Should give soft words and tender healing bring.

Yet, Soul, look up! let not thy spirit's wing
Be broken thus, for heaven lieth near;
Above the clouds God's sun is shining still,
And His great over-heart, O Soul! doth hear
Thy lightest sigh; and though He scourgeth thee
Sometimes with sorrow, yet I know he will
Girt thee with gladness, and thy life shall be
Stronger for struggling, gladder for its tears,
When through the mist the Isle of Peace appears.

THE WORLD'S FIRST SABBATH.

God's work was done. In infinite space, whose
Vastness human thought can never traverse,
Or e'en approach the nearest outpost of
Its limitless extent, the Maker's hand
Had hung the starry spheres, system within
System, till all the deeps of air were star-
Spangled, wide as the reach of the eternal
Years, whose countless cycles had seen new worlds
Set in their mighty circles through all
The vast universe of God. Day had been
Born, and above the angry deep of seas
Hung the blue firmament. The new-
Created Sun warmed all the sapphire skies;
The Moon's bright orb shed silver beams upon
The emerald Earth; the dew poured its first
Baptism upon the flowers, whose
Fragrant incense filled the fresh new world with
Sweetness; birds sang their matin hymns in notes
That e'en the Seraphim bent low to hear,
And in the Garden planted by God's hand
Was heard the murmurous roll of rivers
Wide, and crystal waterfalls poured the soft
Rhythm of their silver tides into the
Moss-rimmed pools that slept in the cool shadows
Of the interlacing boughs. Soft breezes
Swayed the orange-laden trees, and fruits, such
As we now search all the wide world o'er
To find, in the unhindered sunshine of
The Garden hung, ripened to full perfection
Adown the flower-gemmed walks, each step
Pressing rich perfume from the fragrant
Blossoms, came Adam with his sinless Eve,
Her hair falling in golden tresses to
Her feet, her face of lily whiteness, save
Where her cheek was touched with a delicate
Pink, like that which lay upon the petals
Of the peach's bloom; her eyes, blue as the
Cloudless deep of skies, uplifted to his
Face, filled with the sunshine of her woman's
Soul.

And God, the Maker, walked with them, and
Looking round on all things, He pronounced them
"Good." And so He set his seal upon the
Works that He had made, and on Creation
Placed His hallowed crown—the Sabbath of His
Rest—God's benediction to the world He
Loved.

EASTER MORNING.

Three days had passed since the dumb Earth was rent
With frightened anguish, and darkness drowned the
Brightness of the Day, while yet the Sun hung
High in the o'erarching skies, which bent
In scared wonder above the awful scene

Of cross-crowned Calvary. The Sun saw there
Its Maker—God Incarnate—Him who at
Creation's dawn had said, "Let there be light!"
And, lo! the Sun sprang to his circling track,
And the stars heard, and planetary spheres
All answered to His bidding. The deeps of
Infinite air were peopled with unnumbered
Worlds, which broke into ecstatic song, that
Onward rolled, a sea of melody, which
All space filled, and its symphonous waves
Swelled with divinest sweetness on the far
Shores of the celestial heavens, where shines
God's glory forth, "unhindered and undarkened
By a sun."

But not as Creator now,
Peopling the mighty voids of space by His
World-creative voice; not as the Father
Of the human race, from whose lips first came
The breath of life to Adam's frame, till he
Became a living soul, hangs Christ on
Calvary; but as the world's Redeemer,
Bearing its sins, and with His nail-pierced hand
Opening again the door which Sin had closed
'Twixt man and heaven. O Love divine! O
Mercy infinite! O mystery of
Redemption! which e'en angelic hosts can
Fathom never: higher than they it lifts
Us, nearer to Him who was our sacrifice.

The Morning dawns. Soft blows the fragrant winds
O'er Judea's hills. The leaves stir gently
With a whispering breath of melody.
The bird-notes tremble with a sound of praise.
The leaping brooks have caught new tones of gladness,
And their waters ring with harmonious
Undertones of song. Heaven's lamps are lit,
And all the starry worlds in the clear blue
Twinkle with rapture. How like triumphant
Anthem roll Jordan's waters! Flowers ope
Their petals, and on the wide air pour their
Fragrant incense. Like lute-strings stir the winds
The slender grasses. Then, lo! a hush! The
World of Nature breathless stands, as if it
Felt divinest Presence breathing in its
Air. The dim, starlit Dawn is pulseless, and
The far skies, with all their circling spheres, are
Silent. But lo! a light breaks in them which
Is not of sun or star, and the Dawn hears
The sweep of wings and sees the light of
Angel pinions. Down through the deeps of air,
While all the stars bow down their faces, come
The angelic two. Jerusalem is
Wrapped in slumber, and heavy lids close over
The eyes of those who wept at Calvary,
Their hearts the sepulchers of holy hopes.
The gilded spires and domes of Israel's
Temple are wrapped in shadow, and the rent
Veil hangs parted still before the holy
Place. Softly the smoke of incense rises
Like a ghostly finger to the skies. But
Not to sacred temple, where perfumed
Incense burns, wing the swift Seraphim their
Way, but to a lonely garden, lying
Near to Calvary, where is the quiet
Sepulcher in which the Crucified doth
Sleep. There, veiling for a time their faces
Bright with their celestial wings, silent a
Moment stand they, while heaven seems drawing
Near. O pause 'twixt Death and Life! O moment
Pregnant to our sinful race! Break into
Singing, O ye mountain heights! and clap your
Hands, ye hills which circle round, and all Earth's
Thousand voices, join ye in the song of triumph!

Down stoop the Seraphim, and with angelic
Hands roll they the stone away from the
Door of that still sepulcher. O Death! here
Comes thy Conqueror. The garments of the
Grave slip from him, as bend the angels there
In their rejoicing worship.

O Easter dawn, O day so blest!
Earth's millions lift their eyes,
Faith sees the pathway through the tomb
To life and Paradise.

WHAT AM I?

Oh, I would love, could it but be, to take
This wondrous soul of mine within my hand,
And then with largest spirit vision stand
To learn the self of me, that which doth make
To thought, that of me which alone can slake
Its love and high ideals, true and grand,
Within th' infinite sea of being, and,
Stronger than Death to endless Life may wake,
When Time shall die, and Earth itself shall be
Less than a shadow, vanished endlessly.
Oh! I, what am I? Can I be a spark
Dropped from God's being? A speck of thought dust-born
Into the mystery of earth life dark,
Waiting God's touch to bring life's better morn?
I am God-made, this truth I surely know,
And till God ceases I shall never cease,
And when for me shall end Time's restless flow
My soul shall reach the fullness of God's peace.

SHALL WE NOT HAIL IT?

The winds breathe softly as if half asleep,
Or run all silent-footed 'mid the flowers
Which dream upon the lap of Summer hours
That pass so quickly, all sun-winged and fleet,

Until the Night comes with its many stars,
Lifting the curtain of the Vast, which lies
Within the deep infinity of skies,
Across which daylight throws its golden bars.

What should we know of life and of Creation wide
Did not sweet, velvet-footed Darkness come
To lift our eyelids when the Day is done,
To other worlds beyond Time's flowing tide?

Or what of joy were not sometimes our eyes
Tear-dimmed and saddened by some heavy woe,
Which makes us pray for comfort till we know
Our Father hears, down-bending from the skies?

Heaven lieth very near, the thinnest veil
Shuts it from sight, and there Our Father stands,
With tender mercies filling both His hands—
His outstretched hands that we shall see when pale

We rest serene upon great-bosomed Death,
Who will, uplifting, take our souls and bear
Them tenderly to God's own loving care,
And bid us live with Him when fails our earthly breath.

Ah, that sweet night-time with its morning near,
Its Morn of peace and blessed life to be,
With all the fullness of Eternity!
Shall we not hail it when it draweth near?

"GOOD-NIGHT, DEAR ONE!"

(Mrs. Jennie Damarin.)

With folded hands like lilies white, and sweet
Eyes closed, and lips with silence touched, she sleeps.
And yet she wakes. Death hath swung wide the door
To longer life, to fairer morning. The
Father whom she loved hath sent for her,
Bidding her home; and there was but one path
By which her feet could go—the white, still path
Which lieth through the Grave, and there
Within its portals mortality did
Slip from her, and all the chains of Earth, and
All its sorrows and its cares, and the new
Life dawned, and gladness wrapped her like a
Garment. Ah, how fragrant her memory
Will be! Her smile was sunshine, and her
Speech was gentleness and tenderness, and
Her face was like a flower, a lily
In its purity. Her lips dropped only
Pleasant words, and she was glad in life, and
Her soul was full of joy in all things fair;
And how tender was her heart for those
Whom sorrow touched, or suffering! Gentle
Her ministry, and thoughtful her watchful
Love. Ah! can we wonder that God loved her
And took her home?

Good-night, dear one, until
The time shall come when we shall say, "Good morn!"

THE SWEETS OF PARADISE.

(On the death of a child. 1866.)

Why should we weep when our children pass
From us to Heaven? Grim Death is but an
Angel in disguise, who brings the summons
From those shining shores, and round their pure
Young spirits throws the robes of immortality.
A crown in Heaven was waiting, and the
Name it bore was Imogene, writ there by
Him who loveth little children. An harp
Was voiceless, waiting for the touch of tiny
Fingers. A white robe lay, all spotless made
By the redeeming blood of Him who in
His bosom bears the tender lambs, and round
It, like a vine, bordering the garment's
Hem, traced in the soft glory of Heaven's
Alphabet, was still the name of Imogene.
And so the summons came. Ye laid her on
Her couch, and night and day watched by her with
Fond and tender love, longing to keep her
Here.

Like a flower, unfolding day by day
In the warm sunlight, alway she had grown
More lovely.
Ye did not deem the while, as
Ye watched the bright unfolding, that your bud
Was blossoming for Heaven. But so it was!
The fragrance stealing into the spirit's
Tender petals was not to shed its sweetness
On the desert air of earth. The sweets
Of Paradise were not complete without
It. The crown, the harp, the robe were ready,
And so your darling in her glad young years
Went home.

LIFE'S SUNSET SEA. (1876.)

Oh, the golden-haired Day is dying
Afar in the shadowy West,
And the crimson-robed Clouds are flying
In troops to the place of her rest.

Not a pulse is astir in the ether,
Not a whisper comes down from the sky,
Not a star that makes moan or a murmur
As fades the soft light from her eye.

But Night, as a dusty-robed mourner,
Kneels down with her shadow and pall,
And over the bier of the Daylight
Lets the beautiful moonbeams fall.

And out from the dew and the silence
The glory of starlight is born,
And Night whispers, "Out from the darkness
Cometh ever the beauty of Morn."

So out of the darkness of dying
Comes the beautiful life to be;
The palm, and the crown and the glory
Lie over life's sunset sea.

GATES AJAR. (1876.)

. . . . I looked, last eve, upon the rosy bar
The sunset flung across the glowing West,
And wished some hand would set the gates ajar,
And let me enter through them into rest.
Yet would I go, life's labor still unwrought
And hope for heavenly joy and holy calm?
Could I thus gain the rest for which I sought
If, faithless here, I had not won my palm?

FAITH. (1878.)

My bark is drifting toward a shoreless sea—
The great grand ocean of the vast To Be.

And by and by Death's tidal wave shall surge,
And bear me far beyond Time's outer verge.

No starry light my mortal eyes shall see,
For they shall close in sightless mystery.

And standing dumb upon that waveless shore,
No human voice shall reach me evermore.

Over the waveless sea of Silence, pale,
Dead, yet undying, I shall turn my sail.

How shall I reach my port, how guide my bark
Across the trackless waters, soundless, dark?

O dead, blind eyes! O dull, unlistening ears!
O luring phantom sails of faithless fears!

Ye cannot wreck my bark, ye cannot make me stray
A single league from out the sure, safe way!

For lo! a silver thread from out the cloud
Of darkness that lies round me like a shroud!

A silver thread, a shining oar is seen,
A white-winged pilot stands the sails between.

Clear-visioned Faith! she makes the darkness light,
And lo! celestial shores burst on my sight.

NO BAR, O FATHER! (1879.)

I look through light of blue December skies,
Through which the Sun all day pours golden tides;
Their rain-washed deep like a vast sapphire lies,
With fleecy clouds like pearls above the crests
Of the grand mountains. What wondrous lights!
What mystery of shade! What royal tints
Of blue and purple have these baptized heights
Put on!
What miracle of vision! Hints
Of cañoned deeps and precipices high,
Before by distance darkened, now I see,
As if the mountains had drawn nearer by,
Had condescended to come down to me.
So does the rain of Sorrow often make
Faith's vision clear, till we behold afar
Infinite heights of the great love divine,
And deeps of His compassion, and we take
Hold of sure hopes before unseen; no bar,
O Father! then, between our souls and thine.

NOT DYING BUT UNDYING. (1879.)
(On the death of a kinswoman.)

What we call death is simply life's enlargement,
The dropping of the fetters that have bound
The spirit; the loosing of prison bars;
A sudden growth; the birth of a feeble
Embryo life to full and perfect being.
Here I'm a worm; there a bright chrysalis
With immortal wings. Here groveling and
Groping for the light; there, with unhindered
Vision, all eye, all ear, with soul enlarged—
Reflection of infinity. No shadow
Falls upon the spirit; no blight upon
Its growth; no dull and dormant hours; no dark
Eclipse of pain; no stagnant doubts;
No dying but undying, where we in
God's own light, soul-ripened and perfected,
Live on with Him in glory.

SOUL-SPEECH. (1880.)

Words cannot write the poem which was flung
Last eve, in sunset rhythm, on the sea and beach—
The great calm sea where scarce a ripple sung,
And only low-voiced waves the sands did reach.

In some fair Sometime yet to come
Shall not the poet learn new tricks of speech?
Words that shall have soul, color, warmth and light,
And pulsing fire, and quick thrills such as now
Are but the intangible essence of unspoken thought?—
Thought-words can no more clothe than can the hand
That guides through fresh Spring furrows the sharp plough,
Clothe the dead bones the plough upturns with aught
Of life.
Shall we for aye thus voiceless stand,
Mocking emotion with the shallow thing
Which we call speech? Dumb, voiced with emptiness
It is, filling the soul no more than does the stone we fling
Into the great sea fill all the bosom of the deep;
No more than does the mote, which in the sunbeam floats, fill
All of space.
O soul-speech! not until we sleep
And wake to higher life shall it be ours,
Full-voiced and sweet as God's own lips had spoke,
Breaking the silence which this life has never broke.

TRANSFIGURATION. (1882.)

The fog crept up and covered all the hills,
As if God trailed His mantle from the heights,
The lofty mountain heights that stood beyond,
Transfigured in the glory of the sunset lights.

Ah! how shall words paint colors such as those?
How frame the sunset glory in mere sound?
The ruby walls, the jasper peaks which rose
Above the shrouded hill-tops like a crown?

'Twas like a new creation! no more uplift
Were the bare, frowning mounts that through the day
Had walled us in. Their cold gray peaks,
Their rock-ribbed fronts, they all had passed away.

And there, as if the gates had dropped ajar—
The gates that lie upon the Border Land,
Disclosing to Earth's vision all the heights
Where God's redeemed in the new life shall stand—

Uprose the mountain in a flood of gold,
Luminous as the Sun, with banks where flowed
Rivers of rubies, sapphires melted down,
And all outspread where peaks of amber glowed.

Below, the cold gray fog spread like a sea,
A pall between me and the mountains grand,
Even as Death's darkness lies between us here
And the bright glories of the Better Land.

THE SOUL'S RELEASE. (1882.)

(On the death of a mother.)

You must not deem her dead, although her grave
Is made beneath the cloudless Summer skies;
Although above it bend the leaf-crowned trees,
And songful birds pour out their symphonies
From the green boughs whose shadows round her fall;
Though golden sunbeams kiss her head and feet,
And her dear presence from your home has gone,
And lonely-hearted you sit there and weep.
'Tis but the Night-time for her body's rest—
The fair sweet Morning of her soul's release;
The grave, the door through which her footsteps pressed
To the fair hill-tops of eternal peace.

THE WORLD'S FIRST CHRISTMAS. (1882.)

Under the starry skies, outspread like a
Glorious curtain o'er the sacred hills
And fair green plains of Judea's holy land,
Watching their flocks, the ancient shepherds sat.
The tinkling waters of a silver brook
Made melody beneath the graceful palms;
The dark-hued olive dropped its ashen leaves,
Raining soft shadows on the crystal stream
Whereon the moonlight slept, while the far stars
Looked down, as to another heaven, where
Jordan rolled, and where Gennesaret's pure
Waters lay, world-starred, mirroring the
Midnight skies.
Men of such noble mien those
Shepherds were, with kingly brows, where thoughtfulness
Enthroned marked every line, and reverent
Faith shed, like a halo, light upon each
Dark Jewish face, touching them with such look
Of grand repose as if their souls were
Anchored fast unto some living hope.
Since fell the twilight they had sat and mused,
Not as in sullen silence, but as those
Who ponder some great thought, and turn it o'er
And weigh it well, and view it in all lights,
And by some subtle process of the mind
Sift it free from sophistry and darkful
Doubts, till, like the Sun, unclouded as its
Noon, it shines forth unhindered in the light
Of clear, unquestioned truth.
At last, of these
The eldest, he with long, dark, flowing beard,
And eye bright as the fires that burned on
Jewish altars, spoke. Ben Ezra was his
Name. His tone was full of fervor, and his
Speech dropped hope like dew, breaking the stillness
Of the quiet hour, so that the echoes
Woke and murmured o'er his speech:

"Brothers, we
Know the prophets well, for day by day, through
The long years since childhood's morn, in our down-
Sitting and up-rising we have conned
Them o'er, and we have talked upon the
Hillsides green, and by the running brooks in
The bright noontide, and in the starlit hours
When the clear heavens seemed whispering of
Peace, of Him the Prince of Peace, whose coming
For we wait. Last night I dreamed, as silver-
Lipped the stream murmured in its melodious
Speech of running waters beside me where
I slept, the emerald grasses for my
Pillow, and the starlight dropping in a
Tender flood of radiance, while the Moon
Hid her bright face for a few moments' space
Behind the shining whiteness of a cloud.
All yesterday, you know, our speech was full
Of Him for whom all Israel waits—the
Mighty One, the Promised, who shall bring to
Us deliverance from Caesar's yoke, and
Make Jerusalem again the glory
Of the Earth. Well, as I said, I slept; my
Sleep at first profound and dreamless; then
Something seemed to touch me, and my inner
Senses fill with beatific vision.
Like Israel, our father, in the
Ancient days, I saw down-reaching from the
Starry heavens a ladder, with its rounds
Of light, like the spun gold of sunbeams. 'Twas
Slender as the spider's web, and yet it
Shone, lighting the night with radiance that
Dimmed the brightness of the moon, so bright the
Brightest sunbeams of the noon would have seemed
Black beside it; while down it came, descending
With a step as light as Summer air, with
Face o'ershadowed with cherubic wings, and
Form enwrapped in robes of trailing glory,
Fairer than the white light of the awak'ning
Day, an angel messenger. I felt its
Breath upon my spirit, as whispering
With a still small voice it said, "The blessing
Of the Highest, O son of Israel!
Rest on thee and on thy people, for lo!
The fullness of the time has come, and
Zion's King is waiting at her gates."
Scarce had Been Ezra's story ended, while
His listeners sat in wondering silence
Round him there, when lo! the heavens grew bright,
The infinite skies stood wide asunder,
And a glory that was not of Earth
Lighted the hills, and all the plains waxed
Into splendor, and before them stood a
Form in whiteness brighter than the Sun, and

More irradiate than diamonds in
Its lustrous shining. With open wings spread
Wide, it came downward from the midnight skies.
"Fear not," it said, and its angelic speech
Was like the melody of song, "for unto
You I bring glad tidings of great joy; for
Unto you is born on this glad day the
Savior promised, which is Christ the Lord." The
Angel ceased, and lo! such multitude of
Heavenly hosts from the invisible
Deeps of air outsprang, it seemed as Heaven
Had down-dropped to the Earth, and all its
Glory poured upon the sacred hills of
Judea, and the Earth waked to their music;
Not an echo but seemed angel-tongued. Birds
Filled the trees and trilled melodies of Eden;
The rivers were like lutes and poured melodious
Symphonies of waters; every breeze-
Touched leaf was lipped with song, and from the
Flowers unfolding there arose from 'midst
Their dewy petals a tide of fragrant
Incense, with sweet, harmonious undertone
Of praise.

But over all rang the angelic
Chorus, "Glory to God in the highest,
And on Earth peace, and good will to men!"

II.

O angel hosts above Judea's hills,
The Earth drinks in the melody you pour
Through all the starry spaces. The hills lift
Up their heads as they would thrust them
Farther heavenward, and wave their cedars
In bannered gladness. The little brooks leap
Down and their waters pour in hallelujahs,
While fresh melody is hid in Jordan's waves.
O hour so fair, so full of flowery fragrance,
Poured like incense sweet on Night's dim altar!
What means the glory of that rising star?
Like God's eye it shineth in the East, and
The starry spheres fall on their faces as
It brightens when they would worship. Even
The air is pulseless, and a smile is on
Nature's face as if God's hand had touched her.
Ah, and it hath! God's self is there. No eye
Did see His coming, but as a little
Babe at Bethlehem, God hath put on the
Garments of our flesh, and angels pour the
Melody of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

ON THE BEACH. (1884.)

Across the waveless bay I look afar—
The winds are sleeping, and the waters dream
To where the islands like a golden bar
Lie on the pulseless deep; the sunset gleam
Has paved a golden path across the deep,
Touching the West; a crimson curtain hangs
With fold on fold along the horizon's sweep.
What lies behind it? Lo! a shining star
Through a faint rift—a jeweled spring
Could we but touch, mayhap the gates ajar
Would swing, the wide infinite deeps of air
Disclosing, and through Heaven's star-hinged door
Might float some echo that our ears would reach
Of spirit life upon the other shore.

"TO YOU THIS DAY A CHRIST IS BORN." (Christmas, 1885.)

O arching skies! starlit and glorified,
  Bending above Judea's hills, where low
Gennesaret sleeps and Jordan pours its tide,
  What power has touched you that you brighten so?

Lo! the far East, expanding high and wide,
  As if some mighty comet were unfurled,
  Or else some curtain from this lower world
Were lifted and heaven's gates flung open wide!

And, hark! the tremulous trees in music break;
  The running brooks take on angelic tone;
  The flowers breathe in melodious undertone,
And grasses to symphonious utterance wake.

Judea's hills are touched with glory, too,
  They lift their tops in reverent worship all,
  And birds in praise unto each other call,
And brighten still the wide expanse of blue.

Upon the midnight hills the shepherds kneel,
  Their gaze uplifted to the opening skies,
  While reverent wonder fills their waiting eyes,
As the cleft blue the heavenly hosts reveals.

"Glory to God!" O song of songs they sing,
  "And peace on earth;" Heaven bends in mercy sweet;
  "Good will to men" the angel tongues repeat,
Which Heaven and Earth with answering echoes ring.

Brightened the hills as rang the angels' song,
  And wide asunder waxed the starry skies,
  And sweeter grew th' angelic symphonies,
"For lo! to you this day a Christ is born!"

O tidings glad that through the ages ring!
  O day of days that to the race belongs!
  We kneel as knelt Judea's shepherd throngs
And hail the Christ, Redeemer, Lord and King!

TRUTH'S TWILIGHT AND DAWN. (1885.)

In the old days when gods filled all the skies
  And peopled all the heights that to the Sun
In their proud solitary majesty arise,
  Where daylight's last rays linger when the day is done,
When Neptune ruled the seas, and Phoebus stole
  His father's burning chariot from the Sun,
And drove his fiery steeds with slackened rein;
When proud Jove thundered, and Vulcan's mighty stroke
Smote the still air until it shuddering woke
From silence; and bloody Mars marshaled his train
For awful wars, and men walked blind,

Smitten by angry gods and helpless in their snare,
Tortured by doubt and by unspoken dread,
Lifting dumb hands to gods they knew not where
To find, but who somewhere in infinite deeps o'erhead
Held godlike state, and mighty revels kept,
Life was scarce worth the living—'twas the twilight time
Of Truth—man's faith, his spirit-nature slept.

Yet then were intellectual giants;
Homer sang in strains that bade defiance
In their grand deathlessness to latest time;
And Virgil, in his strains not less sublime,
Sang for the ages; Socrates, the king
Of ancient wisdom, uttered thoughts that ring
Through the Today of men; he almost laid
Hold of Faith's white mantle; men eager stayed
Hungry for something that he could not give,
For some grand hope that would undying live,
They read of Hades and Tartarus dark,
Of awful Pluto, and of him whose bark—
The Silent Boatman—bore men's helpless souls
Down the dark current which Death's river rolls;
Of Cerberus, that hundred-headed monster who
Guards the gate of Hades, and from whom they know
Of no escape; of the dread Furies there
In Pluto's realm, whose cup of dark despair
And awful torment men must ever drain,
While torn and maddened by their deathless pain.

What wonder, then, that 'mid these pangful fears
Men longed for visions, longed for gods to speak
And chase away the doubts of doubting years;
What wonder that they held that prayers were weak,
Since to them from the god-filled deep
Of skies no answer came—the tortured air,
Rent by their cries of yearning and despair,
Gave naught but voiceless silence, and their hearts
Fed on themselves, and gnawed till Hope was dead.
And Doubt consumed them, and their dumb gods fled
Among the innumerable stars so far,
So pitiless, men turned at length to Fate—
That awful Thing—relentless, cruel, blind, unconquerable.

Then came the Dawn! far in the East it broke,
Among Judea's hills its splendor stirred,
When God from star-lit skies to shepherds spoke,
And "Peace on earth, good will to man" was heard.
No more the darkness of the soulless Doubt,
No more the gods of mythologic story!
Ring the old age of helpless torture out,
Ring in the new of Revelation's glory.

ETERNITY. (1885.)

I said, when I am dead the world will be the same,
The happy Sun will shine, and the sweet Winter's rain
Will come to wake the early flowers, whose perfume sweet
Will fill the golden air; the fair, high stars will greet
Fond, loving eyes, and e'en as in the long ago
I heard the old, old story, they shall hear and know—
Those glad young lovers who in after years shall come
And find such fresh, new joy in living when I'm done
With all earth has to give, when in this world for me
Is but the grass-clad, narrow grave wherein I sleep,
Anear, perhaps, the soft whispering of the sea,
And where their silent watch the lofty mountains keep.
But O the glory of the waking from that sleep
Unto the life beyond, with its eternal sweep!

LET ME FIND THEE. (1885.)

Within my heart a great, strong tidal wave
Uplifts me far above the quiet calm
Of every day's weak, unimpassioned life—
Lifts me to high yearning; I stretch out my arm
To God and Heaven, my soul's crying rife
With strong desire that God Himself would show
Me something of Himself, teach me to know
What God is. I see his hand in all things
In this fair world; each happy bird that sings,
Each golden ray of sunshine, each soft breeze,
Each blade of grass, the tall and stately trees,
The fragrant flowers, the laughing brooks, the sea,
The mountains, all voice Deity to me.
But through Thy heart, O God! let me find Thee!

OUR LARGER LIFE. (1885.)

What is existence worth without the soul's
Enlargement? To be, to breathe the full pure
Air, to look on beauty, hear sweet sound, and
To rejoice in the bright sunshine, enjoy
The sweets of taste, the charm of odorous
Fragrance, the rich gladness of our pleasant
Friendships, the romance of Love's rainbowed beauty,
The gold which Plenty brings to purchase pleasure
Is not life. These alone touch not the brim of
Being, but are the shallows of its great
Sea, the light and sportive ripples that play
Upon its surface; while its deep, infinite
Depths, which no plumb-line but that of the
Eternal e'er can fathom, lie still and
Unexplored.

There is beyond all this that
Which makes our life's completeness—makes its sum.
What would we say of him whose whole life had been
In some old mine, wandering amid its
Sunless ways, his only firmament the
Ragged mineral roof man's hand had hewn;
His world bounded by the black supporting
Columns carved from the bedded coal, its whole
Circumference sunless and soundless save
As lighted by some dim lamp's glow, or
Echoing to the sound of pick and spade,
Of careless jest and laughter, or sudden
Moan of pain? Should he claim that he knew life
In all its fullness? He whose eyes had ne'er
Looked upon the Sun, or the Midnight with
Its star-sown field of worlds innumerable;
Whose ear had ne'er caught the thunderous voice
Of cataracts, or the roar of Old Ocean lashed
Into fury by the tempest; to whose

Eyes the mountains, voiceful of Omnipotence,
And on which the far skies lean, were strangers;
To whom the emerald of the branching
Trees, the world of many-tinted blossoms,
The sunrise and the sunset glory painted
Upon the infinite canvas of the
Heavens were all unknown, undreamed of?
To whom all knowledge, save that of daily
Needs and human passions, was a closed and
Letterless book, whose lids, covered with the
Dust of his own stirless ignorance, his
Unseeking hand had never lifted?

Give me the larger life Heaven meant for man—
With soul awake, and each mental power
With the fair lustre of bright thought aglow,
Waxing in strength, and as new stars rise in
The firmament, so in the mental heavens
To constellations of new thoughts, and suns
Of truth, while my intelligence, like an
Electric flood, sweps God's wide universe.

This is what gives to us a larger
Vision, which helps us to catch the subtle
Fullness Nature holds in forest loveliness,
And helps us see the handwriting of the
Infinite amid the stars, and to trace
Amid the old and hoary rocks of Earth's
Piled strata the written story of
Creation's page; to analyze the
Elements, weigh suns and measure the deeps
Of skies; to harness the lightnings and force
Them like trained steeds to speed at our bidding,
Freighted with speech across wide continents
And under storm-tossed seas; to make the very air
Our vassal, giving it language, till with
Telephonic lips it calls for us through
Space, through soundless distance, bearing our voice,
Its every tone like some tangible thing
Of life, to ears listening afar.

Life like this takes hold upon the Infinite,
It treads the outer vestibule of God's
Presence, breathes the air which sweeps around His
Purposes, rests in the cradle of His
Providence, and hourly hears His voice.

CRADLED WITH GOD.

(Lines on the death of a little child, 1885.)

We call thee dead, sweet baby, but our earthly eyes are
blind,
We cannot look beyond the twinkling star,
Unto the land with golden gates ajar,
Where life and light in endless glory shine.

Thou art not dead! Thy little life, so sweet, so pure, so
fair,
Just budded here, and then an angel came.
We call him Death—we do not know the name
He bears in Heaven among the bright ones there.

He touched thy lips and breathed upon thy face till it
grew white—
Thy little hands like folded lilies lay—
Oh, the sweet beauty of that breathless clay!
And then with him you vanished from our sight.

Blessed baby! Now thine eyes
Open wide in Paradise;
And the loving Savior's breast
Is the cradle for thy rest.

CHRIST IS BORN. (1886.)

The great world slept, while the soft, starry light
Of midnight skies fell on its hills and plains.
Upon Judean slopes the shepherds kept
Their watch of the great flocks which roamed through the
Long months the hillsides o'er, feeding the juicy
Grasses on, and 'mid the emerald of
The Winter ways, looking like white blooms on
The landscape far, dotting the meadowy
Green with waving light, or, like a drift of
Snow, covering the heights where sweet, green-bladed
Grass turned up its million spears.
The night was
Still. Earth lay as if expectant, wrapped in
Perfect silence, save the low murmur of
The running brook, or echoing undertone
Of Jordan's rushing waters. As if Earth held her
Breath, but faintest breezes stirred, just pulsing
The myriad leaves and wafting faintly
The odorous breath of flowers. The night-bird's voice
Was still, his wings folded 'mid the starlit
Trees. The cricket slept, and all the countless
Myriad voices of the night were hushed.
As neared the midnight, lo! the shepherds slept
And dreamed of Israel's greatness, dreamed of
Him the Wonderful, their promised King, whose
Coming should make free his chosen people.

In visions of the night Jerusalem
Was glorious with His presence, and
Mighty Rome was trembling at His power.
Dissolved her conquering armies at His
Voice, crumbled her thrones, and melted like dew in
The warm sunrise her mighty cities. The
Foot of haughty Roman pressed no more the
Neck of Israel. All nations bowed the
King of kings before. Resplendent in his
Brightness, the glory of God's chosen
People shone.

O dream of dreams the ages
Long had nursed! O promise glad that now had
To its sweet fulfillment come! What woke the
Shepherds from their dreamy rest? What stirred their
Pulses to a quickened throb? What filled their
Hearts with gladness, all too full for speech? their
Eyes with wrapt wonder as they upward
Lift them to the skies?

The darkness flees, the
Skies asunder stand, and down the star-strewn
Spaces pour the host of Cherubim. Each
Starry sphere echoes the angel anthem.
Celestial wings brighten the deeps of air.
Faces of Seraphim that have grown bright
Where God's own glory shines "unhindered and
Undarkened by a sun," resplendent fill
The skies, while light, such as would put the noon-
Day Sun in black eclipse, fills the blue vault
Above.

Then burst seraphic tones upon
Their ravished ears. "The angel Israfel,
Who hath the sweetest voice of all God's
Creatures," led there the heavenly choir. Stars
Knelt in worship as the cherubic strains
Rang out amid their spheres. The everlasting
Hills bent low their heads, and the uplifted
Mountains glowed like altar fires. The low winds
Were tuned to melody; each leaf was song,
Each blade of grass breathed full-voiced symphony,
Each running brook took voice of praise,
And all the rivers broke into tumultuous
Anthems, and the billowy seas joined in
With the triumphant chorus. But over
All rang out the angel's song, "Glory to
God in the highest, peace on earth, good will
Toward men, for unto you a Christ is
Born."
"Peace and good will," the echoing world
Resounds, "for Christ is born."

NO PLACE WHERE GOD IS NOT. (1886.)

In the still night I sat with self
And looked to worlds afar,
And said, "Now climb, O mind! O thought!
And pass from star to star.

"Speed, with thy silent, unseen wing,
To utmost verge of space;
Traverse the orbit of the Sun,
The paths of comets trace.

"Out to the farthest silent verge
Where shining planets swing;
Find, if thou canst, the boundary
Where worldless voids begin.

"Find, if thou canst, where God is not,
Where all is nothingness,
Where sound is dead, nor motion stirs,
Where never atoms press."

On, on my fancy took its flight,
Still suns on suns arose,
Beyond where human telescope
The starry deeps disclose.

Still on, and orb-crowned firmaments
Uprose before my sight,
And overwhelming amplitudes
The suns and planets light.

Ellipses endless sweep away
Round which the planets spin;
Still sounds the music of the spheres,
As stars together sing.

Millions of ages bear me on
With flight as swift as light,
But still the star-sown space is spread
Far out before my sight.

Ah, soul! forever on and on
Might speed the wings of Thought,
But still no frontier would be found,
No point where God is not.

THE IMMORTAL PATHWAY. (1886.)

I see a pathway in the deep blue sky,
A pathway that hath been hewn all silently
And paved with clouds by some air-force unseen.
And stretched through heaven its farthest poles between.
My thoughts o'ertravel it and take their course
With the wild eagle who rushed screaming hoarse
From the far cliff, his strong gaze sunward turned
As he could pass beyond this lesser world
To the Sun's front, or to the light-hid stars
Which twinkle downward through Night's purple bars,
Cutting the gloom with silvery javelins,
Straight-lined from heaven, down which some influence springs
As spirit flashed, that touches to the deep
Of our own souls, until they rise and climb
Like the high-tide that seeks the full moonshine,
And for this deep mysterious teaching seek,
Drawn upward to a purer sense of being.
Seeing not with sight, but with the spirit seeing;
With that large insight of the open soul
Which sometimes, seemingly, doth grasp the whole
Of God's great universe, till man seems the larger part
Of God's creation—the central, throbbing heart,
With no hand on its pulse but God's own, thrust
Through all its humanness, crushing its dust
Of sordidness, until it feels the thrill
Of all the infinite that lieth still
About it everywhere, from star and sky and boundless sea,
And the vast round Earth's immensity.

FALSEHOOD. (1890.)

Lo! Satan trod the mighty spaces dim,
And mused with longing in his heart to bring
Man to hell's level, and to find some way
To lead the race from highest good away.
Plotted he vainly till before him there
Foul Falsehood stood, a blot upon the air.

Then all the air grew sulphurous with his smile,
And lowest Hell paused, listening the while
That Falsehood spoke, and told in fairest speech
How she would tempt men, leading all and each
To harbor her with flattery and vain lies
Which she would clothe in such a winning guise
They quick would seize them, till each conscience, dead

With her quick stabs, could any way be led,
And Truth, oft wounded, would withdraw afar,
And leave behind her not a single bar
'Twixt them and wrong.
Then Satan's mighty head
He bent in gladness—"It is well," he said,
"O Falsehood! thou shalt be the adjutant of Hell.
Fly earthward swift and there henceforth dwell."

THE TRIUNE GOD.* (1887.)

How can I of the unconditioned reason?
What notion hath my understanding of
It save as negation vast of the
Conditioned? Yet consciousness premises
It, and reason holds it fast as truth
Positive, truth apprehended and
Perceived, while yet beyond the full grasp of
Our finite comprehension. Yet bid me
Prove that I the infinite can conceive
Of as a thing positive, a something
Possible, and argument is dumb; she
Hath no words to show through speech of
Logical deduction the *modus*
Operandi of her thought. I only
Say my consciousness attesteth this, for
Of my consciousnes it is fact ultimate;
Therefore, as well might you bid me to
Ascertain "What is it that precedes the
First," or what supports the firm foundation,
As to make plain to you the process of
My knowing.
Vainly the finite seeks to
Span the infinite, and dark the way it
Wanders, until lost to all thought save the
O'erwhelming one that at the end of what
We know lies something more that we know not.
On this far frontier shall we stand and reach
No farther? As we feel the infinite
Beyond us and above o'ershadowing
Us, like God's spirit o'er wide Chaos brooding,
Shall we turn backward feeling all effort
Vain for the mind to further strive? Shall we
Grovel in the finite, saying all beyond
Is dark, unknowable? No! there is still
A pathway we may tread, leading the mind
To where it may o'erleap the finite.
Following this path, no limitless
Abstraction do we vainly seek to grasp,
Nor do we to no vast unclothed infinity
Outreach, at which the mind is staggered; but
Here we may lay hold of personal
Infinity, all clothed in gracious
Attributes, boundless in love and mercy,
Unlimited in all things, omnipotent
And omnipresent, filling heaven and
Earth, and through Him we truly may conceive
The limitless, e'en as we apprehend
The boundless sky, which we but see in part,
While its far bounds are set beyond our
Utmost vision. Comprehend we may not,
But we may humbly know and worship God,
Infinite and eternal, seeing him,
The invisible, through far-visioned faith,
Not face to face, with full sight comprehensive,
But "as through a glass darkly." Meanwhile our
Consciousness, with still, deep voice, which naught can
Hinder, naught can hush, proclaims God is, and
Him conceives of as the Eternal,
Unconditioned Cause of all things. Thus, that
God is we know, and knowing we may read
Of Him. The star-sown skies in shining
Alphabet write of creative power;
The mighty mountains voice omnipotence,
And the wide sea, in never-resting waves,
Activity eternal does proclaim.
While the round Earth, set 'mid the starry spheres,
Circling through space illimitable, speaks
Of infinitude.
Yet still how weak our
Cognizance, how small our knowledge of the
Eternal One. Eternity may shed
Its dews of knowledge on us, and the light
Of God's presence shine around us there,
"Unhindered and undarkened by a sun,"
Refulgent in its glory, and we may
Rise from throne to throne of higher heaven;
But still above us, o'ershadowing the
Universe, and holding in His hand stars,
Suns and systems, and shaping by His
Universal will all life, all law, sits
The Eternal, while all the hosts of heaven
Veil with their shining wings their faces from
His sight, bending in worship.
But while with
Wingéd sweep the ages roll through the bright
Effulgence of eternal years, God's works
And ways shall we essay to know, yet

*Referring to a sermon preached in Los Angeles on January 9, 1887:

"Reason is not competent to the discovery of all religious truth; at the same time no truth can be repugnant to the essential laws of thought, or is clearly and self-evidently unthinkable. This is axiomatic. Now apply this principle to a doctrine widely held to be the chief corner-stone of the Christian religion, indeed its acceptance to be the condition of salvation, viz: the doctrine of the Trinity. Is it even unthinkable? . . . It is an essential part of the doctrine of the Trinity that the omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent God, the creator and upholder of all things, He whose creative wisdom, directing power and personal presence in each of the innumerable worlds throughout this boundless sea of space—in that burning sun whose light, traveling at the rate of nearly 200,000 miles per second, has not yet reached our world, are as necessary as they are here; He whose center is everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere, who, as the Apostle says, is above all, and through all and in all, withdrew from all of the other portions of His universe and so concentrated Himself, so focalized His being, so divested Himself of the very attributes of His nature, the essential elements of His godhead, as on this mote in the air to be born a human child, through the usual process of growth to become a man, to be baptized—think of it! (according to this doctrine, John the Baptist baptized the infinite and illimitable God,) to be insulted as a religious innovator, and finally crucified. Ten thousand thousand thousand times it has been declared that Christ was truly and properly God! that in the form of a man the infinite Jehovah sojourned on the earth, and yet by general consent He was crucified and laid in the tomb; and this to recover as much as possible from the frightful, the overwhelming disaster occasioned by His own circumvention by the devil—a being whom He Himself created. Now, if this whole general scheme is not a downright, out-and-out absurdity, will any man tell me what an absurdity is?"

Vainly strive to compass. Our light will be
Like shadow to His light, and all our knowledge
Be to His as is the dewdrop to the
Ocean vast. In all eternity there is
No mighty Pisgah for our thought to
Climb, where we may stand o'erlooking the wide
Sweep of Infinite Intelligence and
Of Eternal Purpose, and proclaim no
Higher knowledge lies beyond us to attain.
Like the stray particles of light which God's
Hand takes up and fashions into starry
Spheres, so shall we take up knowledge, yet not
Absorb it all, no more than all the worlds
Of myriad stars consume the brightness
Of the effulgent Sun, or equal it
In glory. As well might we seek infinite
Space to span with our small fingers, or cast
The plumb-line of our thought to measure its
Far deeps where not an atom floats, where stars
Cease circling in its worldless void. With
Reverent hands, and faces filled with holy
Awe and wonder, shall man redeemed turn
The vast volumed pages of His Providence
And power, and find still ever added
Pages through eternal years, and, kneeling,
Worship in o'erwhelming adoration,
Feeling to old Eternity sublimer
Bliss in knowledge gained, while still upborne by
Wingéd Progression to high and higher heights
Unending, where God more of Himself reveals.
How then, O feeble child of Time! conditioned
As thou art, and thick-hedged round with mortal
Hindrances, thy vision darkened, seeing
But in part, dost thou with feeble voice
Proclaim God is not what His own Word declares—
The Triune One! the Christ who walked with Adam
In the pleasant shade of Eden's garden,
Who trod the fiery furnace with the
Faithful three of Israel's sons, and who
With Abraham, of faithful souls the
Father, on Mamre's plains talked face to face,
Discoursing of His purpose toward wicked
Sodom, and who from Manoah's startled
Sight uprose to heaven on flaming pathway.
Wilt thou deny because the mystery
Of the godhead is beyond thee? Is this
The daring yet unspoken language of
The thought: "God cannot be beyond what man
Can think. Reason no such Being complicate
Can understand, and therefore it is not?"
And, questioning farther still, doth say, "How
Could the Almighty thus withdraw Himself
From this wide universe, and clothed in flesh,
Tread earthly fields through many-changing years?
And how can God be God, the Father and
Yet Son Divine, eternal?"

Canst thou explain what God is, or set in
Jeweled language how He no beginning
Hath, yet is and was and shall be? Or when
He on awful Sinai stood, His
Feet shod with earthquakes, until the smoking
Mount cried out in thunders, while He with His
Meek servant Moses talked, and saw the Dawn
And close of forty earthly days, as He,
Jehovah, communed with him there, how still
He held sway in heaven, and by the forces
Of His mighty will kept all the star-spangled
Universe circling through space, each sun and
System revolving round its center?
Was heaven meanwhile unlighted by His
Glory? Did all the angelic hosts in
Silence, soundless and profound, stand
Speechless, and hell itself rejoice that for
The time God's presence was not felt where Hate
Rebelled against its power? Did he, the
Humble Gallilean, speak but in bold
Assumption when He himself as "from
Above" proclaimed, while men "are from
Beneath,"
And bade them with His voice, "Come unto me?"
Was it as man the prophets spake of Him
When crying in the wilderness, as herald
Of the Christ, he of Him said: "The Lamb of
God behold, who taketh the world's sins away?"
Or was it but a human soul that passed
From cross-crowned Calvary when the Earth was
Rent in horror, and from the opened graves
The dead came forth, and the Sun hid its face
Above the Crucified?
O world without a Saviour! The sin-burdened
Soul shrinks from the thought. But all the ages
Down, in symphony as sweet as heaven's
Music, swept from the harps of high archangels,
Sounds the Christ-voice to fainting souls:
"Ye believe in God—believe also in Me."

BEYOND. (1887.)

Life's noon has come, and in its glare,
When all the world stands scarred and white,
I turn and look unto the light.
But not to gold of morning skies,
When life was young and fair;
When cradled in its clear sunrise
I saw before me there
Long plains of years, while golden dreams
Of days to come made days more fair;
While Hope's glad sunshine everywhere
Made shadowless the perfect day.
Not backward do I turn at noon
To the sweet dawns of yesterdays,
To singing-birds and flower-strewn ways,
With dewy paths and hedges green;
But forward through the shadowed scene
Where Sunset's slanting beams are shed,
And there with longing fix my eyes
Beyond the shadows of the plain.
For there, beyond the sunset skies,
Faith sees bright gleams of glory shine,

She sets the golden gates ajar
That rise beyond the shadow's pale,
And sees the glory shining through—
The light that is of sun nor star;
And then I say good-night to Care,
And Doubt is chained, and life is fair.

THE SABBATH. (1890.)

O blue sky! ye brighter seem today
  Than other days as ye above us bend,
  And sweeter blow the breezes which do lend
Such comfort to us on their wingéd way.

Ye are as fair as when o'er Eden's bloom
  The Sun stole up the amber heights of Dawn,
  And God's own voice spake through the golden Morn,
And blessed the Day—to man His richest boon.

O day of rest! thy hallowed hours we love,
  Serenely breathing. Labor folds her hands,
  And tyrant Toil with lash no longer stands;
Peace broods above us like a white-winged dove.

O day of rest! O day that leads us home!
  Eden yet lingers in your blesséd hours,
  And Hope unfolds afresh her fragrant flowers,
Heaven nearer draws and angels whisper "Come!"

Earth's cares and turmoil sink from us away;
  The soul hath larger vision and it sees
  Life broadening into wide eternities
Of sacred joy and everlasting day.

HIS WAYS. (1891.)

God's ways are not our ways, and dim and dark
Sometimes they seem, and sorrow-filled,
As if all joy had died, and Grief distilled
Her tears in liquid fire. Then, then, O hark!
God speaks! Be not afraid, my child,
Though tempests rave and storms break wild;
For I am near, behind the sullen dark,
My hand upon the helm, I guide thy bark.

"LO! I AM WITH THEE ALWAY." (1891.)

The Master's work was done—complete and fair
  As is a rounded star or shining sun,
His earth-life shone, and everywhere
  Earth's thousand tongues seemed whispering, "Well done!"
The flowers breathed sweeter incense where He stood,
  The rivers caught an undertone of song,
The wind breathed softer in the sighing wood,
  The palms seemed bearing yet His praise along;
And round the open grave where He had lain
  A glory lingered that was not of earth,
For vanquished Death lay there, and slain
  Were Fear and Doubt—celestial Hope had birth.

O land so fair! here had the angels sung
  Of peace, good will to men; upon these hills
The star had shone, the blesséd day begun
  Beside Judea's softly-flowing rills.
Here He, a lowly babe in Bethlehem,
  Slept in a manger, all his godhood hid
Beneath the flesh, as thus He came to them,
  His face so flower-like, each tender lid
Shutting the light from out His sleeping eyes
  Through which His soul looked in divinest calm,
As does the Moon from out the midnight skies.
  His presence brought but blessedness and balm,
And the sad Earth turned once again its face
  Toward sinless Eden, and Heaven nearer drew,
And looking upward, lo! our sinful race
  Drank Hope's sweet wine as Summer drinks the dew.
But as He older grew, beside Him walked
  Sorrow and weariness and earthly scorn,
And of His deeds so slightingly had talked
  High priest and Pharisee, and oft the Morn
Looking between its shining bars of gold
  Had seen Him in some desert place apart,
Bearing the sins of all the races old
  Like a sharp arrow in His bleeding heart.

But still He loved men, and the dead he raised,
  The leper healed, the blind gave sight again,
The lame leaped in their gladness while they praised
  And held Him highest of the sons of men.
The storied palms had heard his gracious speech,
  And olive trees had listened as He spake,
"O deaf ears, hear! let full sound come to each;
  O dead, who sleep, arise ye and awake!"
But still for Him had come the Cross, the tomb,
  From His dead palm He let life's scepter fall
Ere He had reached His manhood's early noon,
  And Earth was rent as for His funeral pall.

But He had risen! and now toward Bethany,
  Past gardens fair with oleander's bloom,
Past swaying vines and sweet pomegranate tree,
  And olive groves, and where the palms make room
For the soft sighing of the warm south wind,
  Climbing the steeps of Olivet, He walked
With His disciples, and He called to mind
  All prophets had foretold of Him, and talked
So tenderly of Heaven's great love for men—
  The many millions living everywhere,
The many millions that His heavenly ken,
  Sweeping the future as it opened there,
Before His sight, saw down the years of Time,
  Peopling the green Earth, breathing its sweet air,
Some following Him and living lives sublime,
  Some wandering with heavy loads of care,
Worshiping earth idols—things dumb and cold,
  As they could make their sinful lives more fair
Or lift them upward to Heaven's blessed fold.
  And there beneath the shining sky He stood
Lifting His hands which yet the nail-prints bore,

The cruel nails that held them to the wood—
Those holy hands, so blessed evermore!
His face was like the Sun in shining—clear
As the starry midnight were His wondrous eyes;
They mirrored Heaven, as we, when drawing near,
See waters mirror all the bending skies.

O voice divine! the winds grew hushed and still,
Breathing but balm amid the olive trees
And the cool palms upon the holy hill.
Never before heard Earth such words as these
That Jesus spake upon that blessed height
To His disciples standing with wrapt eyes
Drinking His speech as Day does drink the light
When Dawn unbars the gold within its skies.
The little town upon the hill was nigh,
And Zion's towers, resplendent in the Sun,
But no white angels flashed into the sky,
Filling the heavens, as when His life begun;
His presence was enough; Earth knew her King,
The waiting heavens on trembling hinges hung;
The sleeping stars with a strange thrill were waking,
And heavenly harps to higher strains were strung.

Sweet as the voice of rivers in the Spring
To the dry Earth, dear as to Night its stars
The words He spake unto those listening,
And also unto us—no long time bars
Our hearts from Him, no centuries stay
The sunlight of His presence and His grace:
"For lo!" He said, "I am with you alway,
Though ye may not behold me face to face."

O Presence sweet! our waiting ears are glad;
No words outblown from the far, starry spheres,
If their pure speech could on this Earth be had,
Could stir us so as these which through the years—
The long, long years of blessed Christendom—
Come thus hope-laden to us, breathing still,
As flowers breathe of the Sun, as stars of light—
Of Christ with us to work His holy will—
His love with us as we go forth to bear,
As He did bid us tidings of His grace,
Blessing us always, with us everywhere,
Our hearts His temple and His dwelling place.
O blessed Christ! shall e'er our footsteps stray,
Our hearts be slow to do Thy bidding here,
When Thou hast said, "I am with thee alway,
And what is dark my love shall yet make clear."

ALL IS WELL. (1891.)

The dim, dark shadows lie asleep
Upon the hills, upon the sky,
As sails the low Moon's crescent by
Upon the West's far, starlit deep.

O starry isles, how far ye seem!
And yet how bright and shining clear,
As if Heaven's golden sands were near,
As if its sun did on you beam.

O twinkling, starry isles of light!
Do pain and sorrow haunt your shores,
Have Death and Silence open doors
Through which your loved ones pass from sight?

Do weary hearts throb 'neath your skies,
Loving yet unloved, do they beat
With heavy longing for the sweet
Still slumber that the grave supplies?

I do not know, I cannot tell,
No voice the starry silence stirs,
Though bend in prayer the swaying firs,
Faith only whispers, "All is well!"

OUR UNSEEING EYES. (1892.)

We talk of marvels that our eyes have seen;
Of world-old pyramids defying Time;
The gray and sad-eyed Sphinx with stony gaze,
Looking the bleachéd sands of the desert wastes
Across; of Memnon, who, with each rosy
Morn's first kiss of light, breaks that deep spell of
Silence to breathe one strain of melody
Into the ear of the young Day, waking
Within the cradled gold of Sunrise;
Of mighty Alps, the throne of rushing winds
And awful avalanche—mountains the stars
Companion with, and which know the mystery
Of the upper air; of the dread thunders with
Cloudy hands beating against the stars—
Sentinel heights, moveless in majesty.
We talk of leaping, foam-lipped cataracts
Pouring the mad anthems of their watery
Tides, and of great surging seas with billows
Bellowing to the storm, as if afar
Our steps must pass to behold Earth's wonders.

O blind! for our eyes are hid from seeing,
We note not where God walks, nor where His hand,
Under our very feet, before our eyes,
Works daily miracle. This tiny blade
Of grass; this opening flower; this perfect
Leaf are marvels wondrous. This tall tree
Half heavenward lifted, catching the light
Among its boughs, its leaves burnished with gold,
And answering to the kiss of the soft breeze
With tremulous whispering, is God's thought
Made manifest. The color of the rose;
The fragrant purple of the violet;
The whiteness of the perfect lily's bloom,
And the sweet gaze of pansies looking up;
The morning-glory's bells swung on the vine,
Hanging 'twixt Earth and Heaven, as waiting
The touch of angels to ring celestial
Melodies; the perfect painting of the gay
Poinsettia's leaf, glowing as the sunset;
The lotus, dreaming by its sleeping tides;
The pink, rosy as the cheek of beauty;
The orange when its buds do burst
Into a rhythm of glad fragrance sweet;

The purple of the heliotrope, with
Breath like the frankincense burned on altars
Old; the varied bloom, like that which blazing
Shines in the fire-opals of the far-off
Orient, seen 'mid the many hundred
Petals gay of that proud flower which blooms
Through the long months of Autumn-time;
The green and lace-like fern delicately
Wrought, each hair-like line filled with perfection—
All these are marvels we oft fail to note,
Though thick as golden sunbeams round us spread.

O the mystery of Growth! of color
And of form! Soundless the little blades creep
Up and lengthen day by day; noiselessly
Does the rose unfold its tiny bud and burst
Into full flower. Silently the tree
Springs from the soil, uplooking to the clouds,
And the green leaf unfolds unto the light,
And round us everywhere the miracle
Of growth expands without our heeding it.
Truly, O brothers! are we not blind indeed?

THE UNSPOKEN MYSTERY. (1892.)

Life wrapped me round so full, so deep, so fair,
Yet being's mystery touched me everywhere.

I sought the secret which the rose might tell,
But not a whisper from its petals fell.

Silence wrapped all the solemn mountains round,
Their rock-hewn lips held neither breath nor sound.

The blue sky smiled and showed a deeper blue,
Yet golden sunbeams filtered speechless through.

The starlight voiceless fell through Night's vast deep,
And dews wept tears, but still did silence keep.

I asked the Wind then rushing wild and free,
Shaking the land and ploughing up the Sea:

O Wind! sky-born, in all the deeps of air,
Where is the genesis of being, where?

The great Sea crept along the beach sands white,
And the wild winds sank moaning through the Night;

A little babe cooed softly in my arms,
Flower-like and sweet its many budding charms,

And from its eyes the soul's light, gleaming clear,
Seemed radiance of some unknown atmosphere.

O pure, white soul! so lately come to earth,
Tell me the mystery of Being's birth.

The baby smiled, lifted its starry eyes,
But language had not for it sweet replies.

But still the secret of its life it spoke
In every smile that 'neath its eyelids woke.

God's touch was there, the Infinite, the Great
Maker of life, and mightier than Fate,

His breath is life, He speaks, and lo! we are,
And so is Earth, and Sun, and shining Star.

"FAITH CROWNED MY SOUL AT LAST." (1897.)

Into the vast of Silence passed I, where
Is naught but mystery; God alone is there—
And light, for He is Light—and worlds unborn,
And space that hath not looked at any morn
With earth-light on it; so far, so far
That the clear shining of Earth's farthest star
Would darken ere its light had passed
Through the wide circle of that boundless Vast.
And there I stood, a mote, an atom small,
Within the center of that wondrous all
Of space; vast spheres in their wide orbits sped,
And Time grew pulseless till itself was dead.
Yet unafraid I stood, stood smiling there,
Feeling that God was near, that ev'rywhere,
Above the darkness and the empty wild
His presence was, His eye upon His child.
And lo! at length, with firm, uplifted eye,
I saw the glory of His smile pass by,
And all the darkness brightened silently;
And wings of light bore up my soul afar,
Beyond the outpost of Time's farthest star.
Wide oped the gates of Bliss, their threshold passed,
With sinless life Faith crowned my soul at last.
My Father greets me there, "and I am I,"
To be forever, nevermore to die,
Sealed with the seal of God's eternity.

MY UNKNOWN SELF. (1899.)

I do not know myself, unfathomed, I
Live on from day to day, my destiny
To be forever. Oh, when shall I unfold
Some knowledge of myself, when shall be told
What God knows of me—of that soul
Which makes the I of me, which is the goal
Of my self-seeking. God is and I am,
Spark of His being I, from Him I sprang,
For God is life and light, and boundlessly
He is, and was, and shall be, filling space,
The omnipresent One from whose great face
No soul can flee. Oh, what is Mind, what lies
In the vast chamber of its mysteries?
Dull, soulless matter holds not any seed
Of human thought. It does not ever breed
Or hope or fear or aspiration high,
Or dream of life or ceaseless destiny.
'Tis th' God-nature in me that makes me rise,
Seeking to know all being's mysteries;
That giveth thought unto the senseless clay,
God-fashioned and mind-clothed, and which alway
Outreacheth upward, which at last shall spring
O'er Death's great border and take living wing
Into God's presence, always for aye to be
Kindred with Thee, Spirit-immensity.
'Twas some of Thine own life which Thou didst breathe
Into the form Thou fashioned and didst weave
In new-created Man a living soul,
The highest link between Thee and the whole
Of Earth. Man, Spirit, God:

This the great chain of being. No more shall plod,
Like a mere worm of dust, this soul of mine,
As I perceive my being is like Thine.
Father of all, Thy child, I cling to Thee,
Born of Thy life, breath of Infinity!
When time shall cease, and sun and stars shall pale
Before Thy greater glory, I shall exhale
The last of earthliness, the last that dies,
And unto endless, godlike being rise.
Millions on millions shall the years pass by,
Yet still unfolding, growing still am I.
What measures for my spirit can I know,
When there's no goal where I shall cease to grow?
Ceaseless, Infinite and Eternal Thou!
Finite, and yet undying I, I bow,
The shadow of Thyself, O God, to Thee,
Creator, Father, blessed Deity!
The effluence of Thy life pervading mine
Until it grows more fully like to Thine,
And each day, Father, nearer unto Thee
My soul shall rise throughout eternity.

THE BETTER LAND. (1901.)

I float a-down the tide of passing hours,
And Time bends o'er me with a smiling face,
And strews beside me Hope's most fragrant flowers,
On every shining wave they find a place.

There is no shadow in the azure skies,
As I drift nearer to the golden West,
And black-winged Doubt afar most quickly flies,
While Faith's bright pinions o'er my bark do rest.

Beyond the West, beyond Time's tidal deeps,
Fair shores of bliss beyond my dim sight lie,
But Faith upholds them, and her vision sweeps
The boundless realms of Immortality.

And God is there, and friends passed on before,
And Joy's white wings above its vales are spread;
Life there is deathless, love forevermore
In radiant fullness is unceasing shed.

O blessed land! home of the soul above,
No night is there, no sorrow, pain or sin;
The key of Jesus' own forgiving love
Unlocks thy gates, and He will lead us in.

CHRIST THE LIFE. (1904.)

The morning of my earth-life, O how far
Lies it behind me; past my noon am I,
When golden shines the Sun within the sky;
I near the hour when shines the Evening Star.

Yet morning lies beyond—the better morn
Which may be mine through Christ, the living way,
The glorious morning of a better day,
The clouds of Earth will flee before its dawn.

Then Joy's day-star, how brightly will it shine,
How grand the Vast that will before me rise
When open swing the gates of Paradise,
And the dear Christ shall take this hand of mine

And lead me onward through the pastures green,
Beside still waters in that Better Land
Where the grand mounts of Peace forever stand,
And God's own love lights all the vales between.

Why should we fear to go if Christ be ours?
Help us, O Father! in Thy love to trust,
Redeeming love which guards this earthly dust,
And triumphs o'er the grave and all its powers.

There is no death to those who, trusting, wait;
God moves us on, and unto Him we go
To where a larger, better life we know;
What we call Death but just unlocks its gate.

THE WORLD'S STORY. (1897.)

O would that we could know the mysteries
Of far-off times; the many hidden ways
Of long-dead feet; could look with vision clear
On that far morning when the world was young,
And men built pyramids which face today,
And first the skies upon the silent Sphinx
Looked down in their own voiceless wonderment.
O shadowed Past! the ages wrap thee round,
Yet ceaselessly hath moved unresting on
The procession vast of men and nations,
And graves are sown upon the earth as thick
As heaven's own stars. Cities are but motes
Upon the breast of Time, blown by his breath,
Crumbling to dust of years as doth Decay
Gnaw at them with his tireless tooth, munching
So hungrily. The Nile sweeps onward and
Growth dreams in its arms, and smiles the land
Beneath its tender touch, and breaks into
Its joyous blossoming as when of old
The infant Moses, rocked by its tide, lay
In his little ark upon its breast in
The cool shadow of the rushes growing on
Its banks, and proud, great-templed Egypt held
His race in bondage. But that old Egypt long since
Did darken. O cruel Time, with
Thy large, hidden eyes turned ever to the
Future, gorging thyself upon the Present,
Today the morsel which thy hungry maw
Insatiate seizes, what of the vanished
Nations which thou hast known and nursed upon
Thy ample lap? What of the world's heroes
That have lived, moving the world with their great
Might of mind, shaping the destinies of
Peoples before whom trembled Tyranny
And toppled the Oppressor's throne, while his
Armies melted like the mist before the
Dawn? Prophets and priests that stood before the
Young world's altars are no more. The glory
Of many kingly crowns melted before

Rome's mighty Caesars. Freedom for ages
Trod the groaning earth, robed but in sackcloth.
The clash of arms and the tread of marching
Armies drowned all the air, and Liberty
Lay in a death-like swoon for centuries.
O storied Past! O prehistoric Past!
O days that are and days that are to be,
When God's recording angel shall have laid
Aside his pen, and written "Finis" on
The last full page of Time, shall then the luster
Of men's later deeds brighten, like some great
Sun, the whole world's story? Will God then say,
'Tis well, the sun is good and th' eternal
Years will round to greater perfectness, to
Vaster worth because man was and is and
Shall be? Earth's dross is lost, and lo! behold
The godhood in man brightens gloriously!

THE LIFE THAT IS FREE. (1879.)

If over the River of Death there lieth
A home of rest and of joy for me,
Ah! why is it then that my spirit sigheth
And shrinks with dread from that glad To Be?
Why cling I thus fondly to earth and its sorrows;
Why shrink from the shadowless, painless Tomorrows
Of the life that is endless, the life that is free?

WHAT AM I?

I'm but a mite upon Time's ocean cast—
An atom, cipher; like a mote within a sunbeam
Here I lie, and would be never missed if lost;
And yet, even more than all Time's mighty years,
Even more than all these myriad of stars with all their shining gold,
Studding Creation's face like pearls, and weeping their dewy tears
In the still night-time o'er the sin-cursed earth;
Even more than all these doth my Father hold me worth,
With soul outliving all—years, stars, and Time and earth.

Juvenile Poems.

A YOUNG HEART SINGS TO OTHER YOUNG HEARTS.

GOD LIGHTING THE STARS.

The stars are out, the million planetary
Spheres that light the Night. Down the far slopes of
Day the Sun hath sunk through golden doors, whose
Hinges hang upon the West.
Day wrapped her-
Self in robes of crimson and of gold, and
Like a queen stood on the threshold of the
Coming Night. A moment round her stood her
Worshipers. The wingéd breeze kissed her feet
And reverently touched her garment's hem.
A rosy banner flamed within the West,
And a bright star flashed into splendor on
Her shining vest. The breeze-swept trees lifted
Innumerable hands and touched some unseen
Chords which poured out whispering symphonies,
And lo! a bird sprang from its nest and sang
As if the morn had come. Above him hung
A golden cloud, shaped like the gondolas
Of fair Venice, and as it swept the deep-blue
Sea of air, lo! from its side outflashed a
Shining oar of misty frailness, which the
Quick eye of a little child did see, and
Swift she spoke: "Oh, Mamma! Dod is coming
In His boat to light the stars!"

THE FAIRIES AND THE CHILDREN.

Dainty little fairies sitting on the leaf
Of the golden poppy, swinging on the sheath
Of the tiger-lily, swaying in the Sun,
Laughing in the night-time when the day is done;
Dancing in the moonlight in the Summer weather,
In the open forest where you went together:
How the little children wish that they could share
All your merry frolics in the forest there!
See the poppies open all their golden doors;
See the clover fling you all its honeyed stores;
See your chambers hidden in the pretty heart
Of the wild-flowers standing in the woods apart;
See your fairy couches, where the spiders' web
Like a silken cover o'er your forms is spread;
See your lovely dresses, made from apple bloom,
See your hair like silver shining in the moon,
And your dainty slippers on your tiny feet,
Made of scarlet rose-leaves, all so soft and sweet;
Sit down at your banquet, when your cups are filled
With the honeyed nectar from the flowers distilled;
Hide with you a moment in the lily's breast,
Draw its leafy curtain round them while they rest,
And your wings of silver, which are so very fair,
Borrow for a moment to wander through the air,
As the happy birds do, as the fairies may,
Mounting through the starlight to the Moon away.
Ah! how many wonders they would surely see
If at a fairies' party they could only be.

THE STORY OF THE FAIRY.

Swing, swing, O poppies golden!
Upon the hillsides olden.
And pretty bluebells ring,
As on your stalks you swing,
For I think along your way
Does a beauteous fairy stray
With eyes so blue
And smiles so sweet,
With a roseleaf for her shoe,
While round her shoulders meet
Two slender lily-leaves—
She wears them for her mantle,
While the spider's silver web
Makes a bright veil for her head,
And of lovely violets blue
Is formed her gown so new,
Falling down in softest grace
Beneath her dimpled face.
Oh, she is a tiny thing!
But don't you think! I saw her swing
Where the tender grass grows tall and slender,
On a silver cobweb slender.
But she chanced to slip, and lo!
Almost drowned was she, I know,
In a dewdrop; but a bee,
Flying past there, chanced to see
Her vain struggles, and some way—
How he did it I can't say—
He the fairy helped to climb
To his back; then he bore her—
For this bee, he did adore her—
To her castle builded fair
In a honeysuckle's breast,
And laid her gently there to rest,
With her eyelids folded down
O'er her lovely eyes so blue.
Then a butterfly drew near,
And he lent a listening ear—
Listening if he might but hear
One faint breath. At length her eyes
'Neath her lifted lids looked out,
And the butterfly and bee,
Happy in their glad surprise,
Gave the softest little shout,
And a spider overhead,
Spinning there his silver thread,
Dropped a line of gossamer
Downward from his web to her.
Then adown this shining thread,
Swift he ran, and bore to her
A small slice of beetle's wing,
And a bit of honey dew
From a rose leaf filtered through,
And the fairy ate and drank,
Turning with a smile to thank
The spider, butterfly and bee
For their kindly courtesy.

IN 1878.

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A VISION OF SANTA CLAUS.

The other night I lay asleep,
  The soft winds round me stirred,
But every other sound was hushed
  Of bee and beast and bird.

The twinkling stars were overhead,
  And smiling down they look
On orange groves and budding rose,
  On mountain, plain and brook.

I softly slept, and then I thought
  That I awake did lie;
And all at once I looked and saw
  Such glory in the sky.

It lighted all the midnight trees
  Till leafy shadows fell;
It filled my chamber with its light,
  Till I could see quite well.

And then I heard the slightest sound
  Within the chimney near;
The step was stealthy as it came,
  So light I scarce could hear.

I dared not open wide my eyes,
  But lay as if asleep,
While out between my half-closed lids
  I cautiously did peep.

Wide sprung the door, and in my room,
  While breathless peeping out,
I saw all dressed in coat and fur
  Some one both tall and stout.

He was, I'm sure, some six feet tall,
  A fat and jolly fellow;
His eyes they twinkled like the stars,
  Like red, ripe apples mellow,

His rosy cheeks stood out to view,
  His face was round and merry,
And when he laughed his sides did shake
  Just like a bowl of jelly.

He looked around this way and that,
  He felt within his pockets,
And took out dolls and drums and books
  And funny toy sky-rockets.

The more he took from them the more
  The pockets seemed to grow,
Till they were big enough to hold
  Ten thousand things, I know.

And then he went from room to room,
  On tiptoe softly walking,
And peeped in every door, and then
  I surely heard him talking.

"No children here, dear me!" said he,
  "What is a home without them?
The blessed children! give me homes
  With boys and girls about them!"

And then he gathered up his toys,
  His drums and dolls and laces,
His music boxes and his books,
  And stored them in their places.

And I am sure I saw a tear
  Within his big blue eye;
No children here! it was enough
  To make Kriss Kringle cry.

THE STORY OF A WICKED FAIRY.

Once there was a lovely fairy,
  And her step it was as light
As the wind within the meadows
Chasing all the moving shadows,
  And swaying blossoms bright.

And this fairy, airy maiden
  She had a noble lover,
Whom a wicked fairy wanted,
And who sought him, nothing daunted,
  Though she knew he loved the other.

And one day she came unto him
  Looking sweeter than a rose,
For her dress she wore a lily,
And a shawl of daffodilly,
  And a pansy hid her toes.

And a dewdrop bright did glisten
  Like a diamond at her throat,
And the other's smile she'd stolen,
With her hair so soft and golden,
  And her voice's silver note.

Stolen! how? When she was sleeping
  Underneath the rose's stalk,
While the blossoms bloomed above her,
And the butterflies did hover
  All along the garden walk—

Through the silence, stealing softly,
  Came the wicked fairy there,
Stole a rose thorn for her saber,
With it stabbed her sleeping neighbor,
  Stole her smile and golden hair.

Then she took a drop of water,
  Lying in the rose's heart,
For a mirror hung it by her
On a flaming poppy's spire.
  Then she tore her robes apart.

Soiled and stained, away she flung them,
  Tore her own locks from her head,
Then she took the tresses golden
Which her wicked hands had stolen
  From the beauteous fairy dead.

Round her head the silken tresses
  Lay like sunny rings of light,
And the smile, so sweet and holy,
Lighted all her face with glory—
  She was lovely to the sight.

Then she peeped within her mirror,
Smiled to see herself so fair.
Now, said she, I'll win her lover,
Me he never will discover
While I wear this golden hair.

Then with swift and noiseless footsteps
She through Fairyland did go,
Till he saw and ran to meet her,
And with kisses fond did greet her,
Because he loved her so—

Dreaming not that she was other
Than the fairy he would wed,
Were not these her shining tresses,
This her smile, her hand he presses,
And this her own dear head?

And the fairy-bells ring round them—
Little bluebells in the grass,
But how sad their notes are stealing,
Oh, what is it? each is pealing
Solemn dirges as they pass.

And the dandelions bending,
And the swaying lilies fair
Brush the moisture from their faces,
Crying in their quiet places,
Weeping softly everywhere.

Overhead a bird is flying,
Wings of gold and breast of red,
And the music of its singing
With the saddest notes is ringing,
As if Joy itself were dead.

Down the bird drops to his shoulder,
Then it nestles in his breast,
Then the noble fairy holds it
In his hand, and then he folds it
In his arms to let it rest.

Oh! what wondrous eyes 'tis lifting,
Eyes so full of tender light,
Eyes so full of earnest blessing,
Eyes so full of love's caressing,
Eyes as blue as skies at night.

All his pulses were a-quiver,
All his soul was strangely stirred,
And he felt his whole heart turning
With a strange and tender yearning
To this lovely, bright-winged bird.

Then his hand he lifted gently,
And from out its silver case
Drew his fairy wand so slender,
Waved it o'er the bird with tender
Stroke, and lo! its lovely face,

Its bird-like form was changed again,
And, lo! the fairy that was slain
Grew fair and sweet with life again;
And then she told him how she died,

And how the wicked fairy came
And stole her smile, and stole her hair,
And sought to steal her lover, too—
The fairy King, her lover true.

Then from the wicked fairy's face
Faded the smile; the golden curls
Which she had stolen fell away,
And there she stood, an ugly thing,
Abhorrent to the fairy King.

He lifted up his wand once more,
Swung it the wicked fairy o'er,
And she was quickly changed,
And, lo! upon the ground she hopped,
With spotted coat and blinking eyes,
A poisonous toad. No magic art
Will ever change her back again,
A toad she always must remain.

MY CHILDREN.

["Our Boys and Girls." Poem recited by the author on Children's Day at the Loan Exhibit in the new Pasadena Library Building, Feb. 11, 1889.]

All the country over,
Where the dawn is shining like a crown,
And where the glory of the sunset
Sheds its radiant brightness down;
In the Northland and in the Southland,
In the East and in the West,
The children of my love are scattered,
Yet in my heart they rest.

All the country over,
In so many other homes than mine,
With other lips to kiss them,
And other hearts to bless them,
My Boys and Girls I find.
But, then, somehow I fancy
That through Love's necromancy
I feel the clinging of their fingers,
As my heart among them lingers,
And though they've other mothers—
These sisters and these brothers—
I feel they, too, are mine.

All the country over,
Many black-eyed darlings smile upon me,
And their faces, like a posy,
Are so sweet and round and rosy—
That without reviling
Any of the wildwood blossoms fair,
I say truly, there are surely
None that with these darlings can compare
For beauty and for sweetness,
For brightness and completeness,
As I meet them everywhere.

All the country over,
Sweeter than the clover
That with honey-dew is filled,
With cheeks of dimpled whiteness,

With steps of airy lightness
Do my blue-eyed darlings greet me,
And my brown-eyed darlings meet me,
Till I have as many children
As the Woman in the Shoe;
But like her I never do
Think I have too many,
And I would not part with any.

Like doves with white wings flying,
Come their welcome letters to me,
Written with their rosy fingers;
Dimpled cheeks above them leaning,
Shining eyes above them beaming,
While their busy brains are teeming
With their fancies undefiled.
Ah, their letters! trusting letters,
Hold me like to silken fetters,
And these Boys and Girls of mine,
By some occult, wordless sign,
Know me as their friend and lover
All the wide, sweet country over.

From out the wide world's sunny ways,
Where'er their feet are straying,
The sweetest music that I hear
Is what their lips are saying.
And fairer than the stars above
That light the midnight spaces,
And sweeter than the wayside flowers
Are their pure, happy faces.
I often dream of them by day,
These budding, sweet immortals,
And by and by I hope we may
All pass the heavenly portals;
And then I think how sweet the smile
That will light up their faces,
As, hand in hand, we then may go
Through all the heavenly places.

CINDERELLA, OR THE CRYSTAL SLIPPER.*

There among the pots and kettles,
Little Cinderella,
With her lips as red as cherries,
Sweet and luscious as ripe berries;
Face so fair and free from freckles,
Cheeks as lovely as the roses,
Fairer than her garden posies,
Little Cinderella
Down among her pots and kettles.

There among the dust and cinders,
Little Cinderella!
There her sisters fain would keep her,
And of every pleasure cheat her,
While they don their silks and laces,
Seeking Fashion's gayest places,
Leaving in the kitchen lonely
Little Cinderella—
There among the dust and cinders.

* * *

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER'S SILVER WAND.

Swings the wand around and o'er her,
Little Cinderella;
And a pumpkin large and golden,
Standing by the door-side olden,
Just without the kitchen quiet,
Changes as the wand swings nigh it,
To a splendid coach and four,
Little Cinderella
Sees it standing at the door.

How the fiery steeds are prancing!
Little Cinderella
Sees them, and her eyes ope wider
As her godma stands beside her—
Stands and waves her wand so lightly,
Smiling all the time so brightly,
Fairer than a Princess is she—
Little Cinderella—
While the fiery steeds are prancing.

All her soiled and dusty garments
Little Cinderella
Sees are changing. Oh, how charming
Grows the sleeve that wraps her arm in;
Diamonds shine upon its whiteness,
'Tis like gossamer in lightness,
And her silken skirts are gleaming
As with hidden sunbeams teeming.
Little Cinderella's
Lost her soiled and dusty garments.

Blue her eyes and gold her tresses!
Little Cinderella
Stands, and still her godma waveth
Silver wand, and still she sayeth
Words so full of magic meaning,
At which fairy gifts come teeming;
All that any lady needeth
From her godmamma receiveth
Little Cinderella—
Blue her eyes and gold her tresses.

Then when she is clad in beauty—
Little Cinderella—
Outward through the door she glideth
To her coach and four, and rideth
Like a Queen the highway down,
Rideth to the far-off town,
And the ballroom door she reacheth,
Little Cinderella,
Like a Queen all clad in beauty.

As she enters music ceaseth;
Little Cinderella
Is so fair each one forgets to
Dance, and each one sets to

*(Extracts:) "Echoes from Elfland."—A Christmas Juvenile, 1890. The verses entitled "Little Boy Blue" and "Jack and the Beanstalk" are from the same source.

Gazing at her. But the Prince comes near her,
Thinking she is sweeter, dearer
Than all the ladies he had ever seen;
Little Cinderella,
As she enters music ceaseth.

And he boweth low before her—
Little Cinderella—
Then her to the dance he leadeth,
And no other woman heedeth.
E'en her sisters do not know her,
And most charming grace they show her
As she dances with the Prince—
Little Cinderella—
And he boweth low before her.

Ere the clock strikes twelve she leaveth—
Little Cinderella;
Riding in her coach and four,
Reacheth she the cottage door,
As her godmamma did bid her.
Soon her sisters came and chid her
In her quiet chamber lying—
Little Cinderella—
Ere the clock strikes twelve she leaveth.

Three nights thus the little maiden—
Little Cinderella—
Loveliest of lovely women,
Fairer than the lilies swimming
In their golden sea of light—
Hied her to the ballroom, going
In her coach and four, unknowing
How the Prince had learned to love her,
Without heart for any other—
Little Cinderella—
Three nights went the little maiden.

Ere the clock strikes twelve, my darling
Little Cinderella,
Leave the ballroom, leave the dancing,
Go to where your steeds are prancing,
And speed you from the ballroom door;
Thus her godmamma had bidden,
And each night away she'd ridden—
Little Cinderella,
Ridden from the ballroom door.

On the last night twelve was striking,
Little Cinderella
Heard the silver chimes a-ringing,
How she hurried, quickly flinging
In her haste all things aside,
Running down the ballroom wide;
She was late—what would betide
Little Cinderella,
For, alas, now twelve was striking?

As she ran she lost her slipper,
Little Cinderella,
Swiftly closed the door behind her;
Ah! what if the Prince should find her
In the darkness all alone,
Coach and four and splendor flown,
Wearing only kitchen raiment?
Little Cinderella,
As she ran she lost her slipper,

But the noble Prince he found it;
Little Cinderella
Went back to her homely duty,
Wearing still the rose of beauty
In her red cheeks and her lips,
And her soft pink finger-tips.
There the Prince came next day, bringing
Her lost slipper, while she, singing,
Washed her pots with hands like roses,
Little Cinderella,
For the noble Prince had found it.

Oh, her eyes were blue as heaven,
Little Cinderella's;
Like a rosebud stood she blushing,
Happiness her cheeks were flushing,
At the noble Prince's greeting,
At the gladness of the meeting.
Then the door swung open wide,
Stood her godma at her side,
Little Cinderella's;
Oh, her eyes were blue as heaven.

Stood again, and smiling, blessed her,
Little Cinderella,
Waved her wand, and lo! around her—
Lovely as when first he found her—
Silken folds about her shining,
Jewels are her arms entwining.
And the Prince he woos and wins her.
Little Cinderella—
Stood again, and, smiling, blessed her.

Nevermore, 'mid pots and kettles,
Little Cinderella,
There her sisters cannot keep her,
Nor of any pleasure cheat her,
Little Cinderella,
For she is the Prince's bride.

A LITTLE POEM.

Say, what do you think, little Spring,
Bubbling up so cool from the ground?
Where the grasses lean to you,
And the mosses creep near to you,
And to greet you the forest stands around?

Oh, the world I think is so fair,
With the blue sky over my head,
With the birds singing sweetly,
The flowers bloomingly meekly,
And the Sun shining down on my bed.

Say, little Brook, say, oh, whither
Are you running so swiftly away?
Here the glad birds sing to you,
And the children draw near to you,
With their white feet kissed by your spray.

I'm running on to the River,
The great, flowing river you see,
And my waters run lightly,
And they sparkle so brightly,
Because I'm glad as can be.

Oh, lovely, wide-flowing River!
Rushing on, such green banks between,
With such great cities near you,
With their splendor to cheer you,
Of what lovelier spot do you dream?

Oh, of the wide-swelling Ocean!
With white wings of ships on its breast,
With its tides flowing softly,
With its star-candles lofty,
And its waves which never do rest.

And Ocean, what do you dream of?
For you can run never away;
The continents round you
Have a prisoner bound you,
And they guard you by night and by day.

I dream of God's wide creation,
Of His stars, His sun and His sky,
Of His swift winds which do creep
Like His breath o'er the deep,
And the clouds which o'er me do fly.

LULLABY SONG.

Baby, baby, go to sleep!
All the stars are looking down
From their chambers in the blue,
And they twinkling peep at you,
And they see the little frown
Creeping from your eyelids down.

Baby does not want to go
To her pretty chamber fair,
For she wants to watch the Moon;
And she holds her dimpled hand
Up to reach it shining there,
Begging mamma that she will
Get it for her if she can.

Baby, baby, go to sleep!
Mamma cannot reach the Moon,
Shining up amid the stars,
Peeping through the window bars;
But could mamma take it down
All the night would be so dark,
For the little stars' bright spark
Would not make the world as bright
As the moonbeams' silver light.

Baby, baby, go to sleep!
Mamma sings her lullaby
While you drift away so far—
Farther than the farthest star—
Where the blesséd fairies stay,
Where your little feet may stray
By the silver flow of streams,
In the far-off Land of Dreams.

Baby, baby, go to sleep!
While the fairies kiss your lips,
Pressing with their finger-tips
Both your pretty eyelids down,
Kissing out the naughty frown.
See the lovely grasses quiver,
Hear the ripples on the River
Where upon its breast afloat
Lies your dream-filled ferryboat.

CHILDHOOD.

I see a little child; the very air
Is soft and tender to her,
The birds do sing to woo her,
And all the world, how glad it is and fair.

The mystery of sun and starry skies,
The air so softly blowing,
The streamlet gently flowing,
The path of gold that on the water lies;

The cornstalks ruffled by the summer breeze,
Their golden tassels shining,
About their green sheaths twining,
To her what wondrous fairy things are these.

And thus she muses as she stands alone,
For wondrous thoughts do cheer her
As night's mysteries draw near her,
With a starry glory all its own.

I think when God looks on us in the night
The stars come twinkling round Him,
The Moon smiles 'cause it's found Him,
And then how very large it looks and bright.

And when the day comes I do think that He
Peeps right out of heaven's door,
Looks the shining, bright world o'er,
And then He's glad that He can look at me.

And then He drops the flowers 'round my feet,
And all the birds go singing,
Until the world is ringing
With their songs so lovely and so sweet.

And so God walks with her by day and night,
And she hears Him in the breeze
And in the sunshine on the trees;
She sees the blessed glory of His light.

CHILDHOOD'S DAYS IN WINTERLAND.

Oh, how we played 'neath the Summer sky,
Charlie and May, Willie and I!
Blue skies overhead, and singing near
The little brook with its waters clear.
And Willie built where we used to kneel
Such a wonderful little water-wheel,
That rolled and swung itself round and round
As th' water caught it at a single bound
Over the dam, a foot high or more,
Where we fancied it rushed with a mighty roar,

And Edwin used often to canter down,
Playing at horse as he dragged around
His little cart with its cotton thills
And wheels of brass. Over the hills,
Dancing and prancing in childish glee,
Like an untamed colt, away ran he.
"Git up there, git! Whoa, horsie, whoa!"
Merrily shouting, away he'd go.
Of nodding poppies our fancies made
Many a boy and tiny maid,
Pulling the red leaves round the stem
And tying them down and making them
Serve for dresses of finest stuff,
While the stamens did for a pretty ruff,
And then, with a sharply-pointed pin,
We would mark the mouth and the two eyes in.
Many a summer palace we
Built 'mid the rocks by the maple tree;
Moss-covered rocks for velvet chairs,
Stumps and stones for our palace stairs.

Mother's dresses with splendid train
Served our use in these castles of Spain;
Silk-tiled hats from our father's store,
Old and battered, were brought once more;
Charlie wore one that was tall and black,
But Willie's had such a yawning crack!
In Edwin's a mouse had gnawed a hole,
So that through it there the sunlight stole;
But we mended it quick with make-believe
And the happiest fancies we could weave.

Then Charlie's pumpkin man was clever,
With his gleaming smile in the darkest weather.
Two holes for eyes in the pumpkin's side,
And a slit for a mouth that opened wide
And the candle burning away within
Lighted it up from crown to chin.
And oh, when the Winter came with snow
And with freezing breath the winds did blow,
What cared we when we were together
For the bitter cold of the Winter weather?
White and snug was our house of snow,
For Charlie and Will had dug below
Deep into the drift, and its walls were high
And its snow-arched roof shut out the sky.

And there, like a soldier brave and bold,
Fearing never a bit of the Winter's cold,
Stood our giant snow-man, tall and white,
Afraid of nothing but warm sunlight.
We gave him a stick for a soldier's gun,
And one at his side for a sword we hung;
Pelted him fast with snowballs then,
And played we were brave American men,
And he was English, and we would rout
And drive him quick with his army out.
And we did it, too, for we knocked him down,
And he fell in pieces on the ground.

CHILD WONDERING. (1876.)

. . . The thunder muttered through the cloudy sky,
The lightnings darted serpent tongues of flame,
The mountains echoed back the thunder's cry,
The sea flashed back the lightning's glare again.
A little child looked on and hushed its mirth,
And trembled with the new and strange surprise,
"I hear God walking, how it shakes the earth!
And don't you see His fire up in the skies?
How did He make it? Did He wink his eyes?"

THE CHILD AND THE ROSEBUD. (1876.)

. . . A sweet white rosebud bowed
its head today,
Wind-tossed and troubled by the clouded air;
A jeweled dew-drop on its petals lay,
And small child's hands, so dimpled, soft and fair,
Reached out to pluck it; then, as quick as thought,
Drew back. "Oh, mamma, I will touch it not,
For it is crying—don't you see?
I wonder if it is afraid of me!"

CARE-FREE CHILDHOOD. (1876.)

O little ones! playing in sunshine,
And happy the whole day through,
What is the Sun shining for,
What is the Day laughing for,
If it is not for you?

O little ones! life is so lovely
With never sorrow or care!
What do folks grow old for,
What are they sad for,
When all the world is so fair?

O darlings! with life all before you,
With only gladness behind,
Your years are like snowdrops in whiteness,
All crowded with sunbeams and brightness,
And joy to all sorrow is blind.

CHILDHOOD'S FAITH. (1878.)

O mamma! what is dying, is it somefin' nice?
Dess laying down and doin' fas' aseep?
An' does 'e soul dit out as still as mice,
An' rush right up so fas' where Dod does keep
Himself above 'e sky? I fink my soul would 'tay
Awhile and peep at 'e bright pritty moon,
An' if I liked it den I wouldn't run away,
But tay right in its shine, and maybe soon
Dod would look down from Heaven and tay, "Tum here,
You darling angels! oh, tum quick an' see
That bu'ful 'ittle soul down in 'e moon—the dear!
Des fly an' bring it right up here to me."
An' den their pritty white wings they would spread,
An' down they'd tum to me, pass all 'e shining stars,
An' dive me wings, an' tay, "Oh, don't be dead."
An' den I'd open wide my eyes, an' quicker an 'e cars

I'd fly right up to Heaven wif 'em, and tay,
"Here I be, Dod! oh, let me liv wid you."
An', mamma, I dess spect 'e stars are angels' eyes,
Dess peeping at us thro' 'e pritty blue—
An' be dey looking now for me, or you?

A CHILD'S FANCIES. (1879.)

"Mamma, please tell me about the fairies
That live away under the ground,
That work in the night and the daytime,
With never a bit of a sound.

"Do they push the flowers up with their fingers,
And how do they handle the trees?
I do not see how they can crowd them
Through the earth and not rumple their leaves.

"And, mamma, these beautiful bushes
All growing so straight and so tall,
So full of their sweet-smelling blossoms,
So many—can God number them all?

"Last year dollie's playhouse was under
This pretty wild rose that you see,
And then it was ever so little,
It was not a bit bigger than me.

"The fairies in the ground must have pushed it
Still higher and higher each day;
Do they never get tired of working,
And stop never for rest nor for play?

"The dear little things must be busy!
I wish I could look down and see;
If we only could hear what they say,
And how they look, how nice it would be!

"And what homes have they, mother, way down,
Down under the sweet-smelling ground?
Do they come up and gather the sunbeams
And scatter them everywhere 'round?"

My darling, you have seen the fairies
With their bright-shining tresses of gold,
And the soft dainty fingers with which
They make the bright blossoms unfold.

They are beautiful fairies, my darling,
And now shall I tell you their names?
The one is the warm Summer Sunshine,
The others, the Dew and the Rain.

THE PET BIRD. (1879.)

I see a little mound a hand's-breadth long,
And rosebuds red and white are lying there;
It is the burial place of song,
Yet not of song, but of the bird which sang—
A little yellow-breasted bird
That all the air with its sweet music stirred
This very morn. It is not long
Since all the echoes made reply
To its full-throated melody;
Yet now 'tis stiff and cold, its song is dead,
And little hands have made its hollow bed,
And o'er it fragrant blossoms spread.
Two sad and tearful eyes looked on,
Two sweet lips, quivering, said:
"O God! I feel so bad, my bird is dead!
But please, God, when I plant him, make him grow
Into an angel bird." And then with slow
And reverent care the child knelt down,
Saying, "I'll wait for birdie, God has heard me pray,
And I do want to see my heaven-bird fly away;
I wonder if he'll have a white robe and a crown."

THE RAINBOW. (1880.)

A little girl came to me yesterday,
With eyes as blue as our own shining skies,
And in them lay such look of glad surprise—
"O tum wif me! Dess where I was at play,
There's tummed a rainbow wif such lovely wings,
'Tis dess the boofulest of things!"
I took the dimpled hand in mine, and led
Through the bright garden paths, I came
Where on a white rose, like a living flame,
Fluttered a gold and scarlet butterfly—
A miracle of color—embodied light aglow,
Swayed by the breeze so softly to and fro.
"Poor 'ittle rainbow! it has lost its way,
I saw it drop right down from out the sky;
Say, don't you fink if I should only say
A 'ittle prayer that Dod would hear, and fly
Right down for it? I fink that I will try."
Then kneeling down, with white and folded hands
Upon her bosom like the seal of peace,
She prayed its wanderings might cease.
Her sweet faith hindered by no dark eclipse
Of doubt, she had nor thought nor fear
But that her words would reach the Father's ear,
As they softly fell from her baby lips.
O for this living faith that childhood knows,
Which holds for aye the golden gates ajar!
O were this ours, we should not wander far
From the safe path where gates of peace unclose!

BO-PEEP. (1880.)

A sweet little girl was darling Bo-Peep,
With hair all sunny and golden,
And she had in the meadow a pretty pet sheep,
But one day she found it was stolen.

She had run to the meadow as glad as could be,
To have a gay romp with her treasure,
But when she got there no sheep could she see,
Then she cried, and shed tears without measure.

Then her little dog Tray came running that way,
And tucked his pug nose down beside her,
And put his paw on her arm as if he would say,
"Don't cry, and I'll help you to find her."

Then she and dog Tray they started away,
And ran through the meadow together,
And she wiped her bright eyes, and I'm happy to say,
Her heart soon was light as a feather.

For upon the hillside, lying asleep,
Where the grass grew greenest and tender,
Was the pretty lost sheep of dear little Bo-Peep,
Like a white cloud, fleecy and slender.

JENNIE AND JOHNNIE. (1882.)

Four little eyes opened wide in the dark,
Two little blue eyes, and two little brown,
And Jen whispered softly, "Oh, Johnnie, hark!
Perhaps we will hear Santa Claus coming down."

"Oh, 'ess, I hear him," dear little Johnnie said,
"Down frew 'e chimbley he's tummin' to me!
Tay, will dear Santa Claus ever be dead?
S'pose he should get drownded down in the sea?"

"Oh, no," answered Jennie, "his reindeers ride
Right through the air dess as swift as can be,
Till they stop on the roof by the big chimbley's side,
And he dess looks down to see what he can see.

"And oh, he is glad when he peeks down and sees
Some nice little children, like you and like me;
Then he fills all the beautiful Christmas trees
With dear little dollies as sweet as can be;

"And nice little watches, an' ribbons, an' rings,
And"—"Oh, my!" said Johnnie, "a rocking-horse, too?"
"Yes," answered Jennie, "I 'spect he will bring
The splendidest rocking-horse, Johnnie, for you."

Then Johnnie he clapped his fat little hands,
And laughed till you'd thought some fairy was out;
And Jennie she laughed and shouted in glee
Till Santa Claus heard her, if he was about.

And I think that he was, for after awhile,
When Jennie and Johnnie were lying asleep,
Each dear little face still bright with its smile,
Each curly head covered half up with the sheet,

There was a tinkle below like the music of bells,
And laughter that rippled right up through the walls,
And a murmuring like that we hear in sea-shells
Drifted up from the stairway right into the halls.

And Jennie and Johnnie wake up with the Sun,
And their little bare feet patter over the floor,
And down the broad stairs together they run,
And each curly head is thrust in at the door

Of the great drawing-room, where the first thing they see,
All lighted with candles, and filled to its top
With beautiful things, is the tall Christmas tree,
And the loveliest horse that goes off on a trot

When you wind up a spring right back of his ear.
That's for Johnnie to ride; and a dollie in white
In a beautiful carriage is sitting right near—
Both Johnnie and Jennie hold their breath at the sight.

"O darlingest Santa Claus!" says Johnnie at last;
"I love him," says Jennie, "he's dear as can be;
If I could dess see him I'd hold him so fast,
And hug him and kiss him for you and for me."

FAIRYLAND. (1882.)

Under the old pine, lying asleep,
Where shadows and sunbeams danced and fell,
And the soft winds played at hide-and-seek
With the lily buds and the asphodel,
With her dimpled hands tucked under her chin,
And her blue eyes folded beneath their lids,
Lay sweet little, dainty Ethel Wynn,
While her lullaby-song the katy-dids
Sang soft and sweet, and the pine boughs stirred
Lightly above her, and whispered low
To the gentle breeze, and a humming-bird,
From the heart of a lily white as snow,
Sipped the honey-drop, then away it flew,
Like a bright-winged rainbow through the air,
And lost itself in the sunny blue.
But what sees Ethel lying there
Fast asleep 'neath the old pine tree?
Ah, she has gone to Fairyland,
Where every beautiful thing you see.
Now she sees a busy band
Of laughing elves, they have opened a door
Into the trunk of the ancient pine;
Such cunning dresses were never wore
By anything of human kind.
One has a coat of daffodil,
And his cap is made of a sunflower leaf,
And he carries a cup which he hopes to fill
With a dewdrop. His sword from a sheaf
Of grain he plucked, and a spider's web
Furnished the silver for his shield.
Up he goes, singing; far overhead
Is a floor of a shining sunbeam made,
And there such a throng of fairies tread,
And dance to the song of a bumble-bee,
And a grasshopper sits on his long hind legs,
And hums the strangest melody,
But the fairies laugh and dance and sing,
And you catch the scent of the apple bloom
Which forms the vest of the Fairy King,
And one wears a robe of lily leaves—
She is the Queen of the fairy throng;
Her crown is made of a baby's smile,
Which she stole as she kissed his eyelids' down
In the rosy light of the early morn.
'Tis the brightest thing you ever saw,
Fairer than pearls, or gold, or gems,
The loveliest of all diadems.
And one little fairy with sweet blue eyes,
And lips like a pretty rosebud's bloom,
And hair like the gold of the sunset skies,
Sits thoughtfully out in the light of the moon.
What is she dropping downward now,
Pure and white as the flakes of snow,
Down on the little Ethel's brow—

There, and everywhere they go.
  Guess if you can—why, don't you know?
That is the Dream-fairy, and she flings
  Into our minds when we are asleep
All of the wonderful, beautiful things
  That we see when our eyes are shut.
She it is who gives us wings;
  She of all the fairies is the best, but
One—out right under the polar star,
  Don't you see sitting the strangest of elves?
Who is he? Oh, he's the dearest of all;—
  See if you can't think of his name for yourselves.
No! then I'll tell you. When Christmas is here
  He is the fairy—Oh, now you know
Santa Claus! But where are his reindeer,
  And his old fur cap and beard of snow?
Oh, he leaves them up at the old North Pole,
  For he doesn't need them now, you see,
The grand old fairy—Old is he?
  No; fairies, children, don't grow old
In the soft airs of Fairy Land;
  So, at least, I have been told.
Just by the touch of a fairy's wand
  All the wrinkles are smoothed away—
Only at Christmas time is he,
  Dear old fellow, wrinkled and gray,
For then he journeys o'er land and sea.
  But goodnight fairies; lying asleep,
Dear little Ethel, let her dream
  Of Fairy Land. Sometime we'll peep
And have a glimpse of them all again.

JACK AND JILL. (1884.)

You have heard of the brown house under the hill
Where once lived dear little Jack and Jill?
It was set with a beautiful garden round,
Where the brightest blossoms were always found,
And Mother Goose used to come that way
And sit in the shade almost every day
Of the orange trees, and the high bean-stalk
That grew right beside the garden walk.
It was the very one Jack climbed one day
When he went up most to the skies, they say,
And found the Old Giant from whom he hid
Behind his great gold snuff-box lid,
And Jack was a happy little fellow,
With merry blue eyes, and hair as yellow
As the sunflower's leaves, but his face was brown
With the sun and wind, but never a frown
Or a naughty pout dared come to stay
On his face or his lips, for the smiles so bright
Would chase the naughty frown out of sight;
And his sister Jill was as sweet as could be,
So sweet it did you good to see
Her face like a lily flower so white,
With soft pink cheeks, and a dimple right
In the very heart of her pretty chin—
Who do you think put the dimple in?

Jack and Jill used to play together
Through all the fair bright Summer weather,
And sometimes little Jack Horner came,
Hoppety-skipping down the lane—
  "Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
  Eating his Christmas pie,
  He stuck in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
  And said, 'What a good boy am I!'"
How funny they looked sitting there in a row,
While each stuck in a thumb for a plum, you know,
And little Jill clapped her hands in glee
When of plums she pulled out one, two, three.

One day little Jack and Jill were at play
At old Mother Hubbard's over the way,
When their mamma cried, "Jack and my dear little daughter,
Will you come and bring mother a bucket of water?"
And they ran as quickly as two little mice,
And with the bucket between them were off in a trice,
Running along up the hillside steep
To the spring near where Bo-Peep kept her sheep;
And Jack he filled the bucket up,
And he used a bright yellow gourd for a cup;
It grew in the field where the blackbird stayed
That snapped off the nose of the chambermaid.

When the bucket was full Jack started with Jill
To carry the water down the hill—
Down to their mother to make her tea,
Oh, how merry they were and full of glee!
But poor little Jack stumbled over a stone,
And fell down so hard he was sure a bone
Was cracked in his head, and then right after,
Came poor little Jill. Dear me, such a sight!
Sweet Jill's pretty apron no longer was white,
The bucket was bent, and all of the water
Was spilled, while the blood from Jack's nose
Trickled over his face and over his clothes.
Mamma ran to help them, and papa came too,
And so did the Woman who lived in her Shoe,
And the man who had the little wheelbarrow
To bring home his wife, as the streets were so narrow,
Came running along and put both of them in,
And they laughed as they rode down the long hill with him.

DREAMLAND. (1884.)

I wandered to a field of clover,
  Through Summer woods and grasses,
While the bright blue sky bent over
  Where the brook's clear water passes.
And I hid me where the poppies
  Fringed the pretty meadow,
And the grand and spreading oak trees
  Dropped their coolest shadow.
Birds were singing soft above me,
  Silver waters gaily tinkled,
And I chose there for my pillow
  Lovely mosses curled and crinkled;

Mosses where the fays and fairies
Sure must come at eventide,
Where no thought of work or care is,
Where but happy things abide.
Lying there, I sailed for Dreamland,
Old King Nod sent out his boat,
Though I know not how he did it,
How he set me there afloat;
But I know I soon was drifting
Out upon a streamlet wide,
Where the fragrant lilies, lifting
Their white heads upon the tide,
Filled the air with sweetest fragrance,
While gay birds sang overhead,
And in the dreamy golden distance
Bright-winged fairies lightly sped.
Temples grand and towers were lifted
To the shining skies afar,
And on each fairy's lovely forehead
Gleamed a brightly-twinkling star.

Rippling, tinkling swept the river
Till we reached the Dreamland bright,
Where the lovely grasses quiver
Like a rainbow on the sight.

Then old King Nod sung, "Ho! heave ho!
While you and I to Dreamland go!"
Oh, well you may guess that I opened my eyes
And looked about in strange surprise,
For Dreamland has always something new,
And never looks twice the same to you.
What did I see? Oh, wonderful things;
First of all a horse with wings,
And I rode with him till we reached the Moon;
There a giant sat with a golden spoon,
So big it was it would hold the sea,
But he filled it up as full as could be,
And with a single gulp he swallowed down
Soup more than enough to feed a town,
And he took a whale at a single bite,
And he hid an elephant out of sight
In his smallest vest pocket; a tall pine tree
He used for a toothpick, and I could see,
Looming up like mountains tall,
His two big boots. But this is all
About the Man in the Moon I can tell today,
For just at this point I went away
To another part of Dreamland wide,
Where I saw a ship o'er the waters glide;
It was filled with beautiful, fairy things,
With peachbloom faces and shining wings,
And the ship sailed out on a golden tide,
Through the golden gates of Dreamland wide,
Till it dropped its anchor near the shore
Where stood a cottage with open door.
Then out from the ship the fairies hied
To the long, white beach by the cottage side,
And such lovely treasures as they hid there,
Seeds and grasses and flowers rare.
And when this was done they sailed away;
Then the children came for their happy play,
And they dug in the sands and they found the seeds
Which they thought had been scattered by ocean weeds;
But they said, "Let's plant them, perhaps they'll grow,
We'll try it, anyhow—here we go!"
So they carried them up to the cottage side,
Out of the reach of the highest tide,
And they dug some holes and planted deep
Those wonderful seeds which the fairies keep.
But what do you think? In a half hour's time
Those seeds were up and began to climb
Away to the Moon, and I'm sure today
They must stretch a thousand miles away.

Then one boy said, "I'll take a bee-line
Clear to the top of this wondrous vine."
Then away he went till he got so high
He looked like the merest speck in the sky.
He went past the stars and lost his way
And tumbled into the Sun one day,
And Dreamland folks pretend to say
That's what caused the eclipse the other day.

THE LITTLE MAMMA AND HER DOLLIES. (1884.)

Oh, dollies, you are naughty,
And bad as you can be;
Such dreadful tricks I am ashamed
And very sad to see.

Sweet little Ruth, my bestest doll,
Sits still within her chair;
She doesn't spill her bread and milk,
Nor pull her sister's hair.

I'll put you in the closet, Bell,
And there you'll have to stay,
Because you struck your sister Rose
And took her peach away.

And naughty Rose I'll put to bed,
And close the shutters tight,
And shut the happy bird-songs out,
And all the pleasant light.

Now think of all that you have done
So very bad today,
Of how you teased each other,
And quarreled in your play;

And pinched poor Touser till he barked,
And hurt the kitty, too;
Such very dreadful naughty ways,
My dollies, will not do.

But when you are truly sorry,
My dollies I shall be
The gladdest mamma in the world,
And you shall come to me.

OUT-DOORS IN SUNLAND. (1884.)

Oh, dear little children of Sunland,
Where Summer stays all of the year,
Just gather about me a moment,
In our "very own" corner right here.

How pretty and bright this fair world is,
How sweet is the glad robin's song,
And the gay little cricket comes chirping,
And the toad he is hopping along.

Right down the long walk in my garden
He's running a race with a fly,
And the foolish fly, now he has lighted
On a leaf where the toad will come by.

His wings they shine like a rainbow,
And his coat is a beautiful one,
And his feet, why, if I had so many,
I am sure it would not tire me to run.

But, dear me! how foolish and thoughtless
That fly, to sit where the toad came along—
The toad he just eyed him a minute,
Then snapped at him, and now he is gone.

But look! there's a humming-bird! see it
Right there on the lily's white brim,
And the spider has spun him a curtain,
And flung out a thread for a swing.

There's a bee that is sipping some honey
Right out from the heart of a rose,
And that beetle there, I should think really
Had a shining black suit of new clothes.

And the ants they are busy at building—
I wish I could just run down and see
What kind of a house they have got in the ground—
And whether it's as neat as can be.

There's a butterfly with wings of bright yellow,
And a mouse with his smooth little coat—
And pussy, I am sure she is thinking
Of the nice taste he would leave in her throat.

For she's got her eyes on him this minute,
And now she is ready to spring;
Get out, little mouse, and run for your life,
Or pussy will eat you, poor thing!

The flowers are nodding their heads in the Sun,
I think they are looking at me;
And how sweet they are smelling—the roses
And the buds on the green orange tree!

And the lily so white, I do wonder
If curled away down in its breast,
Some pretty bright fairy is hidden
Away, while she is taking her rest.

I think there are fairies and wood-nymphs
In this Summer-Land here by the Sea,
For when I was out in the woods one day,
I heard them a-talking to me.

And one said "Katy-did," softly;
Then one of them said in reply,
"Whip-poor-will, Whip-poor-will, whip!"
Till I was most ready to cry.

And I wondered if Katy was naughty,
And what that poor Willie had done,
And if fairies did quarrel like children,
And how the dispute was begun.

For I know one thought it was Katy,
And the other, he thought it was Will,
But I don't know how it was settled,
For they stopped, and the woods were so still;
I don't think Katy was punished,
And no one, I'm sure, whipped poor Will.

But all at once up in the tree-top,
A little bird sang me a song,
I think that the bird was a fairy,
For it sang there so sweet and so long.

THE FLOWER MAIDEN. (1884.)

Out in the meadows where the buttercups shone
Like golden stars in the grasses grown,
And the beads of dew on the blades of grain
Gleamed and sparkled like silver rain,
Or beautiful diamonds round and bright,
In little spheres of prism'd light,
Came a tiny Maiden tripping along,
With a voice as sweet as the robin's song.
Why, the very robins stopped, they say,
When the little Maiden came that way;
Stopped, and hushed their beautiful notes,
And kept them still in their feathered throats.
"Oh, little Maid, who are you, I say,
Coming down through the meadow way?
Your bonnet so charming with green and gold,
And your mantle a part of a rose-leaf's fold,
Your dress like the moonlight's silver sheen,
Mixed with a tint of the palest green,
And your sunshade made of a pansy sweet,
With little bluebells on your tiny feet;
Dancing along through the meadow grass,
Playing hide-and-seek with the bees as they pass,
Tripping along through the honeyed clover,
And running a race with the butterfly rover,
Laughing to hear the crickets sing,
Watching the toad when he makes his spring
And catches the careless, heedless fly,
Or the lady-bug slowly creeping by;
Watching the humming-bird as he sips
The honey beneath the lily's tips;
What is your name, my lady fair?
Some fairy princess I think you are."

At this she laughed with a gentle grace,
Till the dimples showed in her tiny face,
"Oh, can't you guess my name," said she,
As she curtsied low and prettily.
"No, I said, yet your face I've seen,
Either awake or in a dream,
You make me think of the lilies white
That dimpled the face of the stream last night,
When I sailed away on the river's breast,
And the water lilies closely prest

Like a troop of fairies round our way,
And made the river sweet as May
With their fragrant breath." Then she spoke and smiled:
"Oh, I am the Water-Lily's child,
And I live in the lily's heart of gold,
Wrapped in its petal's snow-white fold,
And I float all day on the river's breast,
Rocked by the gentle waves to rest.
It is not often I steal away
To the meadows green, as I have today;
But some one plucked the other day
My lily from its stem away,
And now the lily is withered quite,
And I must seek a home tonight
In the heart of some lily bud that's cold,
And warm it to life with my perfumed soul."

LITTLE BOY BLUE. (1884.)

Down under the haymow fast asleep,
Just where the brightest sunbeams peep
And hide away in his golden hair,
Lies a lazy boy, yet he's sweet and fair.
He has tucked his hand 'neath his dimpled chin,
And pushed back his hat with its great broad brim,
Till it lies on his head like a golden crown,
And on it a butterfly has dropped down,
And its soft, bright wings are all aglow,
And lie on his hat like a flake of snow.

Little boy, little boy, who are you,
Sleeping all the morning through?
While the birds sing sweet in the leafy trees,
And the flowers nod their heads in the breeze,
And the happy bees come buzzing by,
And the green toad snaps at the careless fly,
And the brook goes singing along its way
To the great big sea, for it cannot stay
Forever amid the grasses green,
Nor where the woods' cool shadows lean.

All the world, little boy, but you
Is stirring around with something to do.
Mother birds are keeping their Summer nests,
And the butterflies with their golden crests
Are sipping from flowers the honey-dew,
And bees are buzzing the sunshine through,
Gathering honey from every flower;
And the ants are busy each shining hour,
Building away with grains of sand
Their snug little homes all over the land.
The flowers are budding and spreading their leaves,
And the grain is growing for harvest sheaves;
Everything, everything, something to do
This bright, sunny morn, little boy, but you.

Down through the meadows, skipping along,
Comes Little Boy Blue, a-blowing his horn;
The fairies, I'm sure, in the woods will hear,
He blows it so hard, so long and so clear.
He's a glad little boy, and he woke with the Sun,
All ready for mother and errands to run;
And now as he blows the echoes are waking,
And over the hills each other are chasing.

Down to green hollows they wander away,
Then hide 'mid the hills like fairies at play;
I think they are playing at hide and at seek,
And with them, perhaps, is little Bo-Peep,
For ever since her lost sheep ran away,
She is up in the morning, as soon as it's day,
Over the hills where the grass is so green,
Or away in the woods she often is seen
With tears in her poor little eyes, they say,
For the sheep she loved that have run away.

O Little Boy Blue, dear Little Boy Blue,
Blowing your horn through the sunshine and dew,
Skipping along through the meadows so sweet,
With the red honeyed clover just hiding your feet,
And the shining black cricket chirping away,
As if it were singing because it is May,
And the grasshopper glad that the Winter is over,
Going hoppety-jump 'mid the bees in the clover:
Where is the little boy that keeps the sheep?
Why, he's under the haymow fast asleep,
So blow your horn again, Little Boy Blue,
And I'm sure he'll waken and come to you,
Then you both together can run along,
Drive sheep from the meadow and cows from the corn.

CASTLES IN SPAIN. (1885.)

A little girl sat in the attic wide,
  Where the golden sun shone through,
And only her dollies were there beside
  And her little dog Bijou.

There were big old chests that were full of things,
  Of dresses quaint and old,
And overhead was a brown bird's wings
  That had stolen in out of the cold,

And built its nest 'neath the rafters brown—
  Such a quaint little nest to see,
All lined with the softest feathery down—
  'Twas as nice as a nest could be.

And oh, such old-time mirrors and things,
  And an old-time spinning wheel,
And a chest of drawers with big brass rings,
  And a trunk with bands of steel.

And a red old churn with a dasher tall,
  And a cradle of oak was there,
Tucked in a niche against the wall,
  And a high-backed rocking-chair.

And there was a "baker" made of tin,
  With its cover sloping down,
While bundles of herbs from the rafters swing
  Like a perfume-scented crown.

And the little girl drew the rocking-chair
To the open window's side,
Through which came the pleasant summer air
From the great, fair world outside.

Below was the pretty village street,
And the river far away;
She could catch its murmur low and sweet,
And hear what it seemed to say.

There the little girl sat and looked away,
As she leaned on the window pane,
And her folded hands like lilies lay,
As she built her castles in Spain.

Her fairy godmother there she found,
And placed in her castle fine,
She lived in a room in its golden tower,
'Neath a silver lily's vine.

And wide she swung open the golden doors
That led to its marble halls,
And like the sound of a tinkling bell,
Her lightest footstep falls.

And there were chambers grand and wide,
With curtains of silver sheen,
Where fairies were hidden with golden wings
And they peeped from their folds between.

And the walls were covered with golden dust,
On a ground of tinted pearl,
And round every prism'd window pane
Did perfect rainbows curl.

She wandered on through the lovely rooms,
And she climbed to the turret's top,
Where she found a milk-white lamb asleep
On a bed of forget-me-not.

Beside it was placed a fairy's wand;
It was leaning against the wall,
She took it and touched the lamb, when lo!
It changed to a young Prince tall.

He was dressed in a suit of finest stuff,
And he wore a bright cockade,
And buckles of diamonds set with pearls,
And a sword with a silver blade.

And his eyes were blue and his face was fair
As ever should Prince's be,
Like the finest silk was his flaxen hair,
And it reached to his lace-frilled knee.

Then he smiled and beckoned the little girl
To follow him down the stair,
And she went with him, and he led her on
To a wonderful garden fair.

There were lilies as tall as the tallest trees,
And banks of the sweetest flowers,
And hidden away in the depths of these
Were the Prince's fairy bowers.

A fairy was there with a butterfly's wings,
And one with her wings of pearl;
And one with wings of diamond dust,
Smiled down on the little girl.

And there in the heart of the poppies red
Some fairies lay asleep,
While the lilies were sweet above their head
And the roses at their feet.

Then she heard the chime of silver bells,
And the fountains' tinkling fall,
And from the top of the golden stairs,
Her fairy godmother's call.

And she danced down the rose-leaf sprinkled walk,
She flew like a bird of spring,
And she climbed the stairs, and turret doors
Swung wide to let her in.

And her godmother sat in a violet dress,
With a white rose in her hair,
And her fairy wand in her milk-white hand,
And her face was very fair.

And there were four little mice at play
In a pumpkin's hollow side;
One touch of her wand, and horses four
Stood fit for a Prince to ride.

To a wonderful coach the pumpkin turned,
With its silken curtained door,
And the horses pranced with their silver bits
Over the turret's floor.

Then the godmother opened her window wide,
And her magical wand she waved,
And a beautiful road stretched down to the ground,
With hyacinth blossoms paved.

And the Prince got in and the maiden too,
And down this road they ride,
Through all the beautiful garden land,
They sit there side by side.

And the happy laugh of the little girl
Floats over the beautiful plain,
As she rides with her Prince that Summer day
In sight of her castles in Spain.

HOW THE COW JUMPED OVER THE MOON. (1885.)

Old Mother Goose is a queer old lady,
More than a hundred, I'm sure is she,
Yet she sings her songs for you and me
Just as she sang in our grandmother's time.
And she tells us the queerest tales in rhyme.
Oh, don't you wish you had lived to see
The cat in the fiddle?—how funny she'd look
Shut in there tight as a leaf in a book!
But of all the strange and queer things she has told us,
I should like to have seen, when the moon shone so bright,
The cow that jumped over it. I wonder if right
Over its top with a single bound

She nimbly jumped and came down on the ground
On the other side? And I wish that I knew
What she saw on her way the high skies through.
I fancy I see her where the grasses grew
In the meadows green, where a brook runs through,
Whisking her tail in a dreamy way,
With her eyes half shut at the close of day.
The bees had forgotten to buzz, and the flies
Were hidden away somewhere in the skies—
Just where the softening twilight fell
Round the leaves and the flowers—on the breast of the dark
They had fallen asleep, and never a bark
From a dog was heard, nor the sound of a bird,
Nor the chirp of a cricket the silence stirred.
But all at once there came a shout,
And the cow stood up and looked about;
Oh, what a frolicking, rollicking noise,
Such shouts of laughter from girls and boys!
'Twas a funny sight they looked to see,
And I don't wonder they laughed so merrily,
For never a queerer sight was seen
Than that race which was run through the meadows green.
A bright tin dish was running away
Without any legs, yet it could not stay
For want of them. Down looked the moon
To see the dish run away with the spoon,
Which shook about with a helpless air
As it clung to the dish with a frightened stare;
But the dish ran on till 'twas out of sight,
Perhaps till the night had ended quite.
Then the old cow thought, "I'll have my fun,"
As she stood by the banks where the waters run;
And she whisked her tail and ran about,
Like a happy calf while the children shout,
And blow their horns with noisy toots,
And the cow, like the man with seven-league boots,
Gave an awful jump right over the moon,
And fell into the dish that ran away with the spoon;
But the moon she jumped over was the one, I ween,
That down in the bright running water was seen.

"JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT." (1885.)

Down in the woods where the wild-flowers grew,
And a happy brook came running through,
With a voice like the chime of a silvery bell,
There was a lovely spot like a fairy's dell.
Here Jack-in-the-Pulpit could be found
In the midst of the blossoms gathered 'round,
As if to hear what he had to say,
Standing straight and trim in a priestly way.
Here grew the birches tall and slim,
Like ghosts come down from the old past dim,
Wrapped in their bark so thin and white,
Which the children gathered in glad delight
For their bark canoes—the cunning craft
Rigged like a ship both fore and aft.
And here, too, checkerberries red and round
By the bucketful 'neath the trees were found;
And the merry grasshopper hopped about,
And from mosses green the toad looked out.
'Twas a lovely spot! and the sky looked down
Into the water without a frown.
Never a cloud in the deep blue air
Never a day that was more fair
Than the merry May-day, cool and sweet,
Right in the heart of the forest deep.

Down through the aisles of forest shade,
With a heart as glad as the music made
By the happy birds, with step as free
As the squirrel's climbing the acorn tree,
Came dear little Jean with her sunny face
To the side of the brook, where she found a place
On the soft green moss to rest awhile;
For her pillow she gathered a little pile
Of weeds and blossoms, then down she lay,
Like a fresh, sweet flower in the wooded May.
"Oh, Jack-in-the-Pulpit, I see you," said she,
"And I wish you would preach a sermon for me;
What do you talk about, anyhow—
Just tell me, please, sir, won't you now?
Do you understand what the honey-bee's saying
When he buzzes about and goes a-Maying?
And the butterfly there with golden wings
Folded, while he on the daisy swings;
And the cricket chirping so soft and low,
And the busy ants that come and go?
I'd like to know what they're talking about
As they run from their houses in and out."

Then Jack turned round as if he heard,
While the summer breeze his pulpit stirred,
And Jean was sure she saw him smile
And come down from his pulpit and kneel awhile
On the moss beside her—his face was brown
And on his lip the softest down
Of a mustache showed, and his eyes were bright,
But full of a tender, loving light.
He looked like a preacher good and true,
Willing to tell the things he knew.
"I talk of this wonderful, wonderful world,
With the shining sky above it curled
Like another sea so blue and deep,
With its isle-like stars with their mighty sweep
Through the realms of space so grand and wide,
Yet God's hand clasps them on every side;
And I talk of the flowers, which I dream may be
God's whisper of love to you and to me;
Of the running brook with its simple song
Rippling and tinkling all along
Through the forest ways so cool and wide;
Of the trees which stand on every side,
Their highest tops by the sunlight crowned
While they drop their coolest shadows round;
Of the happy life of bee and bird,
Of the murmurous hum by the insects stirred,
And over it all, at last I say,
God keeps loving watch by night and day."

"Oh, I thank you, Jack," said little Jean,
"You're the kindest preacher I've ever seen,
To tell me all that you talk about
When your lovely forest folk are out.
And say, does the butterfly stop to hear,
And the honey-bee, does he come near,
And the little ants and crickets, too—
Do all of these come and listen to you?"

"Yes, darling," said Jack, "though the forest is wide,
My sermon is heard on every side,
And when I am done, 'twould please you to hear
Ev'rything whisper amen, so low, yet so clear,
'Tis like music, and all the whole forest is stirred
In its tremulous hush, as if song of a bird
Had dropped in soft echoes everywhere,
Like a rain of sweet sounds filling all of the air.
Then the butterfly floats like a blossom of light
Through the paths of the sunshine so golden and bright—
'My work is to brighten the soft summer air,
And to love Him who made me so free from all care.'
Then up rises the lark with wings spread for the sky—
'My work is to sing God's love as I fly.'
And the ant says: 'The sluggard may learn to be wise
If, like me, he improves each moment that flies.'
And the bee: 'Mine is to gather the sweets from the flowers,
To make honey for man through the long summer hours.'
And with faces so timid the blossoms look round—
'And ours is to cover with beauty the ground.'
And the little brook murmurs, 'My work is to bless
And make green all the ways of the wild wilderness.'
But there, little Jean, a sunbeam I see
Right down in the glen which is beckoning to me;
I must run back to my pulpit again, so good day,
Come and see me whenever you come down this way."
Then up sat little Jean, and Jack stood in his place—
In his queer little pulpit, with stateliest grace,
And he looked as if he never had stirred from the spot,
But how did he talk to Jean if he had not?

WHAT THE CHILD SAID.

"Mamma, is Dod cryin'? Oh, look quick!
I tannot tee a star, an' all 'e pritty blue
Is tovered up; an' tee how werry thick
'E tears are tumin'! I fink Dod—don't 'oo?—
Tood not ky all of 'em. I spect 'e angels, too,
Feel bad 'tause Dod does. Mamma, I will tay
A 'ittle prayer. Pease Dod, don't ky, an' I
Will be so dood, an' love 'oo so; I'll never play
On Sunny any more. An' pritty angels,
I'll tum to 'oo tum day an' be an angel, too,
Ony don't ky, 'tause it makes 'e sky look black,
An' all 'e pritty stars 'a hide away,
An' 'e poor Moon, I fink she off 'e track,
An' I'se afraid! O mamma, will 'e world die,
An' 'oo an' me be dead 'tause Dod an' all 'e angels ky?"

A LITTLE MAIDEN. (1885.)

Fair and sweet, fair and sweet,
Roamed a little maiden;
On her head a buttercup,
And her arm was laden
With a paddle for her boat,
Long and green and slender,
Leg of grasshopper, I ween,
Young and very tender.
With a clamshell for her boat,
The little maid set sailing,
While her playmates on the shore
Raised a bitter wailing.
Fair and sweet, full of joy,
Sailed the little maiden,
And with gold and tiny pearls
Her little sloop was laden.
All the waters smiled about her,
And the little fishes spied her,
And they came in tiny shoals
And floated on beside her.
Some pushed on the little boat,
Some swam on before it,
And when blew the lightest wind,
Everyone watched o'er it.
Fair and sweet, bright as May,
Smiled the little maiden,
As she thought of Fairy Land
And its pleasant haven.
Honey bees spread wings above her,
Butterflies they fluttered,
And by happy singing birds
Sweetest songs were uttered.
And from out the summer sky
Gentle winds were bending,
As their breath the little boat
On its way was sending.
Fair and sweet, glad and gay,
Spake the little maiden:
"Almost there, swift I sail
To the fairies' haven."
Little mermaids helped her row
O'er the silver water,
Till the golden sunset fell
On the sea athwart her.
Then she saw an open door,
And beyond it lying
All the golden fairy isles,
In the sunshine smiling.
Fair and sweet, like a bell,
Rang her happy laughter,
Through the West her little boat
Sailed a moment after.
Floating on the silver waves,
There the fairies spied her.
When they reached the happy isles
All the bells were ringing,
And from palm and orange trees
Bright-winged birds were singing.
Fair and sweet! O how bright,
In the fairy haven,
Were the smiles on the face
Of the little maiden.
To a table in the wood
All the fairies brought her,

In a chair of gold she sat,
Like the Queen's own daughter.
With cakes of perfume from th' rose
Her pretty plate was laden;
Honey dew and lily wine
Drank the little maiden.

THE BOY THE ANGELS LOVED. (1887.)

A little child was sitting in the moonlight dark,
A great, grand house behind him. On the broad stone
Step, the stars above his head, he sat alone.
The summer air was full of fire-flies, and their spark

Lit up, like fairy lanterns, all the trees,
'Twas in the country that the great house stood,
Amid the flowers that all the honey-bees
Found every morn with sweetest honey filled,
And stole the honey for their waxen cells.
The crickets wandered 'mid the grass and trilled
At eventide their merry, chirping notes.
And there, within the garden, were the wells
Filled with the crystal water, and the boats
Lay on the lake beyond the garden wall;
And 'mid the water-lilies were the swans,
White-breasted and white-winged, and with white throats
Reflected in the shining silver of the lake,
Where waters rippled round the grassy lawns,
And in the trees the birds their nests did make,
And wakened every lovely summer morn
The dear child from his slumbers, singing sweet;
And roses climbed above the garden-wall,
And daisies made a carpet for his feet,
And apple trees let cooling shadows fall.

This little child was lonely, and every night
He used to ask his nurse's leave to go
And sit alone, and watch from out his sight
The sun sink down the western hills below.
And see the stars from out the sky so blue
Come like an army; he had learned to know
Bright Venus as she came twinkling through,
And Orion, that "belted giant of the skies,"
And the Great Bear that guards the frozen North;
And when he saw the round, full moon arise
Hanging above the lake, and coming forth
So full of light, he used to say in low
Sweet tones unto himself, "I wish that I could see
The angel who lifts up the moon when he does go,
With his great wings outspread so wide and free,
Back through the blue sky's door, for I do know
There must be there a door that opens wide,
All hinged with stars for angels to come through."
He watched the moonlight on the silvery tide
Of the still lake—upon its waters blue
A golden pathway—then a white swan stirred,
And he was sure an angel's wing was there.
In the far woods a nightingale he heard,
Its sad song filling all the evening air;
But then he loved it, and it made him dream
The birds were telling him some unknown story
Of stars and sky and running mountain stream,
Or of the moonlight's clear and shining glory.

The child was a rare poet, yet all unlearned to sing,
Full of sweet fancies and of loving grace;
A sweet earth angel, though with hidden wing,
With heaven's own beauty shining in his face.

That night his heart was full of longing deep
For heaven. The mother who had loved him, she was there;
He missed her tender smile and kisses sweet,
And her soft touch upon his sunny hair.

It was but a few weeks since she had passed;
The round full moon shone brightly then as now;
Its light touched first her face, and then at last
Filled all the room, and there, as white as snow,
Her face upon the pillow, she had lain so still
While he had kissed her, and his papa said,
Amid his sobs, that all the room did fill,
"Mamma has gone to heaven—she is not dead."

And as he thought of this and saw the light
Of the full moon upon the still lake lying,
Like a broad golden pathway to his sight,
His thoughts came swift, his eager eyes were spying
If haply he might find some pathway bright
Leading to heaven and to his mother's breast,
Where, folded in her arms, in heaven's own light,
Glad in her love, he could forever rest.

And so he went with light and hurried feet
Adown the garden walk. The lily white
Bent its pure head, and poured its fragrance sweet,
And lovely roses blushed within the light,
And pretty pansies in their velvet dress
Lay down the way with faces very fair,
With gold and purple round their shoulders prest,
While dewdrops lay like diamonds everywhere.

The little wicket on its hinges swung,
And he passed through it while the lilies gleam
Upon the lake and beckon him to come.
He heard the singing of the little stream
That filled its bosom with its waters clear;
He heard the soft breeze sighing 'mid the trees,
And he was sure the angels must be near,
Stirring the leaves with their sweet symphonies.

Down the white-pebbled pathway to the lake
He went; the bending blades of grass,
Stirred by the night-wind, their low whispers make,
And as he goes the sweet-briar sees him pass.

Upon the rippling water's brink it lay—
His little boat—like a pink-tinted shell
With slender oars—a fairy fay
Might almost push it o'er the tiny swell
Of the light waves that ran along the shore
Like sound of lightest laughter. His dimpled hand
Looses the boat; he takes the oars once more,
And rows away, light-hearted from the land.

Broad lies the golden moonlight on the lake,
It stretches onward far as he can see,
The child rows on the golden path to take,
The way to heaven he's sure that it must be.

Soon he has reached it; moonbeams his pathway pave
With golden light; the water shines and gleams,
And water-lilies nestle on the wave.
Heaven must be very near to him, he deems.

On, on and on, the shining pathway o'er,
Till his weak arms grow weary with the strain;
Farther behind him lies the pleasant shore,
Brighter the moonbeams that around him rain.

"I must be almost there; heaven can't be far,"
His sweet lips murmur, and then bending low,
Over the boat's side he sees a shining star,
Mirrored within the waters deep below.

And then he wonders, can that bright star be
The handle to heaven's door; the gold runs deep,
It shines far down there, far as I can see,
And there I see the lilies lie asleep.

He leans far over, eager in his heart,
His little loving heart, to find the way
To heaven and mother. Too far he leans; the waters part,
No hand is there his sinking form to stay.

Down, down among the water-lilies white
With one faint cry from out his infant lips,
From the boat's side he falls and sinks from sight
Among the many swaying lily-tips.

He lies at last with blue, wide-open eyes,
He lifts his hands, and then he lets them fall.
The blessed angels, leaning from the skies,
Open heaven's door in answer to his call.

But soon his father, missing his sweet face,
Comes out upon the stone steps where he loved to sit,
Thinking to find him in his usual place
Watching the stars, yet wondering much at it

To find him gone, but still he thinks his feet
Have only wandered down the garden walk,
Some little bud or blooming rose to seek,
Or some white lily on its bending stalk.

"Darling," he calls, "come in to papa now,
And tell him what you've found among the stars tonight."
And then he smiles, while fondly thinking how
His child's sweet fancies wander, as if his spirit sight
Were visioned large. "I sometimes think," says he,
"The child lives half in heaven, he is so strange;
His pure young thoughts they seem to be
Forever there, and they have larger range
Than childhood's wont." And then he listened,
But no sound he heard of little feet returning at his call,
And the bright, dew-like human teardrops glistened,
And a wild fear upon his heart did fall.

Swift to the garden ran he—not a sound
Broke the deep silence—just the echoes came,
The mocking echoes, ever wandering 'round,
And shouting back to him his darling's name.

Not in the garden! then the open gate
Caught his quick eye; his heart stood still with dread,
"O help me, heaven, if I should be too late!
And then with swift feet down the path he sped.
He missed the little boat, then looking away
Over the still water he saw a speck afloat—
In the clear moonlight all adrift it lay,
But still he knew it was his dear boy's boat.

How swift he leaped his own strong boat into,
And pushed it off with oars that seemed to tear
The still lake's breast, as leaping on it flew,
Sent by the swift strokes of his wild despair.

He reached the spot, his child's boat empty lay,
Filled but with moonlight; a swift shudder ran
Through all his veins, and then away,
As his hot, eager eyes did scan
The treacherous water, he saw some white thing rise.
Two swift, strong strokes and he was reaching down, his eyes
Following his hands, which were so quick to take
Their burden. A little head with golden tresses bright,
A fair, sweet face with open eyes of blue,
A dead, limp form, 'twas this that met his sight
And stabbed his heart with anguish through and through.

Ah, there was sorrow in his home that night,
Where in his little shroud the dear boy slept,
With fragrant lilies round and roses white,
Where floods of moonlight all about him crept
Over his folded hands so cold and white,
With dimpled fingers laid upon his breast,
And golden hair soft shining in the light
While lying breathless in his dreamless rest.

Only one way, dear children, for us all,
One way to heaven; we cannot go
O'er golden paths where moonbeams fall;
We cannot climb up starlit wall
To find the door; it is not so.
God leads us there. We go away
With silent lips and close-shut eyes,
And friends look on us, and they say
"Alas! alas! our darling dies."

'Tis then, 'tis then the door we find,
And leave our useless bodies here,
Just as the dull worm leaves behind
The dead and useless form it wore;
And from its cell-like prison springs
A glorious butterfly with wings.
Just one step in the dark we take,
And, lo! uprising close before,
While blessed angels round it wait,
We see heaven's widely-open door.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS. (1887.)

Everybody asleep, everybody abed;
Here in one chamber a bright, golden head,
With eyelids like lilies, and lashes that gleam
Like the brightest of gold in the summer sunbeam,
And there is a head with its brown chestnut curls,

Which belongs, I am sure, to the sweetest of girls.
And there is another with locks black as the night,
With a fat little fist almost hidden from sight
'Neath the round dimpled chin, where, tucked softly away,
Pussy well might suppose it a ball for her play,
So round and so soft and so fluffy it lay.
Very dim was the light in the burners just then,
And in the Dreamland of Nod were these dear little men;
And somewhere away in the land of delight
Was the chestnut-haired darling, so dimpled and white.
Not a mouse was astir, not a leaf on the tree,
And mamma was sleeping as sound as could be,
When all of a sudden, just outside in the light,
The Moon saw a strange and wonderful sight—
On a bit of white fog that came in from the Sea,
Floating round where the top of the chimney must be,
Was the loveliest sleigh made of rainbows and pearl,
And harnessed to reindeers with horns that did curl
Into cunningest curves, each branching so grand;
And sitting behind them, with the lines in his hand,
Sat the funniest old fellow, dressed in fur to his chin,
With a coat full of pockets without and within.
How he chuckled and laughed to himself as he rode;
How he haw-hawed and he-he'd, as if he'd explode!
Not a house that he passed but he managed to peep
Into the windows somehow to see if asleep
Were the parents and children, and then he would feel
Of his pockets and parcels, then up he would steal
To the very house-top, and there on the sly,
Right up to the mouth of the chimney he'd hie,
And down he would slide right into the house.
And make his way round as still as a mouse.
He would fill up the stockings and fill up the tree,
Yet still were his pockets as full as could be,
And never a child but he kissed ere he went
Away from its chambers, and always he lent
It a dream to dream sweetly till the night hours were done,
And the children woke up to find Christmas had come.

A LITTLE MAID. (1887.)

Adown the garden way there went
A little maid in glad content;
The butterflies with golden wings,
And all the world's sweet, fragrant things,
The happy birds with throats of song,
Were with her all her steps along.

The lovely silver of the brook
She for her morning mirror took,
And bending low above the wave,
With its cool waters, did she lave
Her dimpled face, whose cheek and chin
Gleamed very fair the water in.

And there, like golden threads of light,
Shone her soft tresses to her sight;
The long, soft, shining golden curls
Seemed swaying in the eddies' whirls,
As bending downward she did look
To see her picture in the brook.

The violets, dewy-eyed and fair,
Grew in their sweetness everywhere
Upon the mossy bank where she
Knelt in her childish ecstacy;
And buttercups with golden gleam
Nodded their heads beside the stream.

From off her feet her shoes she took
To wade within the silver brook;
And down the pebbled way she went
In fullness of her glad content.
The ripples round her ankles flow,
And murmur music as they go.

Her little feet like lilies gleam
Within the crystal of the stream;
Her laughter mingles with the notes
Poured from a hundred feathered throats,
Which, like a tidal-wave of song,
From the high tree-tops sweeps along.

With laughter and with song she went,
A little blossom of content;
Her cheeks like rose-leaves softly red;
Like gleaming buttercups her head;
Like violets, just touched with dew,
'Neath lily lids, her eyes of blue.

A CHILD AGAIN. (1891.)

Sweet fancy makes me once again a child,
Glad in the green fields and fair June meadows sweet,
Starred with the buttercups and daisies wild
Where thistledown goes flying at my feet.

I'll find again, amid the grasses hid,
The groundbird's nest, and watch the cricket play,
And listen to the music of the katydid,
And hear the nightingale sing far away.

I see the woods behind the meadowland,
I hear the music of the running brook,
And shoulder high amid the grass I stand,
With leaf and blossom, each an open book.

Come to the hillside looking to the East,
The road runs just beyond it, and the pines
Rise cool and green, and to a welcome feast
Beckon the berries, where a cool spring shines.

The air is full of aromatic sweet,
Of piney odors and the happy tunes
Of bird and bee, and everything we meet
Seems breathing music through these afternoons.

"Jack-in-the-Pulpit," in the shadow dim
Of the deep wood, is standing by the stream
That sings his psalms; I wonder if by him
The flowers are soothed when anything alarms.

The tall white birch-tree rises close at hand;
From out its bark we'll form a pretty cup,
And there above the little line of sand
Grow berries red with which to fill it up.

And there are acorns on the old oak boughs,
With "cups and saucers" for our happy play;
The black and yellow caterpillar plows
Through fallen leaves his quiet, happy way.

I find an apple in my pocket stored;
With pieces small I fill my acorn cup,
And in the saucer water drops I've poured,
And you and I will sit and drink them up.

And now, green-coated and with yellow vest,
A great toad comes and stares at us awhile,
And overhead a bird has built its nest,
As if to watch the opening blossoms smile.

We make believe, oh, that indeed is sweet!—
This "make believe" of happy childhood's hours—
That we are grown-up folks, and for our feet
We have a carpet wrought of moss and flowers.

The massive boulders wall our parlor in,
Between their sides the cooling shadows lie,
And in one corner does the spider spin
A silken curtain 'twixt us and the sky.

The smaller rocks make tables for our stores,
And stools on which to sit; the bee, we say,
We've sent for honey through the forest doors
That open wide to flowery hills away.

The golden butterflies are winged with light;
The merry cricket's chirp is sounding clear,
We pause to watch the happy robin's flight,
And the ant army that is coming near.

The "pussy willows" on their branches shine,
The dandelions look up with yellow face,
And clinging vines about the old rocks twine,
And overhead the squirrels run a race.

Our dinner plates are made of green oak leaves,
For tablecloth a bit of paper spread,
And never were there sweeter nuts than these
In the green beech boughs just above our head.

Our apple then we cut in many shapes,
And with our "make believe" we change them there,
Some into white bread, some to tempting cakes,
And all things wanted for our bill of fare.

Our dinner over and away we run,
Down to the beach "to wade," and soon you see
Our shoes and stockings on the green banks flung,
And hear the echo of our careless glee.

And then the swings among the forest trees!
The glad see-saws, the hop and skip away;
The blind-man's buff. Oh, pleasures such as these
Fill full of gladness all the summer day.

And then at home our mother's dress we don,
And go a-calling just across the room,
And our tall husband papa's coat puts on,
And how we love him, though he's just a broom.

Our dolls we dress and take them out to ride,
Down still, green lanes, all bright with flowers and dew,
And tell each other with a mother's pride
The cunning things our dollies say and do.

Oh, I am glad to be a little child!
In wide green fields and fair June meadows sweet,
Starred with the buttercups and daisies wild,
Where thistledown goes flying at my feet.

MY BUNNY. (1892.)

I had a rabbit,
And it was his habit
To gnaw whatever he could find;
He gnawed my trees and bushes
Whenever he'd a mind.

His eyes were pink and rosy
And as pretty as a posy,
And his coat was snowy white,
He was as cunning bunny
As ever saw the light.

But oh, his naughty habits!
Made me wish that little rabbits
Would learn to do the right,
And, not like naughty children,
Touch whatever was in sight.

LITTLE IDA. (1892.)

Dear little Ida stood and watched
The lightning-flashing skies,
"O mamma! come and see," she cried,
"How God do wink His eyes!"

THE FAITH OF CHILDHOOD. (1894.)

Oh, thick the shadows fell and dark!
The moon had hid her face away,
Nor anywhere was seen a spark
Of sweet, pure starlight o'er the way
Her weary feet must walk alone,
All uncompanioned save by moan
Of the wild wind that sobbed along
The silent path her child had gone.

On, on she went, her mother heart
Giving her strength to onward go,
The briars tall her hands did part,
Yet, O they left them aching so!
Her child! where was the darling one
Who left her arms at set of sun,
Who went to find the pot of gold
The shining rainbow did enfold?

The thunder rolled across the sky
Like some loud trumpet blasts outblown
By some great Titan perched on high
Within the vast Unseen, unknown.

Then lo! a smiling rift of cloud,
Though the mad thunders muttered loud,
With silver gleam the moon looked through
And lighted all the earth anew.

And then a sudden flash there came,
  Red lightning through the darkened air;
She looked, and through that sudden flame
  Sight turned to joy her deep despair.
For there, where shining poppies made
A couch of gold, her child was laid—
Laid in soft slumber, fearless, sweet
As the wild blossoms at her feet.

She wakened her! The child uprose
  And looked about her as she sought
Some precious treasure to disclose,
  Something too priceless to be bought.
With lips a-tremble as her eye
She lifted to the clouded sky:
"Mamma, I think that Dod has gone,
Yet He's not left me very long."

The zigzag lightning came again:
  "Mamma, just see the golden stairs
Up which He went through all the rain,
  Just as I knelt to say my prayers.
And then I went to sleep, so sweet
Wif all the poppies 'round my feet.
The rainbow went away and so
I didn't any farther go."

Another flash! the little one
  With eyes uplifted and glad face
Looked 'round to see if God had come
  To seek her in that lonely place.
"Good-night, Dod, I don't see you here,
But still I thinks that you are near,
Perhaps behind a star you be,
And you are watching over me."

O happy child heart! trusting, sweet,
  Of such as thee Heav'n's kingdom is;
Faith paves the pathway for your feet
  'Mid all life's unsolved mysteries.
Eden is here at your right hand,
The Eden fair of Faith's bright land,
And God is there, His light is shed
Purer than starlight on your head.

CHILDHOOD IN SUMMERLAND—JANUARY. (1897.)

Pitty-pat, hark! there is Willie, see!
Chasing a wandering bumble-bee,
Hippety-hop and away we go
Through meadows white with the daisies' snow.
Hide-and-go-seek! and can you find me,
O bird in the green-boughed pepper tree?
Down in the beautiful clover sweet
I am buried now from head to feet.
And what, oh, what is it that I hear?
'Tis the flies which are buzzing softly near,
As if some story they had to tell
To Willie and me and little Nell.
What are you thinking of, little fly?
My gingerbread dog I think you spy.
Yes, yes, and you are a robber bold
Seeking to capture the sweets I hold.

Gay is the cricket's song in the grass,
While like wingéd flow'rs the butterflies pass,
Or like golden boats in a sea of light,
Floating away do they take their flight.
Hi spy! and quickly away we run,
All laughter-loving and full of fun;
Orange trees nod with their blossoms fair,
While roses make sweet the shining air;
We gather them for a battle bold,
The roses of white and red and gold,
Pelting each other away we go,
With fragrant roses in place of snow.
No Snow-Man have we, but lilies lean
Like white-faced nuns o'er the grasses green,
While the cactus stands with its pointed spear,
And the canna tall is growing near.
Play we gaily here from rise of sun
Till the day is gone and the bright stars come,
When with happy hearts we nestle down
To our slumbers sweet in Good-Night Town.

THE FAIRIES AND THE BUTTERFLY. (1897.)

The sweet fairies lay all hid in the grass,
Smiling to see a white thistledown pass,
Smiling to see a dandelion lean
To stroke a cricket beneath its screen.
And lo! beyond, amid the sweet clover,
They saw a big Worm, an ambling rover;
He strove to be graceful, but, oh, alas!
No more awkward fellow did ever pass.
Many his legs, and his body was lean,
And he crawled and tumbled the grass between;
But still he did look, as he onward went,
Like the very picture of sweet content.
Slender and awkward and brown was he,
But happy still as a soul could be.
Ha! cried the fairies, a brave fellow he!
He something better than a worm should be.

So they caught him up in their tiny hands,
And counted his feet and the many bands
Of beautiful color about his form,
Like ribbons of light about him drawn;
Then they kissed him fondly, and lo! he grew
Into wondrous loveliness, strange and new;
For out of that kiss the Butterfly came,
With beautiful color all aflame,
And his golden wings were both dotted, bright
With touches of red like the sunset light,

And he flew aloft in the golden air,
And looked like a bright-winged blossom there.
Then fluttered he down amid the flowers,
Sipped their nectar sweet through the gladsome hours.
Oh, well do we love you! the fairies cry,
You are born of our kiss, sweet Butterfly.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT. (1902.)

Comrade am I of Color and Light,
And the sweet silence that doth round me brood,
While the far skies above me, bending bright,
Make glorious these haunts of solitude.

What lessons one may gather unafraid
In the deep woods, where Nature's speech is heard;
What wondrous notes are by the wind's harps played,
What countless voices are to music stirred.

I mind me well of other days agone,
When in the wildwood by a silver stream
My heart was gladdened by the robin's song,
And by the beauty of the wild-flowers' gleam.

And soon I came upon a quaint, wild bloom,
Standing alone where forest shadows lay;
A mimic man within his leaf-ceiled room,
Like some lone spirit of the shining day.

"Oh, what is this?" I to my teacher cried.
"Jack-in-the-Pulpit," said she, drawing near;
"And does he to the flowers by his side
Preach sermons," said I, "such as all can hear?"

Through the long years Jack's voice still to me
Speaks of God's love and of His constant care;
And still he stands in blessed ministry,
A silent preacher in the forest there.

THE CHILD AND THE BIRDS. (1902.)

Within the tree-tops many happy birds
Fluttered amid the thousand swaying leaves,
And downward poured a flood of sweetest song,
The very air was drowned in it. Along
The valley's length, like a great tidal wave,
Mingled with sunshine, did it onward roll,
And the hushed winds were listening as it fell.
The roses seemed to breathe beneath its spell,
While the bright air did laugh in gladness, too,
As on the ground lay Morning's silver dew,
And all the Earth was gladder for the notes
Falling so sweetly from those feathered throats.

A little child came straying out of doors,
Threading the green by-paths about her home,
Plucking the flowers that grew around her there,
Watching the brightness of the Summer air,
Until at length the bird-song caught her ear.
Clapping her hands, she lifted up her eyes
Unto the trees from which the bird-notes fell.
Richer and fuller did the music swell
As if the air was bursting into song,
And every leaf a lute to play upon.
"I wonder whever dey do sing for Dod," said she,
"Or whever dey be singing dest for me."

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

"Little Boy Blue! come, blow your horn,
The sheep are in the meadow, the cows in the corn;
Where's the little boy who tends the sheep?
Under the haymow, fast asleep."

All the world is wide awake,
Running o'er with gladness,
With no room for cloud or sadness,
For Summer's here with eyes of blue,
With golden sunshine looking through
From the glory of her skies;
With bird-song bubbling o'er
From her trees,
While the bees
Hum through fields of clover,
Oh, the happy sound they make.
As their joyous flight they take,
From flower to flower,
In the dewy morning hour!
Buzzing, buzzing do they go,
While the glad flies, humming low,
Where the honeysuckle swings,
Stir their little silver wings.

Oh, be wary, little flies,
For a big fat spider spies
You as you gaily come,
And his silver web is he
Spreading both for fly and bee;
And he thinks, I'll have one
Of those foolish flies for dinner.
See him work—the wicked sinner!
Back and forth from leaf to leaf,
See him spin his silver thread,
Like a curtain overhead;
But he'll stop with winning speech
When the flies within his reach
Come with pretty shining wings.
See how quickly out he springs,
Seizes one and breaks his wings,
Then he hangs him in the sun,
Roasting him till he is done.
There is Mrs. Spider, too;
See, she turns the dead fly over,
So the Sun shall cook it through,
Then beneath a green leaf's cover swift she runs,
Sitting there as meek as though
Nothing naughty she did know.

Put your ear down to the ground,
Don't you think you hear the sound
Of the little roots astir,
'Neath the swaying lilies' stalk—

Down along the garden walk?
'Neath the pansies' smiling faces,
Lifted in such quiet places;
'Neath the roses growing fair,
'Neath the blossoms everywhere?

O these Summer days are fine,
Golden is the Summer weather,
Brook and bird they sing together
Where the rippling waters shine;
While along the river's line
Lean the willows all together,
With a softly-swaying grace,
Looking each to see its face
In the flowing waters cool,
Flinging shadows on the pool
Where the long-winged swallows glide
O'er the silence of its breast,
Dipping beak and feathered crest
In the silver of the tide.

All the rosy morn is still,
Saving only the sweet trill
Of the robin and the lark,
And the sudden, noisy whirr
Of the swift wings of the swallow.
But list, my dears, O list and hark!
For there is little Boy Blue
Who is blowing his horn,
And he has blown such a blast he's broke it in two.

"Little Boy Blue, why did you do it?"
"Oh, look at the corn and the cows coming through it,
While in the green meadows like clouds you can see
The white fleece of the sheep—a hundred there be;
And there 'neath the gold of the haymow asleep
Is the bad little boy who should take care of the sheep."

My child, he's not bad, the dear little fellow,
With his thin, pallid lips and curls that are yellow
As the soft swaying buttercups leaning above him,
Like God's watching angels to guard and to love him—
He's weary with watching, so young and so small,
For I know he was up while you children were all
In your beds and asleep—was up with the Sun,
For his father is dead, and his mother has none
To help her but him, and the sheep were so still,
As they fed on the tender young grass of the hill,
He thought he might lie down for a moment, and lo!
His poor little eyelids were heavy, and so
They quickly dropped downward, shutting him in
With beautiful dreams, and not even the din
Of the horn which was blown by Little Boy Blue
Has reached the sweet Dreamland he's wandering through.

But the farmer is kind and is sorry for him,
Saying, "Poor little boy, let him sleep while we bring
The sheep from the meadow, the cows from the corn,
And I'll see that he's not called so early each morn."
So away sped the farmer, and all of his men
Drove the sheep and the cows to their pastures again,
And the boys and the girls they tended the sheep
While the little boy lay by the haymow asleep.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

Out in the meadows, yellow and fair,
Stood the gay buttercups; thousands were there,
Filled with the sunshine, bright with the dew,
They shimmered like stars the wide meadow through.
Dandelions bowed to them everywhere,
Bees floated over them through the bright air,
And the rosy-red clover, whose honey was sweet,
Swayed soft at the touch of the rover Wind's feet,
Which lingered and loitered and hid in its leaves,
Or with gayest of murmurs swept on through the trees.

Then out from a tiny red cottage there came
A gay little fellow, and Jack was his name.
He had pretty red boots and a cap with a feather,
And his clothes were of velvet; as fine altogether
As a prince did he look, and down did he run—
Just as over the mountains peeped the bright Sun—
To his garden, where he had planted so deep
A big, shiny bean, which he'd planted for fun
Only the yesterday's eve; and oh, how his eyes
Opened wide 'neath their lids in the greatest surprise,
For the bean had pushed its way up through the ground,
And 'twas taller than the tallest tree to be found.

"I'll climb that beanstalk," cried Jack in delight,
And swift he went up and was soon out of sight.
His mother came out and called him by name—
Called him loudly and long, but called him in vain;
No sound did she hear but the hum of the bee,
And the song of the robin as it sang in the tree,
And she listened and wondered where her dear Jack
could be.

But Jack, he was happy, and climbed high and higher,
Up and up, far above the tallest church spire;
Up and up, till the mountains below him did lie,
Till he thought he could climb through the blue of the sky,
But after a while he ran out on a limb
Of the beanstalk which seemed to stretch out to the rim
Of the sky, and there, to his joy,
Was a wonderful land, where never a boy
Of his size had been seen—its trees were so high
They seemed to stretch up to the noon of the sky;
Its rivers were vast, and its meadows were wide
As our Earth's mighty continents swept by the tide
Of the great rolling oceans; and its houses—why they
Stood bigger than mountains right over the way.
"This is jolly," said Jack, "and I believe I will run
And rap on that door—I'll do it for fun."

So he scampered away as fast as his feet
Could take him across the wide, sunny street.
But oh! every step was as high as his head,
And he struggled to climb them till he was more than
half dead
With fatigue; but at length he got hold
Of a long, swaying vine which was yellow as gold,
With beautiful blossoms which grew thick on each stem,
As he pulled himself up by clinging to them.

Then he gave a loud rap, and lo! to the door
Came a wonderful Giant, big as a dozen or more
Of men like Jack's father, and he scowled as he saw
Jack standing before him, and he reached down to draw
Him under his thumb, and he held him so tight
Jack was ready to perish with terror and fright;
And down through the long hall he carried him then,
And he took his snuff-box for a safe prison-pen.
And Jack he grew brave and he took from his pocket
A sling and a stone, and like a sky-rocket
He shot the stone at him, and it sank in his head,
Then down fell the Giant, and in a moment was dead.
Then the old Giant's wife came hurrying in—
She was tall as a poplar, as graceful and slim,
And she smiled when she saw the old Giant lie there,
For he'd always been cruel and cross as a bear.
And she took little Jack and gave him a kiss,
Saying, "Pray, tell me, dear, the meaning of this."

Then Jack stood up bravely on the table beside her—
While his beautiful eyes opened wider and wider
And he said: "I live away down in the world
Round which the great seas and oceans are curled;
And last eve, when the Sun went down in the West,
I went to my garden, and deep in its breast
I planted a bean, and when morning had come
It had grown up so high it reached to the Sun,
And I climbed up its stalk and happened to find
This land where you live, and I thought you'd be kind
If I ran in to see you; but the Giant he swore,
So soon as ever he'd opened the door,
That he'd eat me for dinner, and he brought me in here,
And at first I grew weak and trembled with fear.

Then I remembered at once my stones and my sling,
And quickly I seized them and hastened to fling
A stone at his head, and it hit him, and lo!
He fell dead as you see him—and now may I go?

"Yes, dear," she said, smiling, "but first I must give
Some treasures of mine that will help you to live
In plenty at home." So down a stairway of gold
She took him. Doors of pearl did unfold
As onward they went, till they came to a room
Where diamonds shone, dispelling the gloom
By the closed shutters made, and she filled up a sack
As big as he could possibly take on his back—
With gold and with diamonds richest and rare;
Then she fastened it up and laid it with care
On Jack's sturdy shoulders, and a servant she sent
To help him along on his way as he went.

Then swift down the beanstalk Jack hurried away,
And reached his dear mother just at close of the day,
And he showed her his treasures, and oh, she was glad
Of the riches brought home by her brave little lad.

Unclassified Poems.

"Golden the lances the sunshine dropped."

THE LEPER'S CLEANSING. (1891.)

Bright shone the Sun within Judean skies;
The heavens were blue as the eye of love;
No cloud their brightness marred, no shadow fell
Save of the olive leaf and swaying palm,
Or cool rock by the wayside lifted high.
Golden the lances the sunshine dropped,
And softly twittered the birds within the trees,
And with cool breath the lightly whispering breeze
Swept onward, fragrance-laden, sweet and pure,
And men looked up and cried, "How fair the day!"
And women smiled and said, "This life is sweet,
'Tis joy to live with all the earth so fair."
And little children 'neath the olive trees
Let laughter gurgle like the rippling brook,
And peace seemed brooding over everything.

Swift broke the new day in the purple East,
With splendor crowned the crest of Olivet
O'er which ran dimpling waves of rosy light,
And golden seas of shining amber flowed.
How like an opal hung the dome of sky,
The dew still sleeping in its hidden caves,
Then changed to gleaming sapphire as the Sun
Stole to Day's borderland, and then at length
Morn flung out crimson banners to the East,
And golden pennons streamed above the heights.
Then 'mid the swaying palms soft swelled the glad
Birds' notes. The lark rose upward, singing to
The Sun, and poured its song into the ear
Of listening flowers; and, silver-tongued,
The brooks sang to the skies they mirrored, and
To the emerald hills and green-spreading
Vales. No signs of sin upon the world, for
It was fair as Eden. But as the Day
Sped on, while Morn yet lingered with her breath
Of balm and gentle breezes, a human
Flood came down the dusty way leading from
Bethany, each earnest face set toward
Jerusalem, whose sacred towers rose,
Parting the blue heaven, their gleaming
Gold answering the brightness of flashing
Sunbeams.

Amid the throng a Man with face
Serene and calm, the large eyes lustrous, the
Lips touched with the sweetness of divinest
Love; the brown hair parted o'er his forehead's
Front, and flowing backward like a cloud of
Light, and rippling o'er his shoulders. Onward
He goes, the surging crowd pressing upon
His footsteps, thronging beside, before, behind.
But what has stirred them! A shuddering cry,
A quick rush to the roadside, where hottest
Falls the unhindered sunshine. Why leave the
Shadow of the palm, and the pleasant shade
Of fig and olive? O look and pity!
"Unclean! Unclean!" The tremulous air hears
Shudderingly the cry, as there beneath
The olive's swaying boughs, upon the dusty
Wayside knelt the hideous leper. How
Stared the lidless eyes, and how foul with
Putrid sores the fleshless nostrils! Disease
The lips had eaten, and the long white hair
Was like a shroud about his face, and his
Withered, shriveled hands were colorless, and
Thin his fingers as the claws of birds. The
Multitude swept from him like a great wave
Receding from the shore—all save One, who
Turned and looked upon him pityingly.
Then spake the leper: "Jesus, Thou Son of
David, have mercy on me!" "What wilt thou?"
Said the Master, and His voice was full of
Tenderness, and sweet as the melody
Of a lute his words did fall upon the
Leper's ear. "Lord, make me clean. Heal Thou this
Leprosy." Divine the voice that answered:
"I will; be thou clean." Then sprang the leper
To his feet, and with uncovered face stood
In the sunlight. In his veins the warm, fresh
Blood began to circle, thrilling him with
Sense of health returning. Over his eyes
He felt expanding soft lids of tender
Flesh, fringed with dark lashes. The breath came sweet
Again within his nostrils, and all their
Foulness vanished. He touched them and felt once
More the velvet skin upon them, and felt
Again the bearded flesh above his lips—
The lips rosy once more with health, and his
Hands he watched as they grew soft and warm, and
Supple with fresh strength. How soft his flesh! How
Show the blue veins through their clear covering!
O what a delight to watch them as they change!
Are they not beautiful, blue-veined and clean?

Then kneeling there before the silent throng
Who looked with wondering eyes upon him,
Cleansed and healed, he cried rejoicingly: "It
Is the Christ! His word hath made me whole! To
God, our Israel's God, the glory!"

FROM MY WINDOW. (1891.)

Oh, could I set this picture in sweet words,
What would ye see? A land fair as the light,
And green as the emerald worn upon
Young Beauty's finger. And you would think the
Earth was starred as is the sky at night, for
Everywhere blooms the gold-eyed daisy,
And on the hills the poppies, yellow as
The wine of sunset, stir at the soft kiss
Of wandering breezes, while the grasses

Move as if the Earth's warm breast did lightly
Heave beneath them. Everywhere bloom and
Color fragrance-crowned, and bird-song, and the
Sound of buzzing bee, and butterflies, like
Wingéd blossoms in the opalescent air;
And little singing brooks, with voices like
A silver lute, or chime of bells on the
Dewy breast of Morn; and rainbow-winged flies;
And swaying vines; and orchards amber-sphered,
Their boughs filled with untwinkling juicy globes;
Days filled full of Summer's lingering breath,
As if her soul lay hidden somewhere in
The light, and breathed through it as a glad child
Does through its rosy lips. Then, mountain heights
That the Sun seems to brush in passing, and
The mist to fold in silver curtains, and
At their feet the fair hills, which are Summer's
Footstools, never touched by sheen of frost, the
Worshipers of the mountains, forever
Kneeling and offering perfumed incense
From their flowery censers. Over all
The sapphire dome of skies, so vast, so deep,
Eternity might sleep in them, and suns
Hide; and, beyond, the Sea, where heaven
Looks down to see its face; and white ships
That sail and seem to pass behind the blue
Of sky; and ocean isles, asleep upon
The silver of the tide; and over these
The floods of sunshine, and the Earth lying
Like a maiden in her sleep, forever
Young and fair, smiling in pleasant dreams.

MEMNON. (1884.)

Out upon the sand-built plains,
  Where the young world passed its prime,
Where the ages, vast and dim,
  Backward stretch to earliest time,
Where Creation's morning hymn
  Echoed in its strains sublime,
Memnon stands with face of stone,
  Looking to the purple East,
Vast and solemn, standing lone,
  Waiting for the golden light
Breaking round the coming Dawn;
  All his pulses at the sight
Stirred to life, and in the warm
  Soft, rosy touch which holds him there,
In the clasp of Morning's arms,
  All his gray and solemn form
Thrills till from its lips of stone
  Breaks the music that has stirred
Low and sweet upon the air
  Since the day when Thebes was young.

Memnon, is some god of old
  Prisoned in thy stony form,
Doing penance for untold
  Works of sin and deeds of wrong?
Does the golden sunrise hold
  Whispers only heard by thee,
Stirring all thy soul to bliss
  Through their shining prophesy?
When the ages shall have gone,
  At the touch of Morning still
  Will your stony pulses thrill
Till you break your bonds of stone,
And your soul leaps glad and free,
  Purified and purged from pain,
  Led by Light to walk again?
Through the paths of olden days,
On the sandy plains of Thebes,
  By the river of the Nile,
In the old historic ways
  That the young world's heroes trod.

Here I pause—the Morning breaks,
Pours its glory on his face,
And the low, sweet music's strain
Sounds across the sandy plain;
Memnon wakes to life again,
And akin he is, I know,
To the sunrise, and its kiss
Yet shall break the spell that holds
Memnon in its stony folds;
And he knows and waits for this.

THE OLD ADOBE. (1886.)

The winds have dropped asleep amid the palms,
  Breathing but lightly, as if dreaming sweet
Of fragrant silence and of tropic calms;
  And roses smile, as if the Summer's feet
Still lingered 'neath the shade of red-tiled roof,
  Girt round with green of pepper-tree and lime
And fragrant heliotrope, which stands aloof
  From the starred glory of the passion-vine.

The long line of the lilies' tents is spread
  Beneath the eucalypti's dropping shade;
And on the old adobe walls the red,
  Warm chilis into long strings made—
Strung by deft hands, the prison sunshine holds,
  And to the roof, like flaming pillars, rise
Amid the vines, whose clasping arms enfold;
  And, over all, December's sun-filled skies.

Beneath the broad veranda, sweeping round,
  Within a quiet corner we may see,
On a rude bench, that leans toward the ground,
  An old-time *olla*, with its waters free
Unto each thirsty lip; and, in the tropic noon,
  Cool as if frost-kissed; and the wild gourd's cup,
Yellow, as if the sunbeams, stealing down full soon,
  Had in its sides been caught and gathered up.

Our glad lips press its thin brim's slender line,
  And Noon seems breathing freer while we drink—
Better than juice from purple-laden vine
  The cool, pure water; and, musing, sit and think,
As if each breeze which plays around us there
  A wind-blown memory had wafted o'er us

Its breath of romance, filling all the air
Of vanished races who were here before us,
Who piled these sunburnt bricks and reared these walls,
Facing the glorious sunshine of today,
Hoary as century-old baronial halls,
Crumbling, and falling into swift decay.

II. (1891.)

Its sunburnt bricks are hoary with old age,
Its red-tiled roof seems breathing of the past,
It is Romance's wide, unlettered page,
Round which the climbing ivy clingeth fast;
And wandering spiders spin their silver sheen—
Their summer tents, swift-woven in the light—
For camping armies, all its cracks between,
Through its small windows scarcely peeps the light.

Where the gay maids that in the long ago
Lived 'neath its roof, the midnight in their eyes,
And in their tones the liquid river's flow,
And in their smile the warmth of sunny skies?

AN EVENING PICTURE. (1892.)

The gracious starlight and the many stars,
The light winds sleeping in the arms of Eve,
And there, across the distant West, the bars
Swift fading that the sunset lights did weave.

A little brook sings sweetly to the hills,
A bird just twitters in its leafy nest,
A flower pours out its incense to the rills
Whose crystal feet so late the cañon prest.

In golden lances falls the starlight down,
Each leaf hangs breathless on its slender stem;
The high Sierras, bare and vast and brown,
The crescent moon wear for their diadem.

The long road runs, a thread of dusty white;
'Tis trodden now by many hurrying feet;
The rising dust just blurs our watching sight,
As looking where the light and darkness meet,

Fainter and fainter grows the twilight gleam,
Clearer the starlight as the shadows fall,
More silvery the faint young moonlight's beam,
Till Night drops her mantle over all.

A MORNING OF THE LONG AGO.

It was hardly light, yet I sat at dawn
In the college tower on a summer's morn;
Beneath the lovely village lay,
And the beautful park and far-off bay.
The mountains rose grand in the distant east,
And the tall trees stood like a bearded priest,
And "the birds sang east and the birds sang west,"
As if made of song was each tiny breast.
Far off the green mounts lifted high
Their penciled lines against the sky;
The blue mounts rose in the faint, dim dawn,
Like shadowy heights just newly born,
And as Day drew near the clouds did rise
Like golden altars of sacrifice,
While the light winds stirred the forest trees
To sweetest of leaf-lipped harmonies.

But the village slept, and the college halls
Were as still as night; no light footfalls
Through their corridors dim, no eye but mine
Watched the horizon's far-off line
For the first faint light of the coming Sun
To chase away the shadows dim.
But I often climbed to watch the sky
As the dark, black wings of Night swept by,
And the glorious Dawn, with wings unfurled,
Sent light and music o'er the world.
I leaned and listened and soon I heard
The first faint note of singing bird;
Twitter and peep, then out would pour
A tide of music the sweet world o'er;
The Morn would her golden garments brush,
And her heart would leap to the singing thrush,
And the robin, with breast of scarlet hue,
Would sing as sweet as when Earth was new;
And quick 'neath the golden tides of light
The twinkling stars would sink from sight
Into the Somewhere with the Night,
And golden the tips of the mountain's crests
As on the blue of the sky they leaned to rest.
Oh, 'twas lovely to me! and it seemed as if
A new world were born, with beetling cliff
And meadows sweet with fragrant clover,
And trees with blossoms covered over;
And mountains, too, from out the dim,
The star-lighted spaces. The wild-bird's hymn
Fell sweet with the rolling river's song,
As 'twere singing, "a day, a day is born."

Hark! hark! "Sweet sweet,
Peep, peep; tweet, tweet." I heard
Right near me, there, where the old bell hung,
"Tweet, tweet," as the rising bell was rung,
And looking, I saw a little nest
Right on the verge of the belfry's crest;
'Twas filled with eight little downy things,
Their feathers ungrown, their tiny wings
With scarce strength to stir; but the papa bird
Flew to a tree, and I never heard
A sweeter song than he poured so free
From his little throat, and I think that he
Was holding a family jubilee.

THE CLOUDS AND THE FAIRIES.

Just look and see the daisies
Lift up their shining faces
Unto the skies so blue,
As if they wondered who
Had set a-sailing there
The fleecy clouds so fair,—
So very soft and white,

And looking just as light
As a downy feather—
Sailing all together
As if each one did hold
A fairy sailor bold,
Who might be on his way
To catch at close of day—
When the moon should rise
So brightly in the skies—
Just a word or two
With the old man who
Lives within the moon.
Aha! a merry tune
Would they sing together
In this pleasant weather.
Sing and float would they
Through the skies away—
Fleecy clouds so white
In the full moonlight,
Each one holding, maybe,
Fairy knight and lady.
There! on the mountain summit,
One has lost her bonnet,
Golden-bright it's lying
With its strings a-flying.

Float, float little cloud-boats,
And daisies swing,
While the bluebells ring,
And soft their music floats,
Filling the meadows fair
And all the rain-washed air.
Ah! when the Night drops down
Over the fields and town,
Then, shining bright and clear
Will the stars draw near,
And they will softly peep,
While all the daisies sleep,
At the white clouds afloat,
And if each is a boat,
With a fairy in it,
They'll know it in a minute;
And over field and hill
The brightest star-beams will
Fall in a silver stream,
Where all the daisies dream,
And all the wood and hill
The fairy folk will fill.
They'll come from out the sky,
From each cloud floating by,
They'll steal from out the daisies,
With laughing, happy faces;
From dandelion and bluebell
You'll hear their laughter swell,
And they'll dance upon the green
Behind a cobweb screen.
With fiddle and with bow
There will the cricket go;
And there the butterfly
Will make a canopy
Of its soft wings, I ween,
Above the Fairy Queen.
Dancing on the hills,
Dancing by the rills,
Dancing in the meadows,
And in the forest shadows,
While we are asleep—
So sound we cannot peep—
Do the fairies go,
While soft breezes blow,
And the bluebells ring,
And the daisies swing,
Bowing as they pass
O'er the bending grass.
Swing, O daisies! everywhere,
And ring, ye bluebells fair,
And to your music sweet
Shall the fairies' feet
All keep time together
Through this moonlit weather.

THE SOUL OF THE DAY.

These beautiful days the air is awake,
Flooded with light like a spirit fair,
The soul of the Day in the sunshine lies,
And its glorious presence is everywhere.
Warm is its breath as it lieth still,
When the winds are asleep, nor breezes stir,
And the droop of its wings is over the hill
And the mountains are wrapped in the faintest blur
Of mist-touched light—a veil whose haze
So soft and lambent fills the maze
Of sweeping distance; the mounts do lean
On the blue of the sky which shows between
The crested peaks like an open door,
While birds wing the dawn-kissed meadow o'er,
And 'mid their dewy grasses sweet
Is the unheard tread of the Summer's feet.

AN EASTERN SUMMER SHOWER.

The shadows fell across my sunny porch,
The blooming roses leaned to kiss the Sun,
The striped bee struck up his merry hum,
And there the Sunflower his gay golden torch
Swung to the breeze, as, rippling, it did run
Down through the meadows where the grasses stood,
And through the myriad boughs of leafy wood.

The air grew dim with heat, the sleeping hills
Scarce cast a shadow on the burning noon—
Teased by Cicada's shrill and rasping tune—
There was no dew to moisten his small throat—
The Sun had drunk each drop while yet the Morn
Wore them for diamonds, and the robin's note
Fell like a rain of music, while each flowery cup
Held its bright pearl, which from the deeps of stars
Had dropped so silently through Midnight's open bars.

I saw a man move down the road's white thread,
While all the air was still as if 'twere dead
Save for the lines of heat that shimmered so
Like half-seen ripples on the Ocean's breast;
As o'er the plain's wide space I saw him go.
He seemed a stain between me and the West,
So thick beneath his moving feet did rise
The white, dry dust that wrapped him there.

Then, later, all the atmosphere astir
Beat with quick pulse of swiftly-rising winds,
Breathing grand oratorios through the pines,
And lifting seas of dust, through whose dim blur
The Earth seemed rushing, like a ship at sea,
And giant cloudy Titans did arise,
Sweeping with lightning scimitars the skies,
And the black air was with loud thunders rent,
And leaned for strength upon the moveless hills,
Until the madness of its wrath was spent.

Then came a break. The oratorios poured
Through solemn heights of wooded oak and pine,
Dropped into golden hymns of swift sunshine;
And all the wide, sweet Earth was floored
With diamond drops; each baptized bush and tree
Burst into jeweled glory, and did shine
With prism'd spheres where little rainbows hung,
And every swaying leaf had found a tongue,
And fields were clean, and skies were bright,
And Coolness laid her hand divine
Where erst so late the melting heat
Through all Earth's fevered pulses beat.

CLOUDS AND STARS. (1886.)

That little cloud I'm sure has gone astray,
  It is so very far. Gold-tinged, it lies
Along the amber glory of the West—
  That hidden door unto the farther skies—
Where lingers lovingly the passing Day,
  And piles up clouds of crimson for her crest.

The night wind steals through portals all unseen,
  Ere says the Day good night unto the Earth—
  In what deep caves of air doth it find birth?—
And lo! the starlight falleth down between
  The sunset and the night. One star, as soft
As Love's tears, with beams as liquid pure,
  Shines on the threshold of departing day,
Like the pure opal of some crownéd queen,
  And watching it, I see it twinkle oft.

O Day! it lights for thee thy untrod way
To that vast Somewhere hidden from our sight,
'Mid the dim isles, girt round by soundless seas,
Where nothing lives but human memories,
And God's own presence, unto whom as one
Are days that were, and are, and days that are to come.

ART. (1896.)

O Art! thou wordless poet of all time,
Truth lives with thee and breathes divinest air.
Greatness is thine, and beauty thou dost share
With sky and earth and blooming things divine
In loveliness. All things of earth are thine,
And to the soul thou givest speech as fair
As its own whiteness, wordless thoughts which are
Hidden in being's deep to thrill and stir
Our inmost self to waking and delight—
That inmost self that we so little know,
That holds our human godhood as the burr
Holds the live seed whose life shall overflow
In tree or flower. What witchery is thine
That puts the world on canvas, hills aflame
With sunlight, and in palpitating glow
The broad lush meadows in the noonday heat
Lying a-dream; the river's onward flow,
Mirrored in ripples that so oft repeat
Themselves the river seems to smile and know
Itself alive with motion; 'tis the same
That babbles to the sky outside our door,
The same sweet stream with willows bending o'er,
With yellow butterflies o'erwinging it,
While birds within the happy sunshine flit;
Yet Art somehow has seemed to give it soul,
Of sky, field, river, made a perfect whole.

PEACE.

August. (1898.)

Black-winged and huge, the cruel bird of War,
  With sharp, strong talons and with bloody beak,
Brooded above the world—within his claw
  He held a nation bleeding, sore and weak,

Prostrate in utter helplessness and woe,
  Its navies playthings of relentless Fate,
Its armies beaten by its watchful foe,
  With Death forever marching in their wake.

Peace looked from far, from out her golden day,
  Her morning luminous with rosy light,
The perfumed stillness on the silence lay,
  Upon the air so shining, clear and white.

She stirred her wings, the waiting nations heard,
  One note she sounded, sweet and soft and clear,
Sweeter than song of any wandering bird,
  Pulsing through all the breathing atmosphere.

Great armies moving over sun-scorched plains
  Breathed as if Dawn had touched them with her lips,
And Noon's hot, fevered pulses, filled with pain,
  Were cooled and soothed by her soft finger-tips.

Hearts which had throbbed like muffled drum-beats, slow,
  Heavy with the sad torture of a nation's pain,
Threw off the grinding pressure of their woe,
  As the strong oak lifts up its boughs again

When the swift tempest passes. Peace! sweet peace,
  Hail it as Love hails Love when she draws nigh;
Hail it as ye hail rest when pain doth cease,
  Hail it as triumph for humanity.

Hail it as signal that Oppression's might
  Is broke for aye, that tyrants nevermore
Shall beat a people down in Freedom's sight,
  Nor fear her lifted arm will smite them sore.

THE EVENING STAR.

The sky, like one great shining sapphire, spreads
Above me here, undimpled by a cloud;
The stars are hid by th' golden, flooding light
Of the sweet Day, filled with the perfumed breath
Of many flowers. The breezes play with
All the thousand leaves upon the many
Trees, till they ripple as with laughter in
The shining sunlight, and Day seems to smile
As if a soul were hidden in her breast.
The mountains gleam in soft and tender lights,
Growing in glory as the Noon draws near,
And then, transfigured in the sunset's glow
Stand glorified in wondrous colors there,
As if heaven opened wide her gates
And let her glory through. O the first star,
Outflashing in the West as daylight dies,
And velvet-footed Night draws near,
All diademed with worlds! Bright star,
The whole world loves ye, and its eyes are lift
To watch your silent coming, as ye look
Forth alone upon the Earth, before the
Starry heavens marshal their countless hosts
To light the rayless dark that wraps the Vast
Above us. Ye seem as if ye were the
Eye of God, looking with tender light on
His great world as the Day passes, to see
How it hath fared, and what its many needs.
Thy tender light, it trembles in the skies—
The far-off, brooding skies of Evening, warm
As with gracious pity for Earth's many
Woes, yet smiling with cheer and blessed hope
Of sweet Tomorrow's coming. Behind thee
March the universe of worlds. Behind them
All is God, Our Father; and looking up
To thee, I wait to see His face, for He
Holds thee and me within His loving care.

IN CHINATOWN.

Strange is the man before my vision now,
Dull, heavy-eyed, with low, receding brow,
Child of dead ages, not the living Now.

With manhood quenched, his wretched soul is dumb,
The weight of centuries on his shoulders hung,
With eyes unlifted and with hopes unsung.

He knows no future, but Today is all;
About him hangs dark Superstition's pall,
And specters follow where his footsteps fall.

The Holy Cross gleams near across the way,
The same sun shines upon it, the same day
Brightens outside as darkens where we stray.

Darkens within the temple where he kneels
To his dumb idols, and the daylight steals
Like some ghost's shadow which the dark reveals.

Smoking his pipe, his half-closed eyes grow dim,
Looking, you see only the beast in him—
Not manhood's face nor manhood's strength of limb.

Dark are the ways amid his hovels there,
The gambler's den is hidden in his lair,
And home, sweet home, is found not anywhere.

O Christ! smile on this corner which doth lay
Like some dark blot upon the face of Day,
And let Hope's footsteps come along this way.

Let Faith's bright morning shed its holy ray
Along the haunts where these poor heathen stray,
And idol worship to God's love give way.

THE UNWRITTEN PAST. (1899.)

O the great Past! How full it is of soul,
  Of names undying and of deeds unsung!
Can pen be found to write its wondrous whole—
  To tell its story since the world begun?

How far and dim does Time's young morning stand
  When Eden bloomed and all its fragrance poured
Upon the wondrous, new-created land,
  While in its womb was all the future stored.

How far the first young nation that did rise
  To proud dominion in the distant East,
How faint the pennant 'neath the Orient skies
  That marked the power of earthly king and priest.

O mighty Past! Unwritten and unsung
  Are deeds of glory and foul deeds of crime,
No voice amid thy silences has flung
  With a world-crash whose terror was sublime

Words that would tell thy inmost deeds of wrong,
  Such as smite Heaven as with a sense of woe,
Nor wove into the melody of song
  Grand deeds unnumbered that but God doth know.

When that last day of judgment comes to men,
  When God's great book is opened and we see
Each thought, each deed of all the race, O then
  How shall we tremble at man's history!

Tremble at wrong, yet in joy, in goodness, too,
  Wonder at love and all its holy fire,
Humble ourselves before our God anew,
  And loving Him, to higher life aspire.

OUR TWO WORLDS.

On snowy heights white Winter sits enthroned,
Above our smiling valleys emerald clad,
Where Summer lingers with the closing Year,
And with her dainty fingers weaves his crown—
His fragrant crown of buds and flowers.
We see old Winter's face, his icy wand
Clasped by his frozen fingers as he leans
His head on the far blue of heaven,
Sitting the monarch of that mountain world.
We do not feel his breath, he is so far
From our sweet vales, nor e'en the touch of frost.
The golden orange swings its ripening spheres
Amid its full-leaved boughs of green;
The happy birds a sweet rich tide of song
Pour on the sunny air; the wild bees' hum
Is like an undertone of melody;
The flies are rainbow-winged and swim in light,
The cricket chirps his hymn amid the grass,
And bright-winged butterflies do gaily pass,
And sip sweet nectar from the blooming flowers;
The green grass blades are lifted to the Sun,
The spider's web upon their tips is hung,
And all this lower world is bright as June,
Sun, stars and earth and everything in tune
With Summer gladness. But, oh, lift your eyes!
See Winter's robes are round him on the heights,
His snowy mantle wraps his shoulders round;
His footstool is the frozen cataract
Where the hushed thunders of the waters lie.
Two worlds we see, the one of chill and frost,
The other where all chill and frost are lost;
Cradled in sunshine lies this lower world,
Cradled in cold the upper, where is hurled
The snowy avalanche against the rocks
Which feel the thrill of the wild tempest's shocks.
O valley lands! We love your summer heart,
Lovely are ye and never ye have part
With Winter's life, which stands upon the crest
Of those vast heights where cloudy specters rest.
There Winter frowns, here lovely Summer smiles,
And all the cares of weary Time beguiles.

IN THE FIELDS OF KNOWLEDGE.

(An address to Chautauqua graduates assembled at Long Beach, Cal., August 28, 1885.)

While standing here I hear the tramping
Of many thousand feet;
They are passing from life's levels,
They are toiling up the steep,
Reaching out for higher knowledge,
For a better vantage ground,
And Chautauqua's ever-widening Circle
Nobly, grandly clasps them round.
See what glorious heights! what summits!
What vast fields of knowledge gleam,
Like some Nebo's mount of vision,
Whence the Promised Land is seen.

Nevermore life's lower levels
Will their feet contented tread,
Nevermore the dusky twilight
While Truth's sun shines overhead.

Live to our vision, old and vanished thrones,
And mighty peoples that long since have passed;
We hear the sound of warfare, and the groans
Of dying thousands, and the angry blast
Of trumpets, and we see the shining spears
Bristling along the heights, the arrows sped,
The captured cities, womanhood in tears,
And murdered captives with their children dead.

Through the vast empire of the vanished years,
Where not an echo answers to our tread,
Whose only rivers are of human tears,
Whose only people are the silent dead,
Whose only cities are the ruins old
Of palace halls and fallen temples' shrine,
And broken columns stony white and cold—
Time's marble ghosts that mock the pale moonshine;
To ancient Thebes upon the far-off Nile,
To buried cities on Italia's plains,
In the warm sun of ancient Egypt's smile,
To mighty Rome, where godlike Caesar reigns;
To the dim twilight that before the dawn
Of England's day lay cold upon its isles,
We wander on; again above it all
Glorious and warm the living sunlight smiles.

Wide opes for us the starry deep of skies,
We trace its golden page, its story con,
To the far North the Bear before us flies,
While through the East comes giant Orion,
Standing with arm uplift sublimely grand,
Marching all night the highway to the West,
With his broad shield within his outstretched hand,
Through which not mighty Mars could pierce his breast.
There's not one golden star that gilds the Night,
One shining world within its starry crown,
One planet woven in its lyre of light
But sends a heavenly message to us down.
We hear the sounding music of the spheres,
And catch the keynote of their heavenly strain,
As circling down the pathway of the years
They sound anew Creation's grand refrain.

Ye who have trod our Circle's fullest round,
Your lives have broadened like the world at Dawn
As it steals onward from the darkened bound
Of the Night's shadow, and the Day is born.
Fair Truth has bridged your dark ravines of Doubt,
And History spanned the chasms of the years;
Astronomy her star-sown paths spread out,
Creation's story on the rocks appears;
Art in her marble poems you have read,
And in divine Comedia have seen
The wondrous pictures that her brush has spread
In colors true the centuries between.

For you the kings of noble Thought draw near,
You mingle with them and your hear their speech;
You listen! Shakespeare fills your wondering ear,
You clasp great Pindar's hand, and walk with each
Philosopher of those far ancient days;
You catch Hypatia's words, you silent steal
With Socrates along familiar ways;
You walk with Bryant, and with him you kneel
Within the groves, the temples vast and grand—
The God-built temples of the world's first years,
Then you with Solon and with Raphael stand,
With Galileo catch the music of the spheres.

With all this conquered realm of human thought,
Life still will broaden as you onward go;
Be yours like theirs, who long since lived and wrought,
"The godlike power to do, the godlike aim to know."

'MID OLDEN DAYS. (1893.)

The palms and peppers swaying o'er my head
Are like new friends, with faces strange and sweet;
They were not in my childhood, I did meet
In those young days, which now so long have fled,
But oak and beech, and the great pines which led
The forest armies; somber, grand and tall
They stood, like monarchs looking over all
The wooded hosts encircling their feet.

And there its torch the flaming maple lit,
When Autumn came, and all the world grew bright
With gold and scarlet, and the mellow light
Of Autumn suns, and happy I did sit,
Breathing sweet Childhood's air, while watching flit
The year's last birds across the high, far blue,
While fell the dead leaves round me, colored through
With splendor like Summer's sunset light.

Golden the haze that Autumn's fingers drew
Across the skies and glowing deeps of air,
While days lay cradled, as if dreaming there
Of Summer gone, of blossoms and the dew
With its white gems clear, shining through
Spring's emerald grasses, till, day by day,
The hills grew dun, and all the woods were gay
In scarlet riot till they all were bare.

And then to noisy roar the river woke,
And marshaled clouds grew angry with the storm,
And myriad snowflakes from their bosoms broke,
And 'mid the snowdrifts was the Winter born.

OUR SUMMER WORLD. (1893.)

The world is full of sunshine, full of song;
Birds sing rejoicingly and pour their tide
Of tuneful melody from bush and tree—
The happy birds whose life is song, whose breath
Is music. God must love them well and hold
Them in His tender care; not a sparrow,
Even, falleth to the ground but that He
Seeth it. And note the insects' hum, which
Brimmeth o'er with gladness; it is a song
The happy things breathe through their wings unto
The fragrant air—breathe through all their tiny
Frames to the great world, with suns and
Stars filling the vault above, like dust from
God's own fingers—dust of light from the far,
Pave of heaven. The butterflies, those wingéd
Jewels which flutter in the Summer air,
Feeding on nectared sunbeams, and on the
Hidden honey of the flowers, dot the
Sweet air with beauty. The crickets chirp in
Undertones a note of merrymaking;
The caterpillar his many colors
Shows unto the light. The rivers tinkle
Softly as they flow; the grass lifts up its
Tiny blades where fall caressingly the
Golden sunbeams; and the flowers, like God's
Smile, brighten all things, while their
Delicious odors, sweet as melody
That thrills our hearts unspeakably as melts
Sound into Silence, make Earth seem still as
If 'twere Eden. A fountain drops its pearls
And pours its diamonds sparkling with the
Light upon the emerald sward. A happy
Song-bird dips its beak and splashes its small
Wings within the mimic sea, then into
Notes that hold the gladness of air, sky and
Sun, and green-boughed trees, and tiny opening
Bud, and perfect flower, and ever-flowing
Streams, and hum of bees, and sound of children's
Laughter it breaks, till all the wide, glad space
Receives its baptism of song. God's world is fair,
The blue sky smiles, the sunshine sheds its gold,
The mountains lift their faces to the Sun,
The shining rivers crystal-footed run,
And every day is the same story told,
In God's great world of beauty manifold.
Tongued silences and odors rich as wine,
And colors, language-laden, all combine
To speak the glory of this Summer-World divine.

COCOANUT ISLAND—HILO BAY.

A fairy island dreaming on the deep;
The cool palm shadows, lying as asleep
In the clear waters circling the green land,
Where, in their gracious beauty, they do stand
Waving their feathery branches. Everywhere
The sea is motionless and gleaming fair
As silver in the sunlight. To the beach
The slow tide's silver fingers reach;
The light waves creep with lapping sound
To the low points, and linger 'round,
Leaving soft kisses on their tender green;
And diamond drops of water hide between
The moss-grown rocks, like emeralds lain
On the green isle's breast, and resting there,
With plumage sun-like, tropically fair,
Are strange, bright birds, whose songs, if songs they sing,
Must be most marvelous, to match the wing

In beauty and completeness; and skies lean,
Like a clear, shining sapphire, o'er the green,
Fair island. Water and sky meet on the brim
Of the horizon's verge, and the clear Night, dim
At first with its few shining stars, as drops
O'er the sea and plumy palm-trees, tops
The darkness, brightens with glowing light
Of countless star-worlds breaking on the sight,
Noiselessly as if new-born within the vast
Infinity of ether. A mirror cast
The waveless sea, and in its pulseless deeps
Another sky with all its star-worlds sleeps.

WHITTIER. (1893.)

Great souls there are who live and pass from earth,
Leaving a glory brightening with the years,
As plainer to us in their lives appears
The angel that was hidden in their worth.
Their thoughts were like a garden where no dearth
Of flowers or beauty is, and where gleam
Colors with sweetness blended, like a dream
Of heaven scarce touched with tint of earth.

Such was thy life, O poet whom we sing!
Thy songs were like the Day-Star shining clear
When Dawn nears and the Night is swift to close;
Hope shone forth in them; Freedom, wakening, rose
From their tonguéd deeps, no longer blind and dumb,
The slaves' chains loosed, their longed-for noon had come.

METEORIC SHOWERS.

(Midnight on Echo Mountain, 1894.)

Bending above us is Night's cloudless blue,
  The moon afar sinking within the west,
  Blushing deep red as on the Ocean's breast
A moment lingering ere she sinks from view,
  Saying good-night to all the many stars,
  And all the many hills. The planet Mars
Uprises soon, and looks upon us there,
Sitting to watch each meteor's passing glare.

We sit so still, so wonderingly we gaze
  On the wide, starry deeps! Out from the North,
  From its far silence swiftly shooting forth,
Come the bright strangers through the pathless ways,
  Trailing their light past sleeping planets high,
  Past starry suns that twinkle where they fly
Through midnight silences, as if to light
To some sky chamber hidden from our sight.

What is your mission, ye swift-fleeting things,
  And what your meaning? Are ye messengers
  With a God-word to some new world that stirs
Instinct with soul-life, which immortal springs
  In the new morning of some starry dawn?
  Or there amid the stars is some grand science born
Of higher knowledge that can transmit thought
From world to world—some science man has not?

Are ye the flash signs on electric waves
  That sweep the universe, sent by star-souls
  To other star-souls, wheresoever rolls
This unseen tide, which, viewless, ever laves
  Created vastness, or but fiery dust
  Of mighty comets which is earthward thrust
From the vast spaces of their boundless sweep
Into the vortex of our starry deep?

We musing sit, while in the dewy dark
  The valley sleeps, but like another sky,
  Filled full of stars, beneath us it does lie,
Its shining lights but the electric spark
  Which man has caught, imprisoned by his skill,
  And made the servant of his tireless will;
And shall he yet from far-off star to star
Make it his courier that shall the bar

Of the world Silence lift and give us speech—
  Earth with the planets? Ruddy Mars we see
  And long to pierce his shining mystery.
Can we not find some messenger to reach
  His starry threshold through electric might,
  Making a pathway for us through the Night
Speech-paved? O shining Mars! Men halting wait
Some open sesame through thy blazing gate.

THE MODERN PRINTING-PRESS. (1895.)

What power is it that makes Today so great,
This new Tomorrow of old Time so fair—
So different from its Yesterdays? What
Has broadened so our thought-horizons? Ah!
'Tis that upon the wide expanse of life
The world is thrown; the lettered Press tells all
Its daily history. The days are no
More fruitless than in elder years, when men,
With slow, uneager eyes, wrought each alone,
Undreaming of his brother, and feeling
Seldom the warm, subtle touch of spirit.
Not as now in those old days did we clasp
Hands sunset with sunrise, and read the whole
World's story, pulse answering pulse, while all
Girded themselves for Progress. Unto us
Some new marvel doth each hour, each day bring
To be brooded on; some new thought, or some
High purpose that shall move mankind, nor let
The race slip downward. Ah, mightier than
The Sword the hands of those who guide the Pen,
And lift the sleepy lids of ignorance,
Make plain the unguessed riddles of our lives.
'Tis they who make these later days so great.
Invention hath wrought for them and builded
For them Time's latest wonder—the Modern Press.
Looking at this gigantic, iron-ribbed
And noisy monster, like some hugh Cyclops
Feeding on the white-webbed and letterless
Paper, which in a breath it draws through its
Vast frame, leaving the impress on it of
The great world's action—the story of the
Way God hath ruled men since Yesterday—telling

What Change hath wrought and white-faced Purity,
And what black and hydra-headed Crime hath
Done; how Peace hath smiled and grim-visaged War
Hath breathed with threatening thunders; how winds have
Swept with cyclonic footsteps, and mighty
Floods surged through river arteries and burst
Them, leaping on the land and swallowing
Men like atoms; how, in high
Places, men have hatched out party schemes, and
The smooth robber, wearing Friendship's guise filched
Gold with treacherous speech from trusting dupes;
How Science hath sped on, unveiling wonders,
Till all the Story of a Day is told
In one short moment's space. I could but marvel,
While self spake with self, and said, this wondrous
Iron Thing is clothed upon with mind; human
Thought is on it like a garment. Not a
Wheel but is mind-touched and inspired to
Action. Not a revolving cylinder,
Or a swift-rolling belt, rushing like a flying
Comet, but is the full embodiment
Of inventive thought. It is marvelous!
A creation almost godlike in its
Completeness. Unimpressionable, yet
Quick—answering to the sway of mind!
Thoughts leaping from its metal fingers as if
A human brain filled all the massive iron
Frame, and thought stirred at the lever's touch to
Finest action! O the age is great! Men,
Will and matter, dead, inert and senseless,
Thrill like a living soul and stand forth in
Wondrous combinations, each complicate
Machine doing the work of scores of
Brawny arms, as if God said unto the
World, "Rest and let Matter serve thee."

NIGHT AND THE STARS. (1891.)

I sat the other eve beneath the tent
Of starlit sky. Those shining worlds swinging
Through space so infinite, through voids so vast,
Made not a sound that my dull ear could hear.
The wind, soft-stirring as an infant's breath,
Brought me but fragrance of the blooming flowers,
But ne'er a sound wafted from sun or star.

There Heaven's warrior with his mighty shield—
Orion old as Time, marched, as he has
Marched since first the Earth began, with lifted
Arm, sublimely threatening all the starry
Powers. That polar monster, the Ursa Major
Of the skies, turned changeless front the frozen
Pole unto, as if to find the hidden
Chambers of the cold. Cassiopea
Leaned like a goddess in her regal chair,
Her robes all star-fringed and her eyes shining
With light. Andromeda, the glory of
All starry worlds upon her forehead, filled
The near heavens with beauty. Perseus,
Still watching her, and all the constellated
Worlds familiar with her story, stood by,
Twinkling with gladness. The Milky Way,
Thick-sown with worlds as is the ocean's deep
With water drops, stretched to infinity
Beyond the farthest ken of human
Vision, farther than thought can range into
The unknowable realm of God's untrod
Eternity. The Night breathed stillness. The
Beaded dew sparkled like diamonds where
The white-robed lily stood, and on the rose which
With bowed head her rosary seemed telling,
The odor of the violet was like
The breath of angels, and the swaying boughs
Of palm and orange stirred like holy wings
Of hovering seraphs, while down the ages
To my inner ear came ringing like a
Breath outblown from those constellated worlds
That *Gloria in Excelsis* which the
Psalmist sang: "The heavens declare the glory
Of our Father God, and wherever shine
These worlds of His, His voice is heard.
Day unto day doth utter speech, while night
Unto night doth knowledge boundless show." And
Then it seemed as if the stars did all their
Faces lift, worshiping in stillness, while
A soft, white mist crept landward from the sea,
Veiling the sky in folds diaphanous,
Through which white moonbeams fell in silver silence.

IN VALE AND ON HEIGHT. (1892.)

I walk within the quiet garden places,
Where tropic palms and orange blossoms grow,
And gay poinsettias upward lift their faces
Above the whiteness of the lily's snow.

Where roses bloom in all their fragrant splendor,
And modest violets open to the light,
And morning-glory bells ring soft and tender,
A faint, sweet requiem for the passing Night.

Where fuchsias swing and blush in radiant gladness,
And lilies lift their censers to the Sun,
And the glad breezes riot in their madness,
Kissing each blossom as they onward run.

Where purple pansies dream in quiet beauty,
And sweet alyssum pours its fragrant wine,
And with the emblems of man's highest duty—
The Cross and Crown—swayeth the passion-vine.

But here, above these vales where Summer lingers,
Lying on softest bed of grasses green,
Slipping the stars upon his frozen fingers,
From the far mounts does hoary Winter lean.

Brothers of Time these monumental mountains,
The valley's sentinel who guard and keep
Our vales made verdant with snow-melted fountains
Which from their sides in crystal streamlets leap.

Grand are these mounts with planets circling near them,
Hearing the songs of star-worlds and of suns,
With clash of winds the mighty tempests cheer them,
With *Gloria in Excelsis* rivers run.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BROWNING.* (1886.)

He is no man of the people, for the people know him not,
They but catch the veriest tatters of his soul-wrought mystical thought;
He dwelleth above them, breatheth an air whose light
They have never looked on, never have seen through their night.

It is alight with the flashes of soul, it is full of the deep
Flood of feeling, and full of the sentient sweep
Of fancies that soar, broad-winged, to the skies,
Of soul-walks, where lonely he wanders, truths hidden and dim to surprise.

Let us walk in the way that he's traversed, let us gather his books
And look them carefully over, and tread in the humble nooks
Of his fancies—the highest we never may reach,
Unless some ladder he's dropped, some wide-open stairway of speech.

Let us take now, for instance, his story, the one we so often have read,
Of Christmas Eve in the church—we'll follow him softly, we'll tread
Till all the quaint scene that he pictures opens to sight,
Till we see the "little old-faced peaking sister," and the chapel's wonderful light.

Wonderfully real the scene that he paints there—we see it again,
The old fat woman purring with pleasure, "the shoemaker's lad," and the men
Snuffing "the dew of Heaven," as they sit there at their ease—
Quiet of conscience are they, self-righteous, with nothing to tease

Or to fret them. How full of disgust does he fill us, as holding them up
In the light of dissection he pulls them apart. The horrible rut
Which grovelers tread in he makes us to see, and with him we turn
To go out of the chapel, away from the crowd, with feelings that yearn

Toward the skies. How pure are the stars! How grand is the sweep of the sky!
How holy its silence! The clouds like God's garments sweep by!
We grow calm; we rise upward, and seemingly near,
God speaketh to us; in mountains and stars His voice do we hear.

And then, oh, what vision he brings to our gaze as we look
As we stand in this grand colonnade—Gethsemane shook
Once with the presence He brings to our sight. He makes us to see
Not the world, not the grandeur of night with its stars and its sea,
But something holier far—a presence the hem of whose robe
Is dropping with mercy—no face does the tremulous globe
Of his vision behold, only the back of a form in vesture of white;
His soul leaps to the fact of the God-Christ—he feasteth his sight

On the figure receding—through the storm he leadeth us still
In the visions he sees, the questions he ponders; the force of his will
Is as the sweep of a wing. His faith it is strong, it is pure, it is high,
A mirror of truth and of trust, a broad open door to the sky.

But what is the lesson taught in the poem which we have read,
Which is running through and through it like a shining golden thread,
While he waits as if God's finger had hushed him to silence there,
As not knowing the way to worship he stands in the house of prayer—

Or follows the Christ—laying hold, in despair of the hem
Of his vesture, with all his soul's needs looking up to him then?
Study it closely, read it well, and the golden thread will glow
Like a plumb-line dropped from the Living Love to the love of hearts below.

'Mid the pomp and the glitter of worship, the snarl of the creeds
That are dead with formality, dry as dust, unfit for the needs
Of the soul that is faint in its quest for the truth,
He stands with his soul full of hunger, "forms burlesque and uncouth,"

'Neath which he sees the disguise of the Tempter, his trap to ensnare,
Weary of "the pig-of-lead-like presence" of the preacher there.
'Mid the lull in the wind and the rain, with the moon risen high,
He flings himself out from the chapel to breathe 'neath the infinite sky.

Away from the truths falsely twisted, in the fog of conceit
And of ignorance looming immense, yet looking unmeet

*Read at a Chautauqua Assembly, July 19, 1886.

For the soul, shedding no light but dim rays
that never could guide
The soul out of darkness, he seeks for the
Christ; whate'er should betide

This guest he must keep. The rivers run to
the sea, the stars roll
In their infinite orbits, and so ever perforce
must man's soul
Tend upward to God—straight up through the world
To the heart of its Maker, there to rest. God's
love is unfurled

In its tenderness, and the poet, if I read
him aright,
Feels that form of worship the best for his soul
that lifts him quite
Face to face with his Father, through no
trammel of creed,
Or dead forms to shut from his soul's sight
its infinite need

Of forgiveness. God's measureless love is
his cradle of rest;
Like the sunlight 'tis round him; he would
stand where 'tis best
For him and the world of his brothers; a
pathway, maybe,
So creed-paved, he'd stumble, may help them
to walk, and perchance thus to see

Through the form and the symbol what else
would be hid to their sight;
Some must feel their way through the dark-
ness while some walk in the light.
But strong are the pinions of faith which our
poet hath spread,
And sure is the sweep of his wings from the
earth to his God overhead.

MORNING.

The luminous Morn stands on the hills,
Day lifts her eyelids, fringed with golden beams,
The birds sing as if waking from Night's dreams;
And gladness the wide realm of Nature fills,
While gurgling laughter from the tiny rills
Mingles with the wind's breath; the tall trees gleam
With the first sunrays; each grassy blade
Is pearl-tipped; Sunlight and Shade
Clasp hands beneath the many trees,
While overhead, all yellow-winged and fair,
Soul of a flower, the butterfly
Findeth a pathway through the sunny air,
Afar I see, as if another sky,
The hushed Sea's breast, its great heart still,
Its waves soft-lapping the white sands,
As if 'twere mother of some sleeping rill
'Twere loath to wake; the islands fill
Wide spaces on the harbor's breast,
Like rounded emeralds on the waters prest.

High and still higher the bright sun climbs,
Kisses the earth like some new lover,
Stirred by its beauty, passionate
With the warm blood of youth innate
With tenderness; his warm beams hover
Where buds sleep and blossoms ope their eyes,
Where trees tower upward to the skies,
Reaching for heaven; the mosses cling
To earth, but still the sun gazes
With loving eye upon their faces
Touching them softly till they smiling yield
To his fond wooing. Forest and field,
And all the wide sea's restless heart,
And all the singing birds and running brooks
Share now his touch, and all have part
In the day's glory. Into forest nooks,
Some glad beams steal silently, and make
Glory, and life, and loveliness awake.
Berkeley, November, 1894.

THE OTHER DAY.

Oh, did you see the dappled sky
The other day?
A thousand little airy things
Which looked like snowy birds whose wings
Were all so widely spread to fly,
Were floating in the blue away,
The other day.

They called them clouds, but I could see,
The other day,
An angel there with smiling face,
And there a lovely woman trace;
And something which did seem to me
A mighty ship with pennons gay,
The other day.

I wonder where within the air,
The other day,
The golden ship was sailing to;
I saw one star a-peeping through
The sunset gates so bright and fair,
While drifted slow the clouds away,
The other day.

Oh, where is Fairyland so bright?
The other day
I dreamed it lay below the West,
Or else above the mountain's crest,
And that those clouds so fleecy white
Were sailing to its isles of light,
The other day.

What did they find in Fairyland
The other day?
Perhaps a little girl like me,
Perhaps some birdie singing free,
Perhaps a boy upon the strand
Among the star-worlds there at play,
The other day.

SWEET CONTENT. (1904.)

I wish that a little bird were I,
Singing beneath the cloudless sky,
Singing, just singing the whole day through,
Under the beautiful sunny blue.

And Johnny looked with a longing gaze
Down through the beautiful sunlit ways,
Where a bird poured forth from a leaf-clad tree
A song of the richest melody.

And I wish that I were a rosy fair,
Filling with sweetness the summer air,
Just a rose, said Jenny to me,
Pretty as this white rose you see.

Then little Mary, with eyes so blue,
And clust'ring curls of a golden hue,
And a lovely dimple just tucked in
Like a rose-leaf pure in her pretty chin,
Just mamma's girl I'd rather be,
Like God did make when He made me.

BUTTERFLIES AND BEES. (1884.)

Sweet little butterfly,
  Roaming 'mid the flowers,
Gay be your happy life
  Through the bright summer hours.
Lift, lift your golden wings,
  And through the sunny sky
Float at your own sweet will,
  O darling butterfly!

And pretty honey-bee,
  Now singing on your way,
Sipping sweets from the rose,
  O stay with me, I pray;
Here the golden sunshine
  Smiles all the whole year long,
And never comes a day
  When birds forget their song.

And the lilies blossom,
  And the roses smile,
Laughing in the sunshine,
  Nodding all the while,
As if they had some secrets
  They would like to tell,
Some happy little story
  Hid in leaf or bell.

I wonder if they tell it.
  To the butterflies and bees,
Or the birds that sing
  Within the leafy trees?
If they do, honey-bees,
  Won't you come this way,
And buzzing softly, tell me
  What it is they say?

THE BUTTERFLY.

Little butterfly, with your golden wing,
Are you a child of the Sun—do you spring
From the warm kiss he has given the air,
In whose tides of rich splendor you float?
Or, say, are you kin to the note
Which the bird flingeth free
In rivers of song from the tree?

Are the roses your sisters—the violets, too,
Which look born of the skies, O wing-blossom like you?
Who marketh the paths you travel today
With your fluttering wings? O whither away,
As upward you rise as you fade from our sight
In Day's golden ocean of beauty and light?

BIRD ANTHEMS. (1884.)

The woods are full of voices; anthems ring
From the high trees where feathered choirs pour out
Their jubilee—full-throated—sing to the
Glad Morning, which, all dewy-eyed, wakes and
From the arms of Night springs glorious as
Eden. What say the birds? What living soul
Of thankfulness in liquid music voices
Itself in their full-chorused harmony?
Know they of Him who made them—Him whose own
Hand fashioned each tiny wing—so fashioned
It as to secure the perfect poise, and
The sure swiftness of each sudden flight? O
Bird! losing thyself within the deeps of
Air, lost to our straining vision—within
The unseen chambers of the sky what meetest
Thou? Some intangible presence of
Ministering messenger who with no
Art that we call language, but with some
Higher speech of subtler power wakes thee
To knowledge—stirs within the breast of bird,
Of singing lark and soaring eagle that
Which gives will to mount to the far heavens;
Gives song unto singing things, a soul
To praise, and Him to know while feeling His
Presence in His tender care, without which
Not even the sparrow falls, nor the young
Ravens cry? Is bird-song something more than
Sweet, full-throated melody—more than the
Mere gladness of simple being? More
Than the joy which Summer sunshine gives, spread
Goldenly amid the boughs, where the soft
Air floats flowery incense and odorous
Balm from forest deeps? "The groves were God's first
Temples," and mayhap He walketh still
In their cool shadowed aisles, while Nature with
Her thousand tongues pours forth His praise,
And fills the wide, infinite deeps of skies,
And with His unseen presence thrills the
Telephonic air till every breath in
Those far, azure fields is message-laden
For all wingéd things. Who knows, and who shall answer?

CHARLOTTE BRONTE. (1885.)

Within the firmament of thought there are
Fixed stars and central suns to which the world
Turns with a sense of reverent wonder.
They light our skies: upon our dim horizons
Shed their beams.
Thought has its spheres, its upper
And its lower heavens—low, dim, dark and
Starless reaches, where, heavy-winged and blind,
We flutter aimless till we fall to earth.
'Tis but the few who soar to the far heights,
But few whose words ring through the ages vast;
Few whose thoughts, like the perpetual Sun,
Flood the world with living light and beauty,
Making our lives, which else were barren, rich
With their grand creations. How they let down
The bars for us that shut us out from the
Infinite realms of glowing fancy! How
Sweep with magic touch of genius the film
From our far duller visions! How on their
Eagle pinions bear us up to their own
Grand creations, where world on world of
Shining, starlit thought glows in their mental
Heavens! Below it lies Earth's sordidness;
Its groveling cares, its pettiness and
Frivolous folly, which sweep on, casting
Their shadows on the race, and darkening
Universal being. How narrow life
To those whose life is but self within self
Revolving. What would the race achieve with
Only such to make its history? Man
Was not meant to grovel. She whose name we
Sing today was not of higher race or
Better clay than we. She was but noble
Type of gracious, cultured Womanhood—of
The large woman whose expanded soul proves
That great thought is sexless, that to such
Mental stature as the man attains there
Is no bar to her attainment. Unto
The highest heights she, too, may reach, and win
The luster of a fadeless name.

With what cunning hand did she lay bare the
Inner realms of thought! She took the soul of
Man and held it up to view. The quivering, tremulous
Throbbing of the heart; its vague longings; its
Unspoken hopes; its faltering purposes;
Its infinite desires, and its great world
Of unfathomable tenderness she
Made tangible, and clothed them all in the
Warm garments fashioned by her pen until
Each man and woman, and each little child
Lives with us daily, and our hearts hold them

She was a grand creator, and she lives
Today in what she wrought. In every
Throb of passionate power, in every
Impulse of the human heart, we find the
Pictures she has painted, and we hear her voice.

EASTERN WOODS. (1885.)

Ye grand old woods that stand upon the hills
Through all the Summer's splendor, with your emerald crown,
Where gentle breezes loiter, and the running rills
Pour silver-throated music to the meadows down;

Where golden sunlight flecks the velvet moss,
And cooling shadows lie beside the brooks,
And bird calls unto bird the boughs across,
Through the dim cloisters of the forest nooks:

I see the splendor of your forest spires,
When frost has tipped each emerald leaf with flame,
And Summer, like some pagan queen, expires
On golden harvest sheaves which crowd the plain.

THE OLDEN THANKSGIVING. (1883.)

Here in this semi-tropic calm
My thoughts go back to other days,
The orange bloom and stately palm,
The golden light of cloudless days,
The bird-song and the perfumed air,
December with her golden hair,
As rosy-lipped as when the Year was young,
With breath as sweet, with smile as bright,
As shone upon the New Year's face
In its first radiant morning's light;
The song of birds with shining wings,
The bright-winged, happy butterfly,
The perfumed lily's fragrant breath,
Which fills the South-Wind floating by,
The golden Dawns, the Sunset's calm,
The mellow Noons, so full of light,
They hold me not as beckons now
The frozen Winter-Land of snow.
My fancy sees a land of white,
Of mountains clad with solemn pines,
Of leafless forests where the winds
Wail through the naked boughs at night;
Where shriek in fury winter storms,
Where muffled forms make haste to go
Out from the maddened whirl of snow
Into the happy hearthstone's light.
I see the open fireplace shine,
Piled with its forest logs aflame.
I see the faces bright with smiles
Of those who many weary miles,
To music of the jangling bells,
O'er frozen ways, through drifts of snow,
Through forest wastes, where wolfish yells
Curdled the warm blood's happy flow,
Have come to keep Thanksgiving Day
Beneath the dear old home-roof tree;
That olden time when we were young—
A Nation just begun to be;
When Puritanic maidens smiled,
With faces meek and saintly fair,

And went, with thankful lips and hearts,
With lovers to the place of prayer.
The Nation's heart was lifted then
Beside that wintry eastern sea,
As one man's for the blessings poured
Upon this Nation's infancy.
The old church spires, like finger-tips,
Pointed to heaven—the shining blue
Was but the curtain hiding Him—
His glory almost shining through—
Whose name upon their trusting lips
Hung with the glad thanksgiving hymn.
And when the hour of praise was done,
The blessings of the year were told
Around the board; both sire and son—
The grandsire and the happy child,
The maiden and the matron old—
Sat down where Plenty's feast was piled.
Around those boards what happy pulses beat!
Content was there to bless the bounteous feast,
And God in all things, and in this was peace.

IN THE COUNTRY.

(Iron Sulphur Springs, 1885.)

Across the bending emerald seas,
Just tipped with crimsoned-purple glow—
The green alfalfa meadow seas—
I watch the shadows come and go;
I watch the golden sunlight fall,
I watch the wandering breezes kiss,
I hear the merry crickets call,
And see the lazy cattle whisk
The myriad flies that tease them so,
While the lush grasses round their knees
Toss in a billowy, soundless flow;
And hear the hum of careless bees;
I see the lovely pepper boughs,
Those bright-faced hermits of the plain,
Lift to the smiling skies their brows
Which never pale for lack of rain.
I hear the linnet sing at dawn
Where the tall grasses bend and sway,
As if the Spirit of the Morn
Was melting into song away.
And far beyond lies still and brown
The wide-extended, sunny plain,
Beyond the purple mountains crown
Above skies filled with golden rain;
And 'cross the bending emerald seas,
Just tipped with crimsoned-purple glow—
The green alfalfa meadow seas—
I watch the shadows come and go.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS. (1883.)

O what a path we travel! what a way we tread!
We walk through vanished ages with their light
Undimmed, shining as clear as if their suns
Had never set; as if the dark eclipse
Of dead old years o'ershadowed not their wide,
Vast realm. We look into the face today
Of ancient kings, whose ashes the wild
Winds have made their playthings, whose bones, mayhap,
Have been refashioned into green and shining
Grasses, or into giant trees that mock
The centuries with their undecaying strength,
But to our sight they live again. With
Plume and helmet, and with shining spear they
Come, the fragrance of the White Rose and the
Red stealing upon our startled senses.
Out from their graves at History's magic
Touch spring buried generations. We see
The race from which our old forefathers sprang
In all their wild barbaric strength—might making
Right, brother with brother battling. We
See the fair white sails of England's fleets,
Which long ago went down in stormy seas,
Or with the old and yellow pennons and worm-
Eaten hulks dropped to decay, set sail again,
As in the centuries agone they sailed, their
Decks trodden by warriors in whose untamed

Breasts burned steadily the all-consuming
Love of conquest. The blue seas flash beneath
The summer sun; the white foam leaps around
Their vessels' prows as down they bear upon
The sunny coasts of proud old Normandy.

Bend low, fair skies, above those heaps of slain!
Warm with thy sun those pale dead forms to life!
Let soft winds fan them on the bloody plain—
The harvest-heaps Death garnered in the strife
Of Agincourt. But never the warm sun
Kissing 'mid leafy shadows those white brows,
Nor the soft airs lifting with unseen touch
The silken locks that rest above them like
A crown, shall wake to life those princely sons
Of struggling France, swept to their death by
Cruel hands of English plunderers. Through
All the years of larger life and broader
Human creeds, of that humanity which
Makes the whole world kin, the battlefields of
Poictiers and Agincourt stand out
The monumental plains of Wrong, the
Pyramids of that rude age of conquest
Which makes the history of the younger
Life of races and of nations.

The lovely plains of France are green and fair,
The Earth is gemmed with blossoms, and her hills
Rise vine-clad toward the deep-blue shining air,
Whose hush the laugh of running streamlets fills.

* * *

In the wide market-place at Rouen, see!
An angry crowd has gathered—men are there
With cruel-visaged faces, with brows that be
Knit into angry scowls; with seamed lines of care,
And discontent, and pride that will not brook
Control, and savage passions furrowing deep
Their cheeks; with fierce eagle eyes that look
As pity could not touch, nor sorrow make them weep.

And others stand with strong arms folded tight
Upon their manly breasts, with pale lips firmly set,
Their noble faces of an ashen white,
Their pitying eyes with tearful moisture wet.

Down through that sullen silence comes at length
Like some bright presence that we see in dreams,
A girl with noble face, where shines undying strength
Of highest purpose, transfiguring with its beams
Each perfect feature in its holy light.
Erect she walks and firm; her long rich hair
Falls like a mantle o'er her shoulders white—
Her rounded cheeks are wonderfully fair.

Chained to the stake, she like a statue stands,
With eyes uplifted, and with calm, white face;
Like spotless lilies lie her folded hands
Upon her breast—their quiet resting-place.

The sun sinks slowly in the cloudless West,
The market-place is still; even the
Quiet summer breeze forgets to whisper.
And amid the myriad leafy trees
Not one leaf stirs the solemn hush of silence.
The angry crowd has vanished, but from the
Deserted market-place rises one faint
White line of smoke, like a thin, ghostly
Finger pointing to the skies; and here the
Ashes lie of that fair Maid of Orleans;—
Let them rest.

Looking from the fair heights on which we stand today,
Back to that twilight time of nations,
The infancy of Progress, glad may we
Be that in the light of this late century
The bright, clear noontide of the human race
Our lot is cast, and from the lessons of
That gloomy, struggling Past may we learn
Wisdom that will make us true to noblest
Deeds and grandest purposes.

IN THE OLD EARTH'S HEART. (1882.)
(A Fancy.)

Have ye not heard the story of the land
That lies warm in the old Earth's heart? A fair,
Sweet Summerland—a land cradled in the
World's lap, with portal at the Pole, through whose
Wide gates, o'er path of shining waters, lit
By the brightness of electric suns, vast
Fleets might sail, and in that inner world, fanned
By soft Summer airs, drift past wide continents
And glorious isles that star the under
Seas? Out from that mighty portal, wide as
The great world's surface, round the far end of
Its vast axis laid, streams the electric
Flood, till all the outer skies, lit by the
Auroral lights, blaze forth a beacon for
The world, bright as a living sun.

Let Fancy spread her sails; her ship will pass
Swift through the ice-seas, sailing northward still
To that far region of the Midnight Sun,
Where the still waters of the under sea
Lave with soft ripples all the silver sands
Of those strange shores, and laugh in ecstacy,
Forever tossing soft, white arms of spray
Round the green mosses that, like emeralds set
Within a rocky rim, gleam on the borders of the
Sapphire seas that catch the Midnight's gold and violet,
And crimson glory of the sinking Sun,
Which, resting on the threshold of the coming Day,
For one brief moment shuts his eyelids down;
Then lo! the Morning with its shining crown
Of light upon the golden hilltops stands,
And with its smiles sets dimples in the seas.

And here our eyes shall see fair cities rise,
And people strange walk on those wondrous shores,
And palm trees wave beneath the sunlit skies;
And maidens with fair faces like the snow,
Just touched with kisses of the sunset light,
And locks like woven sunbeams falling low,
In shining ripples to their dainty feet,
Upon the pebbly beach walk to and fro
With young Apollos, kingly to the sight.
And all the air is filled with song of birds,
That rest like golden blossoms 'mid the trees,
Or flash like rubies o'er the shining blue
Of the still lakes that sleep erewhile the breeze
Forgets to blow. The gardens of Hesperides,
With all the golden fruitage of their boughs,
Were not as fair as these beneath the skies
Of the Aurora-land about the Pole.

Here clear, warm rivers shine, and as they roll
With murmurous music to the ocean flood,
Their banks are fragrant as the spicy isles.
And 'mid the groves of banyan and of date,
Rise palace walls, and shining fountains play,
And sculptured marble stands, as if the gods
Had hid among the trees; and royal arches rise,
And temples with their spires of gold
And shining crosses. There is the sound of
Bells all silver-tongued, and melody of
Music, and happy childhood's faces like
White lilies 'mid the grasses, and dimpled
Hands, like pure, soft snowflakes, touch the flowers.
The hills rise to grand heights as whispering
To the stars. The Moon peers through the
Leafy boughs of the tall trees,
As if it were cradled in the emerald
Of their whispering leaves. Like shimmering
Silver from the lowly rocks drops many
A laughing waterfall, and brooks sing
An echo of the wild bird's song.
The sunlit seas are white with many a
Sail freighted with rare spices and untold
Odorous sweets, rich silks and jeweled treasures.
Here is Edona's lovely vale, and bright

Viva's fountain flows, leaping in laughter
To the bending skies. The outer earth,
Smitten and scarred by wrong, finds here no
Counterpart. It is the Beulah Land, the
Fair Utopia of our dreams, all shadowless
Lying upon the border of the realms
Of blessed Peace.

CHILD-FAITH—THE COMET. (1882.)

From out my open window, looking to
The East, I leaned. The dusky splendor of
The starlit skies brooded above the
Silence. All the winds were hushed; not e'en a
Whisper breathed they to the leaves jeweled with
Dewy diamonds that hung pulseless in
The arms of Night. Silence seemed dropping from
The heavens, which leaned upon the mountain
Tops, as if between them lay secrets too
Vast for speech. Far overhead, threading the
Pathway of the countless stars, its flaming
Length thrust upward through immeasurable
Fields of wide, world-lighted space, flamed the bright
Comet.

A golden-headed darling woke
From her sweet, dreamless slumber, her rosy
Lids unclosing like the flower which opes
Its petals to the Sun, and with clasped hands
Upward looked. One little hush of silence,
Then her soul leaped up, shouting its gladness
In her happy speech: "Look! Look and see
God's arm among the stars!"

DOLCE FAR NIENTE. (1878.)

The sky was wrapped in veil of soft, white mist,
As if its Summer bridal hour had come,
And one swift gleam of gold and amethyst,
A wandering sunbeam into glory kissed
By the near sunset splendor, shone
A crown upon the fog-veiled mountain peak.
The West rained sunset kisses on the Sea,
Till all the dimples on its pure, fair cheek
Showed lovelier than sea-shell tints; in ecstacy
Laughed the bright waves, and rushed along their way,
And threw white arms of foam, and flashing spray
Upon the waiting sands, that, silver-white,
Waited their coming through the day and night.

The emerald fields of grain had lost their green,
And ripened sheaves showed only glint of gold,
And there, high-piled by Labor's hand, they lay
Like the vast, silent pyramids of old.
They looked as if some secret in their breast,
Beyond where prying sunbeams dared to stray,
Might lurk sure-hidden and find happy rest.
Perhaps they held the whisper of the way
That Nature nursed the tiny seed which, dropped
In her warm breast, found life and strength to grow
And send out roots and tender shoots, nor stopped
Its circling saps, like life-blood flowing through
The stalk and tender leaf, till ripened grain
Showed golden billows on the wind-swept plain.

The white mists rolled above me, and the blue
Made shining rifts only within the west,
And the Sun lingered there, and smiling threw
Around his form a gold and crimson vest.
And lying there, with arms above my head,
And eyes far-reaching to the deep of skies,
The warm, sweet Earth beneath me for my bed,
That grain-wrought pyramid with all its rich supplies
So near beside me that my hand could reach
And touch its yellow blades; with mountains near,
With emerald seas of orchards at my feet,
The echoing roar of waves upon the beach
Coming in softened whispers to my ear,
And June's soft, tender kisses on my face,
As if she were my lover, and her place
Beside me there to whisper hope and peace
And bid life's futile vexing worries cease,
I lay in calm content so full and sweet,
While perfumed odors wrapped my head and feet.

UNTOUCHED BY TIME. (1878.)

O the world is old and the world is young!
Today is born as fresh and fair
As the first days in Eden were,
When Time had just begun.

And the golden light in the East at dawn
Comes stealing down through sky as blue,
O'er fields as bright with diamond dew,
As Earth's first perfect morning knew;

And as sweet as the scents of Paradise,
Which wings of angels loved to reach,
As if the flowers to them were each
An altar, with a soul to teach

Some fresh, new truth Heaven had revealed,
But from their angel sight concealed—
As sweet as these the flowers today,
As sacred what their soul would say.

And the bright-winged birds in our sunny skies
Dip their slender beaks in song
And float through the shining air along,
With notes as glad as Paradise.

And these mountain heights with their gates of pearl
Fog-wrought, with marge of golden mist,
And set with ruby and amethyst—
Had Eden glory such as this?

And did ever her crystal rivers show—
Their silver ripples by lilies kissed—
Soft and warm in the sunset glow,
A single sparkle that we have missed?

O the world is old and the world is young!
Today is born as fresh and fair
As the first days of Eden were,
When Time had just begun.

SWEET BIRD-SONG STILLED. (1885.)

It was the springtime in the distant East,
And the cold winds of Winter all had ceased
To blow, and in the forest stirred
The roots of wild-flowers, and the happy bird;
The brook had flung its icy fetters far,
And through clear skies down looked the Evening Star.
The wild rose had put on its leaves of green,
The spider spun his web of silver sheen;
The cricket chirped, the smiling daisy's lid
Was lifted—among the grasses hid
The droning beetle, and happy in the sun
Buzzed swarming flies, and one by one,
All golden-winged, with spots of velvet brown,
Gay butterflies among the flowers dropped down;
And in the silver of the forest brook,
Where swept its waters through each shadowed nook,
In cool deep pools, just flecked with sunny light,
The speckled trout swam o'er the pebbles white.
The tall reeds dropped their shadows in the stream
O'er which they leaned as if in happy dream;
The tender leaves upon the forest trees
Swung to and fro, stirred by the gentle breeze.
Two happy birds had built their summer nest
Within a maple tree. Its leafy crest
O'ershadowed it, and kept it dry and warm
Through all the rain of every summer storm.

Four little birds were in that summer home,
Just waiting there until their wings were grown—
Waiting to fly through all the golden air,
To sing their songs and make the woods more fair
With their sweet notes; and day by day
With joyous twittering in their nests they lay,
While the soft feathers grew upon their wing,
And Summer came and took the place of Spring.

One lovely morning when the world was fair,
And not a cloud filled all the Summer air,
When thousand wild-flowers their sweet odors gave
To fill the woods, and on the silver wave
Of the glad brook, which babbled on its way,
Such shining specks of golden sunshine lay;
When all the world was full of happy notes,
Poured in sweet music from the feathered throats
Of all the birds within the tree-tops high,
These nestling birds first sought to reach the sky.
They stretched their wings, then up and up they flew,
Finding a path the pleasant sunshine through.
They sped unto a distant tree-top high,
And here each birdling stopped to rest its wing,
And full of gladness all together sing.
So sweet their song the air itself grew still
And listened, and the running rill
Made haste more softly, rippling on its way,
As if it would, to hear their music, stay.
The happy bees hushed too their busy hum,
The meek-eyed cows unto the brookside come
Chewing their cud, their ears a-listening turned;
And e'en the hawk his wider pathway spurned,
And in the forest swiftly lighted down
Upon the nearest tree-top's spreading crown.
The tall tree-trunks long colonnade
Of slender slanting shadows made,
Like some grand aisle in temple dim,
And down it poured the young birds' hymn.
They sang as if their breath was song,
And through the meadows swept along,
With breath of flowers and hum of bee
The sweetness of their melody.

Oh, what a wondrous world is this,
With fragrance and with sunshine kissed!
So fair with fields and trees and flowers,
So warm with lovely summer hours;
So grand with mountains tall and high;
So vast with blue and bending sky;
So bright with sunlight and with dew;
So glad with sounds all strange and new;
So full of life and happy things,
Of butterflies with golden wings,
And flies from out whose gauzy sheen
The colors of the rainbow gleam.
Oh, we could sing our lives away,
The happy bird-song seemed to say.

Just then adown the meadow lane,
With guns upon their shoulders, came
Three thoughtless boys on sport intent,
To the bird-song no thought they lent;
Yet still they heard the song, and sped,
With hurried feet and swifter tread,
Along the border of the brook,
To where its babbling waters took
To wider shallows, and its sands
Gleam brighter as its breast expands,
And on the pebbles round and white
Its laughing silver ripples light
With touch so soft that scarce a sound
Is stirred within the waters round.

A little bird with sudden sweep
Drops to the brook and dips its beak
Within its crystal cool and bright,
Then turned with swift and noiseless flight,
And soon a speck within the blue,
Its little form is lost to view.
And like a saint, so pure and fair,
The fragrant lily bendeth there.
The dandelion's yellow crown
Gleams in the woods and meadows round,
And all things seemed so glad and gay
Upon that perfect summer day.
And still their happy songs they sing—
Those little birds—the meadows ring
With their glad notes, and echoes stir
In every forest corridor.

And now across the golden sands
Of the brook's shallows, with their hands
Holding their guns, towards the tree
The boys move swift and noiselessly.

A gladder song, full-throated, clear,
Breaks from the birds as they draw near.
But with the sweetest note there came
A sudden sound, a flash of flame.
O thoughtless boys! your work is done,
And from the tree-top, one by one,
Those glorious song birds, shot by you,
Their tuneful throats all riddled through,
Drop down, their song forever stilled
Whose glad notes all the morning filled.

A quiet on the forest falls,
  A hush is on the stream,
While red their little blood-stained breasts
  Lie still the flowers between.

No more their happy songs shall float
  And fill the sunny air
Above the silver shining brook,
  And summer meadows fair.

WHAT THE BROOK SAYS. (1886.)

Warm shone the Sun, and the grasses stood
  Tall and green like slender spires,
  And the wandering breezes touched the lyres
Of the thousand leaves of the Summer wood.

Ah! what musical murmurs went
  Down through the dim old forest aisles,
  Where the fragrant violet and bluebell smiles,
And the running brook its gladness lent.

What shadows fell on its waters clear,
  Shadows of flowers that love to lean
  And watch the ripples the rocks between,
And shadows of reeds, you could almost hear

Growing, with slender roots thrust down
  Where they could drink the waters sweet,
  Flowing like silver round their feet,
And shadows of floating thistle-down,

Borne along on the breeze's wing,
  Floating away in the sunny light,
  And drifting slowly out of sight,
Up to the boughs where the robins sing.

Ah! what wonderful sounds we hear,
  Down in the beautiful forest ways,
  In the heart of the lovely Summer days.
There is the robin singing clear;

There are the cheerful roundelays
  Of the cricket, down in the mosses hid,
  And the song of the merry katydid,
And all that the rippling Water says.

I think that a story all its own
  It tells to the mosses and flowers that keep
  Watch where its crystal waters sleep—
Tells in the softest undertone.

Why do I think so? Why, one day
  I lay half asleep where the mosses grow,
  And something I heard that sounded so,
Something the running Brook did say.

At first I thought it was nothing more
  Than the water rippling round a stone,
  On which the loveliest moss had grown,
And where its spray like a rainbow shone.

Then, surely I heard the Water say,
  As it floated like silver where it grew,
  "I think there's nothing so fair as you,
And O how I love to come this way!

"You lie like an emerald on my breast,
  You glad my heart with your cheerful face,
  You brighten with beauty all the place,
You build a throne where the birds may rest—

"Rest, and dip their pretty beaks
  Right in the heart of my waters bright,
  And gather strength for their further flight,
To the sunny crests of the mountain peaks."

Then the Water kissed the Mosses' cheek,
  And ran along on its shining way,
  Touching the grasses with its spray,
And bathed the drooping flowers' feet.

Then where the fair green meadows spread,
  And all the shining hills stood high
  Beneath the brightness of the sky
The happy Brook soon found a bed,

And grew into a lovely Lake,
  Beneath the shadow of the hills,
  Where ran to meet it all the rills,
As glad their rest with it to take.

And here the white pond-lilies grew
  Fair enough for any fairy,
  Floating light and sweet and airy,
And the sunshine kissed them through.

There the little Brook does rest,
  And the birds above it sing,
  And the flowers about it spring,
And the lilies kiss its breast.

"THE TESTIMONY OF THE ROCKS." (1887.)

(On The Times Building.)

Ages ago, when Chaos ruled the Earth,
And mighty Saurians thronged the troubled seas,
As round the formless continents their waters rolled,
Though mad convulsions crept the shuddering deeps
Along, and wild upheavals of new lands
Arose—islands and mountains, born from out
The seas—still from its granite base the rock-
Ribbed world swayed not. Eons on eons wrought
In Nature's tortured realms to harden and
To mold the granite rock. Seas slept upon

It to weigh it down, and mighty mountains
Pressed their ponderous bulk, and the vast and huge-
Limbed continents stamped on its bed, ere man
Awoke in Eden. God works through ages,
And he builds for time. The centuries are
But minutes in His sight. Nature's thousand
Forces are but tools of His omnipotence.

So all the ages on the granite wrought;
Feldspar and mica and the needed quartz
Were welded and made fair and strong, foundation
Meet for Earth's rock-piled strata, and fit, no
Less, for human builder, defying storms
And earthquake's crumbling forces, time-enduring,
And, when hewn and shaped in massive blocks,
High piled by skillful builders' hands, and
O'er-roofed, as monumental as old Time's
Long centuries.

So meet it was that we,
Building for no Today alone, but for
The unexampled years of a grand future,
That shall be rich in all that maketh great
And opulent, should take the granite which
The ages wrought for us to build our "Times"
Citadel, where we may fight for Truth, do
Mighty battles 'gainst the Wrong, weigh well in
Scales of Justice questions which do vex and
Tease, and keep aglow, with a warm light, the
Paths Progression treads, with beacon beams from
All our granite towers.

IN THE FIELDS OF OHIO. (1887.)

Over the green summer hills of Ohio the morning looked down,
And on hinges of gold swung open the gates of the East,
Gilding with glory the forest, the river and town,
As if from the world all things but beauty had ceased.

The flow of the river was full of melody's tone,
'Twas afloat in the glory of sunrise, pure amber its waves,
From East to West the birds sang, filling that morn
With the floods of their song, the still air's infinite caves.

Just the lightest of breezes were wingéd, bearing the sweets
Of the numberless flowers, and tossing the grass
Into billowy emerald waves, that rippled and shone
As Glory were trailing her garments through the fields of the Morn as she passed.

The leaves of the trees were like wings just stirring to bless
With the breath of the winds the birth of the Day,
And they held all the hills in the soft clasp of their shadows,
That twinkled in coolness or danced like a child in its play.

The bees were glad in the grasses, the butterflies floated along,
Like a bit of the sunshine the humming-birds hung on the edge
Of the roses, like wingéd jewels of fluttering light,
And like a fair diamond, sparkling and clear, the water flashed 'mid the sedge.

The dandelions lifted their yellow heads, and the daisies
Swung 'mid the grasses, and the young clover was sweet with its bloom,
And there, too, the dimple-cheeked children, with lips like the roses,
Dream in the light of the Morning and wait for the golden Noon.

But the Day creepeth upward, its garment of gold on the hills
Is selvedged by Noon; open-faced the Sunflower looks to the Sun
Floating calm in its ocean of sky, no cloud in its path,
And the winds breathing soft as the breath of a babe newly come.

Was ever Nature more fair, with her redolent breath full of peace?
With her sky raining glory, and Earth full of fragrance and calm?
With the Sun lying proud on the breast of the Sky like a king,
Throwing lances of light to the Earth by the might of his arm?

THE FIRST SABBATH IN EDEN. (1888.)

The world was young, and on the ether's breast
It lay, a thing of light and beauty. Fair
Was the sun-orbed sky; no shadow fell of
Cloud upon it; no stain on all its blue deep,
So infinite stretching in sunny brightness,
As it might touch the throne of Him who is
Center and life of all things. Eden lay fair,
The dew of Morn upon her flowers, which
Shed the incense of their sweet perfume on
All the air. Wingéd with caressing lightness
Stirred the breeze, lifting the leaf of rose and
Stately lily, as if to breathe sweet sense
Of coolness on them. The orange bloom scented
The air with fragrance, while goldenly the
Orange swung perfect in ripeness. All fruits
That to the sight were pleasant, or were good
For food, brightened the garden adown whose
Shady ways walked Adam, and leaning on
His arm, Eve, mother of us all, with face
Of heavenly purity. Her eyes, large, blue
And softly shining, were unto Adam
Like to guiding stars; her hair hung like spun gold
Of morning sunbeams, covering her form
And reaching to her lilied feet; her lips
Arched like the young Moon's crescent, and her cheek
Like the petal of the peach-tree's flower

In its pure, pinky whiteness. No Sabbath
Bell disturbed Eden's stillness. No stir of hurried
Feet broke holy silence. Nature was
Priestless there. The rivers sang an anthem
With their rain of many waters. The small
Brooks joined the chorus with an undertone
Of song. The birds on all the tree-tops from
Their feathered throats poured melody; the bee
Gave its small voice, and all the forest leaves
Took tongues of worship. Beneath the palm-tree's
Shade the tiger lay, and the lion strong
Nestled beside him. The elephant gave
Touch caressing to the bear, beside which
Lay the lamb, with head pillowed upon his
Paw. The gay birds of paradise brightened
The trees, their plumage trailing like a
Banner from the boughs. Down through the long tree-
Columned paths walked our first parents with their
Reverent feet, feeling God's presence near.
At length they hear a voice, and quick they kneel
In worship. Over her eyes Eve spreads her
Taper fingers, and bends her head, while her
Pure lips, as if anointed, murmur, "Our
Father!" God's unseen Hand has touched her, and
Her faith has quickened. Adam, with his broad
Brow uplifted, and with eyes filled with his
Heart's devotion, with speech which was like music,
Murmurs, "Father, we thank Thee for this day,
And for Thy holy presence. Teach us to
Worship Thee, and make us grateful for Thy
Gifts bestowed. We see Thy presence in the
Curtained sky spread o'er us, and these majestic
Trees are thoughts of Thine visible to us.
These flowers are the sweet-tongued speech of Thy
Beneficence, and this garden, made holy
By Thy presence, is man's most fitting temple
For Thy praise."
Then Adam knelt in silence,
And o'er all things God's glory rolled, and through
The trees of Eden, and o'er its silver
Tides of flowing waters our parents heard
The Sabbath song of angels sounding; and
Then Earth broke into singing. Each leaf was
Like a lute wakened to melody. Each
Flower had fragrant breath of seraph, and
The waters joined with all the morning stars
That sang together. Thus the first Sabbath
Of the world dawned in Earth's sinless Eden.

THE MOCKING-BIRD AND THE MORNS OF JUNE.

Oh, clear was the sky, and it bent as blue
Over the Earth as if it knew
Every flower that grew below,
And every breeze that did softly blow—
As it had an ear for every tune
That filled the air in the morns of June.

The little brook with its waters bright
Mirrored the sky and the sunny light,
And the grasses bent like a fairy's wand
To reach the brook where it touched the land;
And the birds splashed softly within its tide,
As it sang to the banks on either side.
Birds and water, how sweet their tune,
In the morning hour of a day in June.

O bird of song that came to me!
Perched on the top of the tallest tree,
Came to sing in strain divine
Songs that were sweeter than any rhyme;
Always there on the tree-top high,
So soon as the morn was in the sky.
O bird of song, with voice in tune,
In your breast was the singing soul of June.

Mocking-bird, what of the bobolink—
You have heard his voice, do you never shrink
From the music his wonderful throat has poured,
Lest the note you miss? From the music stored
In the feathered throat of the robin, too,
Singing the song he has taught to you?
Bird of song, your heart in tune
With the music and sweetness of days in June.

Often and often my fancy strays
Back to the summers of other days —
Back to a spot set round with trees,
With beds of flowers, where honey-bees
Came when the dew lay soft and fair,
Like a veil of silver everywhere,
On rose and lily and passion-flower—
Lay like a sparkling diamond shower.

I breathe the air that is wafted in,
Pure and cool on the sea-breeze wing;
I note the ripple of tiny stream,
The lily's white and the red-rose gleam;
Again I drink of the silver tide
That sparkles and babbles my path beside;
I sit in the shade of the cedar-tree
And dream of the Junes which used to be.

And still I hear, as I heard of yore,
The beautiful mocking-bird sing once more
From the top of the tallest tree that grew,
As though he knew it was nearer to
Heaven than the trees that were not so high—
Nearer the angels in the sky.

Hour by hour that mocking-bird
Day after day my ear has heard;
And he wore a vest of golden hue,
While the songs of every bird he knew;
Over and over he sang to me
From his skyward perch in the cedar-tree.
Never was morn of a flower-lipped June
When his beautiful voice was out of tune.

A SECRET.

Out from the deeps of the air gather the clouds,
Their whistling battalions sweeping the sky
Of Winter. Silently, yet steadily
On they come, their marshal—the Wind—blowing
His trumpet, sweeping the seas with his breath.
The leaves of the forest catch the sound of
His coming, and his couriers run through
Their leaves with a tremulous step, and all
A-shiver they stir at the touch, as if
Each had a heart in its breast. Grand army
Of Clouds! ye cover the field of the sky
And then let your batteries loose on the
World. Ye have hidden redoubts, ye have paths
That we cannot discern, and forces that
Take us with swiftest surprise, sometimes in
This Land of the Sun—sometimes on the verge
Of the Summer. Where gather ye then your
Soldiers gay, your army of raindrops
Which sometimes descend just to tickle the
Earth with their lances, then withdraw, with bright
Banners of rainbows, to hide from the Sun?
Where away do ye wander as Summer
Draws near? O luminous Mountains! with heads
Sky-pillowed and bold, are ye so far-visioned
Ye see what keepeth the calm of our Summer,
The sheen of the skies from the storm? Hear ye
Who sayeth "Depart" to Winter's storm-clouded
Battalions, so that o'er the blue eye of
Summer there never is seen the eyelid
Of cloud fringed with tear-drops of rain? Ah, yes,
I think ye know somewhat of the secret.
Winds, Sea and Mountains, ye are lovers
Together of this Summerland fair, and
Her eye that is shining with laughter, her
Breath that is sweet with the flowers, and her
Garments with orange-scent laden, ye love
As a mother doth love her babe in its
Cradle, and well you could tell the secret
Of her sun-shining Summer and calm.

A MORNING OUT OF DOORS.

Little bumble-bee, little bumble-bee,
Where are you going, will you tell me, pray?
I'm after honey in the heart of the flowers,
And so I am flying, flying away.

Pretty butterfly, golden-winged as the Dawn,
Floating like a smile through the sunny air,
Can't you stop to play with me, little butterfly,
Why need you now be flying anywhere?

I must wing my way to the opening rose,
And I must flutter in the sunshine, too,
For happy-hearted children love to see my wings astir
When the Day is bright with the Sun and dew.

O little cricket! sitting in the shadow
Of the swaying grasses tall and green,
Get out your bow and fiddle and play a pretty tune,
And sing your song where the bending roses lean.

No, I only sing in the Evening's pleasant shade,
For I'm busy all the day a-thinking
What music I shall sing when the twilight shadows fall,
And the Sun within the West is sinking.

O spider! your silver web a-spinning,
Just stop a minute from your work, I pray;
No, child, I cannot, for a fly is buzzing near me,
And my silver threads must bind it before it flies away.

O squirrel! sitting on the bending bough,
Your tail of silver shining 'mid its leaves,
I've a pocketful of nuts and acorns lovely,
Just come and sit with me, and help me crack them, please.

Darling child, you must not tempt me ever,
For if I let you gather nuts for me,
I fear that all too soon I should very lazy grow,
Then, when the Winter comes, what would become of me?

O bird upon the tree-tops! swinging sweet,
With your tiny breast so full of song,
Drop down within my garden where flowers blossom fair,
And amid the roses make the echoes dance along.

No, my darling, for on the tree-top high
I must sing unto the sunshine overhead.
On the glorious tree-top near the bending sky,
Just so soon as ever Night's shadows dark have fled.

O little brook! with your sparking water,
Just stop a moment where your banks are green,
Where the blessed shadows fall so cool and softly,
And the lily-bells hang the swaying hedge between.

No, my child, for I can never loiter,
For afar the Sea is calling to me,
And its billows' spray would melt along the shore
If the brooks and rivers should linger lazily.

O little toad! pray what have you to do,
As you sit there a-blinking in the Sun?
Oh, I'm watching for the careless bugs that come my way,
And so they shall not harm things, I eat them every one.

Well, now, if everything is busy
With work it ought to do, I think that I,
Although a little child, have some duty waiting for me,
And to find out what it is I will surely try.

"THE GOLDEN ELEPHANT."

[The following extracts are taken from an unfinished poem by Mrs. Otis, entitled "The Golden Elephant—A Romance of the Middle Ages."]

. . . 'Side many a pool,
Sleeping in shadows sweet and cool,
Were statues that my hand had wrought
Of bronze and copper. Living thought

Seemed stirring in them; you would swear,
While looking at them, that the air
Poured whispers in their ears which sent
Swift gladness through them, and which lent
A subtle sense of vision to
Their lidded eyes, and, looking, you
Would wait for motion, wait for speech
To break the silence which on each
Bronzed lip was set, and you would deem
A god was there, perhaps in dream
Of dumbness standing, while there shone
A halo round him, and the glade,
Filled with bright birds whose presence made
The air in liquid music melt,
Seemed but a temple which you felt
Were fitting for him. . . .

. . . . . .

Some days thereafter, in the glow
Of the fair Morning's splendor, slow
Upon a milk-white courser there,
Nearing the purple mountains where
Uplifted like a firmament
They rose above the workman's tent,
All clothed in softest samite, came
Fair Edith tentward. Alighting, slow
She with untrammeled grace did go
To seek the workman. . . .

. . . . . .

He felt the beauty of her eyes
Veiled with their lids, and he did rise
As with white hand she gently drew
Sidewards the curtain and looked through
Unto his presence, and did come
Slow-gliding, as within the dome
Of Heaven moveth a white cloud.

. . . . . .

Her face
Glowed with its blushes for a space,
Then melted into whiteness, through
Which, so silken soft, showed the blue
Veins like sapphire threads. Her fringéd lids,
'Neath which the unshed tears were hid,
Like golden arches trembling lay
Above her eyes, as luminous
As starry midnight—even thus
They seemed to him, as if untold
Fathomless depths they could unfold;
As if somewhere a moon might sleep
And burn within them, and yet keep
Horizons hid beyond explore,
And passionate seas of feeling o'er
Which no wind of speech might blow.

. . . . . .

. . When the Noon
Leaned breathless o'er the blue lagoon,
And the white lily's lifted face
No lightest breeze stirred from its place,
They sat in silence for a space.
And with his many thoughts entranced,
He mused with knitted brows, and glanced
Not any whither. Moveless down
His heavy-lidded eyes were cast,
Looking as if before them passed
Some visioned shape. She sat as drowned
In the warm sunshine flooding round,
Nor dared to speak, as if a sound
Would fright his vision, which she deemed
Meant her deliverance. . . .

. . . . The still Noon
Slept without his tent as in a swoon,
The Sun seemed lying on the wave,
And all the cool, sweet shadows gave
No sign of motion as they bent
'Neath where the silent grasses leant
The water o'er. He paused and sat
As looking through vast distance at
Something invisible. At length,
Like a great Hercules, his strength
Showed in his knotted muscles, when
He started suddenly, and then
Lifted cyclopean hammer, and
Rent with one stroke an iron band
About an old chest standing there,
The swift blow striking the still air
Like sound of thunder. . . .

. . . . . .

. Her timid gaze was lifted; there
A world of tenderness. Despair
Fled in its light, and vast spheres
Of shining hope shone on him.

SANTA CLAUS LAND. (1893.)

Oh, gray the sea and white the shore
That lie where sullen breakers roar,
On which the Polar Star looks down,
And Ursa Major casts his frown.

Two great ships tossed upon the wave;
The men upon their decks were brave,
Far wanderers from a southern land
Unto this frozen Arctic strand.

But breaks the ice, and blue aisles lie
To northward, where they cast their eye;
Aisles of clear water open wide,
Touching the far horizon's side.

The white sails of their ship they spread,
By favoring winds their canvas fed,
Along these watery ways they go
To Polar fields of ice and snow.

But no! As on and on they sail
To farther north, the dying gale
Gives place to soft-winged zephyrs, bound
With spicy odors, such as round

Great flower-beds linger. Scent of rose
And fragrant lily they disclose,
And breath of orange, and the flowers
That breathe through spicy tropic bowers.

And soon the open sea grows wide,
No longer giant icebergs glide,
Slow-sailing on the deep of seas,
Gray, frozen, mount-like mysteries.

But wide and fair the waters lie
Beneath the cloudless Polar sky,
And green the shores that sleep afar
Beneath the light of Polar Star.

And strange birds flit within the blue,
Bright birds of every size and hue;
Some red as is the Summer rose,
And some as white as Winter snows.

And some are purple-breasted seen,
With crest of gold and wings of green;
And some of glowing amber show
Their wide, warm wings, slow-sailing, low

Against the warm West's glowing rim.
And others, lark-like rise, till dim
In the blue heavens they cease from sight,
Lost in the flooding sunshine's light.

Then down wide waterways there float
Rivers of song—the bulbul's note,
Sweet as a dream of joy is heard—
The silver silence all is stirred.

Then, northward, with its shores of green,
A mighty continent is seen,
Stretching afar, a land unknown,
Filling this farther Polar zone.

And here, O wonder strange and new!
Opens the wide earth to their view,
Another world within this sphere,
And other light is shining clear.

For strange electric flashes play,
Chasing the darkness all away,
And through this under hemisphere
Sweep all earth's waters flowing clear.

No harsh winds in this under world
Have ever angry billows curled
Round its fair lands and shining isles,
Where only placid Summer smiles.

The Borealis gleams and glows,
Brighter than suns the light it shows,
And silver rivers pour their tide,
While shell-like boats upon them ride.

Soft-lipped the laughter that they hear,
And sweet the speech that rings so clear
From rosy lips; like stars which shine
The maiden's eyes—like rosy wine,

Red are their lips; as dewy sweet
As opening flowers of twin buds, meet
For Summer fragrance, while their hair
Seems spun of sunbeams, 'tis so fair.

And on these new-found shores did cast
The ships their anchors, lying fast
Beyond the warm and fragrant beach,
Stretching as far as eye could reach.

And here the peepul trees grew fair,
And lotus bloom was everywhere
O'er the bright pools, and palsa trees
Waved fragrant blossoms in the breeze.

And sun-birds spread their wings of gold,
Flashing with light, and gay birds told
Their nesting songs in love notes sweet,
Where boughs of palm and cedar meet.

And such large cities stretched away
To the far rim of northern day;
Houses of onyx, stately, grand,
With tall carved column which did stand

'Mid fountains where bright rainbows played,
And happy youths and maidens strayed
Through fragrant gardens banked with flowers,
And robins twittered through the hours

From morn to sunset. Into dark
Melted yet never the last spark
Of glowing light; the Aurora shone
Like a new sun within this zone—

Making the night more fair than day,
Fuller of splendor than the ray
Of midday suns, till all the air
Was white with shining everywhere.

Here peacocks strutted in their pride;
White herons by the water side
Stood on pink legs; bright parrots swung
Chattering the palm-tree's boughs among.

And, O the little trixies who
Danced all the flowery meadows through,
Playing on lutes, or waving wands
Of purest gold above the sands.

Then oft upon the calm sea's tide
Their little boats went sailing wide,
Seeking for mermaid's hidden caves
Which lay beneath the silver waves.

To see the ships at anchor there
Came crowds of people, young and fair,
Dressed in gay garments, silver-like
As Morning's mist, which shimmers white

When through and through the sunbeams sift
Their purest rays, ere it is lift
Like a white curtain, and the blue
And stainless skies shine forth anew.

Some rode on yellow horses, made
All bright with golden trappings laid
On them; music from bells of gold,
Sweet-tongued, yet tiny, from each fold

Of their rich garments sounded low
As a brook's voice in silver flow;
And bells from coral anklets hung
And tinkled softly as they swung.

A hundred boats of pearl they reach
Lying in splendor near the beach,
And filling them, quickly glide
From silken mantles round them spread.

With wonder dumb the ship's crew gazed
As o'er the shining waterways
The hundred boats of pearl drew near
From this strange, unknown hemisphere.

But they were gay and happy folk,
And every tongue on earth they spoke;
"Come with us," they had cried, "and see
The land we live in, and the tree

Whose ripe fruits make us young and fair,
And whose rare fragrance fills our air
With breath of youth that never dies."
The captain for his crew replies
With many thanks; the boats are manned
And soon they're sailing toward the land.

But who is this upon the beach
With hands outstretched to welcome each?
They look and smile, and quick they spring
To reach the land where he is king.

'Tis Santa Claus, with face as fair
As Summer flowers, his shining hair
We dream so white has turned to gold,
And not a thread is white or old.

He shows them treasures, endless, vast,
Enough for all while Time shall last;
Great marble palaces stand there
Filled full of gifts, and everywhere

The busy little nixies run
To pack the toys when they are done;
And busy fairies flit through rooms
Filled with rich silks and rare perfumes.

O golden days with Santa Claus!
In that bright land where never pause
Auroral lights; where calm seas roll
Round the fair isles beneath the Pole.
O sad their hearts and sad the day
When from those shores they sailed away!

ON MY VERANDA. (1892.)

Out on the day with sunshine filled I look,
The air all golden, throbbing in its warmth,
Each breeze winged with soft light; upon the flowers
The bees hovering so gaily, buzzing
So merrily, of all this fair, bright day
Seemed but a part. The butterflies, amber
And brown-wingéd with flecks of red, like little
Stars dotting them, are like jewels on the
Breast of Noon. The roses pour their fragrance
For the air to drink; the honeysuckle
Leans on its trellis and distills odors
Better than wine; geranium hedges
Laugh with rich color, while they from sight
Cover brown fences that have grown old with years,
With mossy flecks upon their sides, and holes
Worm-eaten. But the lush young leaves, blossoms
And climbing stalks hide all of this and hedge
The old fence round with youth and bright color,
And beauty, filling the eye with gladness.

How blue the sky as I peer upward through
The green vine leaves at it, like a sapphire
Shining far above them, wondrous in clearness.
The emerald grasses at my feet seem
Whispering together, and I catch their
Soft breath as they stir, and note their lightest
Motion. An undertone of harmony
Sweeps 'mid their slender blades. The shadows touch
Them lightly as they fall from orange trees
And palms and graceful peppers. The little
Ants run to and fro 'mid sand-built cities;
Geranium's scarlet bloom invites the
Humming-bird, while overhead, in the cool
Chambers of the walnut's boughs, the breast of
Some glad linnet is full of song. Rippling
Down the glad air it comes, and pours itself
Into my ear. Afar the mountains rise,
Those grand and solemn heights kindred with sun
And stars. Veiled in purple glory stand they
At this hour, as in a dream, silent, vast,
Majestic bulwarks of the world. Do they
Not know the secrets of the air, and tongued
With waterfalls, did we but know their language,
Might they not reveal the story of the
Skies? Could they not talk of proud Orion's
Martial head, and with their flinty fingers
Let loose the Ursa Major, and smooth the
Golden tresses of sad Andromeda,
Or tell us of far-off Mars, so ruddy-
Faced, so proud a warrior?
I saw one night
The moon rising above the mountains, and
She poured a silver river on their crest,
Or what looked like liquid silver. It was
A narrow stream, like a shining ribbon
On their shoulders, but how it glorified
Them! It was as if heaven had let down
Its threshold, and one step from thence would take
Us to the skies. O mountains, sun and stars!
And ever-blooming flowers, and little
Blades of grass, and singing birds amid the
Leafy boughs, and bright-winged butterflies,
And buzzing bees, and ever-shining skies,
I love ye all! Ye are God's finger-prints,
And sitting here and looking at ye all,
I worship Him.

TO OUR LITTLE ONE.

[At "The Bivouac," on the morning of January 8, 1901, a baby girl was born.]

At early dawn, soft floating on the blue,
I saw a white cloud drifting low and fair;
I wonder, Baby, could it have been you—
Your little, sinless soul astir,
Seeking some cunning shape to call your own—
Bright eyes and rosy fingers, pink-tipped toes,
Sweet face and tiny arms, and shining hair
And perfect limbs? Ah, Baby sweet! Daughter
Of this bright clime, born in the lap
Of Nature's royal beauty, where God's crown
Is set on all things, may your life
Be like the glory of the world about you,
Fair ever as the beauty of these vernal fields,
Sweet as the fragrance that the roses yield,
Pure as the perfect lily's bloom,
Which fills the air with rich perfume.
Baby, we bid you welcome!

OUR BABY.

(Fort Moore Place, Feb. 12, 1903.)

Into your perfect little frame
Out of the Somewhere a new soul came;
How did it enter thy body fair,
With its soft, blue eyes and silken hair?
Out of the deeps of the sun-filled blue
Did it come stealing softly through,
Till it found the dimpled hands and feet,
The baby face and the eyes so sweet,
That never had looked on the earth before
The soul-light touched them on this far shore?

Baby, thy soul by our Father's hands
Was tenderly fashioned. He understands,
He guided it here, made ready for thee
The baby form that today we see
Where thy soul abides. May His tender care
Be round about thee everywhere;
Still may He guide the little feet
Through the paths of Time and ever sweet
Make the roses bloom and the lilies spring
And th' birds of Hope round thy pathway sing.

Give thee a noble manhood, grand
With high endeavor, make thee stand
Where the Right is strong and the Soul is high,
And base, skulking Wrong shall pass thee by.
Welcome, sweet baby! let Gladness grow
Flowers for thy feet as on ye go.
Let Duty pave all the paths ye tread,
And by Love's own hand may your feet be led,
And when life is over and sets its sun,
May you hear our Father's blest, "Well done."

THE FIRST NIGHT IN EDEN. (1904.)

What did the first man think when evening came,
And daylight faded in the West away,
When all the shining stars within the sky
Looked from the blue so still and silently?
Oh, did he dream that angels' eyes were these,
Watching the earth as it did lie so fair
In its sweet slumber, the whispering breeze
Crooning its lullaby among the trees?
And when the Moon climbed up the silent East,
Unlike the Sun in splendor, yet as fair,
Shedding her silver glory round him there,
Making for his wide-open eyes a feast
Of wondrous loveliness—all silvered o'er
With soft moonlight was Eden's garden floor,
Paved with green mosses and countless blossoms fair,
Pouring their perfumed incense on the air.
Sometimes among the trees a night-bird stirred,
And a low note from feathered throat was heard—
Did he then dream that nearer unto him,
In the sweet twilight and the hush of night,
Drew the All-Father, though unto his sight
Invisible? So sweet, so free from care,
So still, with beauty round him ev'rywhere,
With the high stars o'erwatching him, the blue
Of Heaven drawn like a curtain o'er his head,
The breath of love within the silent air,
The whole wide earth a moonbeam-laden bed,
From which Night's gloom had all so quickly fled.
Heaven must have seemed but just above the blue,
The stars its sands of glory shining through.

THE LITTLE CHILDREN. (1902.)

The dew of innocence is on their brows,
And on their cheeks the bloom of purity;
Content doth linger in their happy smile,
And hope is in the atmosphere they breathe.
No shadow dark within life's skies they see,
No wrong they know to fright their happy dreams;
Their trust is like a flower, unfolding fair,
Their faith is like the sun without eclipse.
They know not Doubt, that brother of Despair,
Nor Guile, which is a poison for the lips,
They know not Envy, that foul imp of Wrong;
Like flowers they blossom on the slopes of Time,
To glad our lives and make the world more fair,
And make a holy Eden in our hearts.

EMBLEMS. (1902.)

Our lofty mountain heights they grandly stand,
Shining in whiteness, as if th' unseen Hand
Of the great God had touched them, brushing thence
The stain of Earth and Time, leaving but sense
Of purity. Like angel's garments white,
Transfigured in the glory of the light,
The snows upon their lofty summits lie,
And like a crown rests there the sapphire sky,
So near to heaven, they breathe the upper air,
No sound of strife or sin could reach them there;
The whispers of the Night must reach their ears,
And all the music of the starry spheres.

The Sun walks there in all his glory dressed,
Time dreameth not of change as he doth rest,
Halting to view the splendor at his feet,
Where Summer smiles in her secure retreat,
'Mid orange groves and never-failing flowers,
Whose fragrance fills the long year's passing hours.

O happy land beneath these mounts of snow!
Where falls on us the Summer's softest glow,
God's love enfolds us here, and as we raise
Our eyes to them we sing His power and praise.
Emblems of power, O lofty mounts! are ye,
Emblems of love the fruitful valleys be.

Snatches of Song.

"Mocking-bird, mocking-bird, singing in the tree!"

LOVE. (1878.)

Within my heart a little bird hath built its nest,
With folded wing and songful breast
It sitteth there the whole day long,
Nor findeth rest but in its song,
And all the music of its every strain
Begins and ends with this same sweet refrain—
The only sound on my heart's full sea—
"I love, love, love thee, so remember me!"

Joyful Day. (1879.)

O day so bright, O day so free!
I kneel in my love to worship thee!
The clouds like rosy petals lie
On the tender breast of the sunset sky,
And the breath of the winds is soft to me,
And I feel the kiss of the restless sea!
And life is glad—it is joy to be!
O day of beauty! I worship thee.

Earth's Fair Morning. (1888.)

When Earth's fair mornings come,
Each stealing one by one
Up to the dark steeps of night,
Their pathway by the stars—
Soft-shining through the bars
Of twinkling, golden light—
Made free from gloom,
How up the eastern sky
Dawn creeps, and there makes room
In the wide East, where sleeping breezes sigh,
Where shadowy curtains fall,
For the new Day's birth.
How Earth her censer swings,
Filled with all perfumed things
Of leaf and flower!
How trembles the soft air
With music everywhere
As the Sun lays his cheek
Upon the mountain peak
When Day has come!

Song.

Butterflies, butterflies, lend us your wings,
Let us float with you through the summer air,
Where the happy robin sings,
Where the golden poppies bloom,
Where the lily blossoms fair.

Mocking-bird, mocking-bird, singing in the tree,
Who has filled your happy breast with song?
Did the breezes floating free
Through the fragrant orange tree
Bear the strains along
From the land where bulbuls sing,
Where the spicy breezes blow,
And the glad brooks whisper low
To the bluebells as they ring,
Ring, ring, as on slender stalks they swing?

Where the fireflies twinkling pass—
Such a shining host and fair—
With their lanterns, through the grass,
Making all the earth as bright
As the starry skies at night.

O the breath of orange bloom
Floating down the river!
O the sweetness of the lilies
On their stems a-quiver!
O so light of heart we sail
Up the shining river!

The Mountain Stream.

Hast thou a soul, O rippling water! thou
  That with thy ceaseless murmur glidest by,
  A thing of song and tireless melody?
Along thy banks a fringe of blossoms now
Bends lovingly and fair, and rushes lean
As if some whispered secret lay between
  Their hearts and thine—
  Secret divine,
That only fields and flowers may know
Along the ways thy waters flow.

At Noon.

It was high noon, no shadows fell
  Across the brightness of the sun-filled sky,
And all the birds that in our summer dwell
  Sang softly to the breezes floating by.

The air was full of fragrance, perfumes sweet,
  And odors of all odorous things that bloom
Seemed like pure incense round me there to meet,
  Drowning in sweetness all the glowing noon.

The small brooks rippled soft a silver tune,
  The blue sky gleamed, a dome of shining light,
It was December, yet it seemed like June,
  The year's glad morning rather than its night.

An Arctic Day.

I think I was not dreaming, but some way
  Self slipped from self, and then unhindered sped
Beyond the seas where mighty icebergs stray,
And half the year is night and half is day.

Shuddering, within that hoary-frozen zone,
  Which seemed the mighty ruins of a sphere
In its dead silence, lo! I stood alone,
With not e'en tossing billow to make moan.

How dreadful was the solitude! It seemed to me
As if the world had died, and only I
Upon that awful, silent, frozen sea
Of all things earthly had not ceased to be.

Love's Dream. (1891.)

I dream of thee by day as flowers dream of the light,
And toward thee turns my heart as in the night
The sweet Earth turns to greet the coming Dawn.
Without thee it is night; with thee 'tis morn.

Thy words are my heart's flowers whene'er they breathe
Thy love to me; and when Love's smile doth wreathe
Thy lips, my sun is shining clear,
There is no cloud in all Joy's hemisphere.

Sonnet. (1892.)

There is a soul within this day so fair,
A heart pulsing in the soft winds that sweep
Past us so noiselessly on viewless feet,
Breathing the sunshine of this cloudless air,
Calm as a maiden's heart that's free from care.
Autumn, sweet Autumn, youth is still with thee,
And not a wrinkle on thy face we see,
No sign of age amid thy golden hair,
And luminous thy bending skies of blue;
Sweet smiles November as she peereth through,
Wrapping herself in mantle of green leaves,
Crowning herself with many buds and flowers,
Divinely sweet the tropic charms she weaves,
And spun with gold these sunny days of ours.

Love's World. (1892.)

Oh, it is sweet to live and ever know
A perfect love is yours, one full of grace,
With never in its perfectness a place
For any thought but that does upward grow
To loyalty and tenderness—to know
You one true heart's most secret thoughts may share,
Doubling its joys and halving all its care.
Life is worth living when we live it so;
The world is fair, we do not see its tears,
Nor feel its griefs, nor tremble at its fears.
'Tis always morning in the heart of love;
'Tis always youth, for Love does ne'er grow old,
'Tis summer always, doubt alone is cold,
Love's world is fair as any world above.

Other Short Verse.

"Where Nature's blood ran pure, and cool, and sweet."

IN MEMORIAM.

Rockwell. (1876.)

Peaceful thy rest, dear friend!
Above thee blue skies bend,
And the glad bees hum;
And all the long, bright year
The flowers bend low and sweet
To kiss thy head and feet.

And sweet-voiced birds of song,
From all the watching trees,
Pour music on the breeze,
To soothe thy quiet sleep;
On Nature's tender breast,
Wrapped in her sunshine, rest.

Stringed Pearls. (1884.)

The sky is hid behind the clouds,
And only dim, soft shadows fall.
The long, black lines the sunlight shows
Of tall tree-trunks and waving boughs,
And lesser ones, which rich mosaics make,
Of nodding flowers so dewy-eyed and sweet.
Of birds on wing, and dainty butterfly,
And airy bees, that buzzing make their way
Through air all bridged with sunshine as they go.
I cannot find today, for shadows are
But twin with sunshine, as sorrow is with joy.

A Mountain Lake. (1886.)

It sleeps among the hills serene and cool,
With scarce a ripple on its placid breast,
Mirroring the sky, as if it had dropped down
Within its deeps for slumber and for rest.

The leaning trees unto their shadows bend,
As in a dream the softest breezes blow,
Flower turns to flower as if it sought a friend,
And o'er its blue the birds they come and go.

Nature is here and man hath not a place,
But silence lingers save when breezes stir
Or wild-birds sing, or silver-footed rain
Comes pattering down through forest corridor.

Or when the crickets chirp within the shade,
Or acorns drop from off the bending tree,
Or the wild stag comes bounding down the slope
To drink its waters which are flowing free.

O placid lake, so cool, so still, so fair!
A gem upon the bosom of the wild,
Beloved of hills and of the running streams,
Of mountain springs thou art the cherished child.

How Far? (1887.)

The earth spins round, while o'er it lies
The sun-filled, star-strewn deep of skies;
The sunlight but a golden sea,
Beyond whose deeps the planets be.
O golden floods of light! how far
Beyond your deepest deeps is star
And outmost world, whose orbit nears
God's throne, the center of the spheres?

Life. (1887.)

Life hath such little worth if life is all
But life of earth; if with the pall
Of death covering our senseless clay
Our being passes into nothingness away.

The Summer Brook. (1887.)

It was a summer day; the woods were green,
The sky was wondrous fair, without a speck
Of cloud; with golden, sunny sheen
The hills were dressed, while from their sides between
A little glad brook ran, with here and there a fleck
Of shadow on its breast of swaying leaf,
Or happy singing bird, whose wing
Swept the bright air, or flew from bough to bough,
As if in search of larger room to sing.

The brook ran merrily the summer meadow through,
Leaping sometimes in laughter o'er the stones,
Kissing the flowers, as if its love were new,
Then singing to them as a mother croons
In softest tones her baby's ear unto.
And then it lay, with shining face and still,
In silent pools, with sunshine only shed
Upon its edge, a golden border spread
Of lingering sunbeams holding souls of noons.

O happy brook! the sky looked down to it
And lost itself in looking in its breast;
And on its banks did dreaming lovers sit,
Heart answering heart beneath the quiet lip,
While to its mirror all the grasses prest,
And dipped their green blades in its silver tide.
And Noon breathed softly sitting it beside,
And lost the fever of her sultry heat
Where Nature's blood ran pure, and cool, and sweet.

O Happy Bird! (1891.)

O happy bird sitting at dawn in the leafy tree,
What do the breezes whisper to you, blowing so free?
Do you see their airy, fairy fingers so lightly
Lifting all the pretty green, and swaying dancing leaves?
Do you see the shining sunbeams as they so brightly
Paint with gold the highest crests of all the tallest trees?

Sitting on your nest with all its leafy curtains drawn,
Do the sunbeams come a-knocking in the early Dawn?
Do you see Night's shadows as slowly they slip away
Down the unseen hillsides of the purple-tinted West?
Do you see the shining East with the twinkling star of Day
Like a jewel on the brightening glory of its breast?

Dolce Far Niente. (1891.)

Not a cloud anywhere in the sky,
Not a breath in the wide air astir;
Not the spread of a sail, or the whirr
Of a wing in its flight through the deep,
Luminous sky; the bee is asleep;
The flowers are breathless and still;
It is noon in the sky, on the hill,
In the valley and cañon, and I,
Beneath the blue tent of the sky,
Dream, bathed in the gold of the hours,
And drowned in the perfume of flowers.

Sweet By-and-By.

O shining land! Sweet By-and-By,
How dear and fair thou art;
You live in dreams of beauty rare,
Forever in my heart;
My castles high of hope and love
I rear within thy light,
And hope makes all thy stars and suns
Resplendent to my sight.

How clear thy silver waters flash,
How vast thy mountains stand;
How soft thy spicy winds do blow
Round me on either hand;
And Love pipes on his silver reed,
Pipes tenderly and long,
Till all my spirit seems to melt
In answering love and song.

An Eastern July Noon.

The blue air palpitated with the Summer's heat,
The sky let fall its drooping lids upon the hills,
And through the sultriness the Summer rills
Hummed drowsily, as if half in dream,
And the patient cattle stood within the stream,
And lazily the butterfly, with yellow wings,
Just stirred the air, which lightly breathed,
Like a great soul asleep, while wreathed
In luminous haze, like a soft curtain drawn
Which shut out all the dewy scents of morn,
The Earth lay swooning in the arms of Noon.

* * *

The Stars. (1897.)

But oh, the stars! the far-off, silent stars,
Holding their own within the blue of Night,
Twinkling with glory on our wondering sight—
Their beams down-falling like the silver spars
From some swift meteor, moving on through space;
Unto our earth-ears silent, yet the face
Of Nature turneth to them, and her ears
Catch the full chorus of all starry spheres.

Our Summer Land.

The earth is starred with blossoms beautiful,
With lily and with rose her lap is full;
The lily leans upon her slender stem,
The roses weave a wondrous diadem.
Earth smiles unto the sky, and back again
Drop sun and stars their answering smile to men.

This Summer Day. (1897.)

O day of days! divinely fair and sweet,
With summer in the sky and at our feet;
Her hair so golden and her eyes so blue,
Feasting on sunshine and on silver dew;
Her breath is like the perfume of the flowers;
Her voice like bird-song through the shining hours;
Her smile, ah me! could angels' brighter be,
As drops its light upon our land and sea?
One little line above must lie between
This realm of beauty and the realm unseen.

The Sabbath.

The Sabbath comes, a pause within the week,
A breath from Heaven, a gleam from Eden's day;
O would its brightness still might 'round us stay
In the high mountains of our cares so bleak!
Would we might breathe amid their chilling snows
Diviner airs, and see Hope's stars arise,
And 'neath the clouds that ofttimes dim our skies,
Behold the river of God's love which round us flows.

Our Father.

God's silent kiss is on the shining sky,
His tenderness upon the whispering leaves,
His footsteps wander in the sunbeams by,
His bounteous love is in our ripened sheaves.

Thanksgiving.

The laughing sunlight ripples through the trees,
The blue skies bend above us, calm and clear;
Flowers pour their incense on the atmosphere,
And yellow-breasted, light-winged argosies
Of honey-bearing bees flit here and there;
Full-flooded sunshine gleameth everywhere.
With Nature as with us it is Thanksgiving time,
And songs of happy birds seem set to rhyme,
And soul of melody is in each passing breeze
Which stirs the leafy tongues of all the trees
Until they pour a psalm so full and sweet
The blossoms haste its music to repeat.

A New-born Babe.

Say, baby sweet!
Out of the beautiful blue of the skies did you come,
With the light of the shining stars in your eyes,
And the lingering glory of Paradise

In the smile which is round your soft lips curled?
And did Aurora lean in some far-off world,
With the breath of spices upon her lips,
And kiss your dimpled finger-tips?
Kiss them till warm as her mouth they grew,
Just touched with the pink of the sunrise, too?
Say, baby sweet!

A Sunset Psalm.

There was a glory on the tree-tops when the day was dying,
As if Heaven's finger lay upon their crests;
The winds just stirred them, and its gentle sighing
Was like the sound of birds soft cooing in their nest.

How danced the leaves of shimmering vines and roses,
How sweet the psalm of fragrance from their lips;
How rare the *Gloria in Excelsis* pouring
From all the myriads of their shining tips!

A Fragment.

God's unseen hand I think is everywhere—
Doth He not lead the wandering bird in air—
Else how o'er pathless distances can it,
Sure-winged and strong and all unerring flit,
Without a line or compass in the sea
Of sky all islandless, and wide and deep
As the far spaces where the stars do sweep?

The Lily's Death.

A swaying lily fell asleep,
And low its head was bent upon its stem,
And wandering breezes kissed its milk-white hem,
And honey-bees hid in its golden heart,
Till fierce winds tore its fragile leaves apart;
Then Autumn came and gathered to her breast
The snow-white petals, and with noiseless feet
Bore them where Summer's dying head did rest.

Who Knows? (1902.)

The hush of calm is on the air,
The winds scarce breathe within the light,
The grasses slumber everywhere,
And lovely roses, red and white,
Shed richest fragrance; lilies sweet
Wall in the pathways of my feet.

The lake uplifts its shining face,
With scarce a ripple on its breast;
Within the sky there is no place
For any cloud; the sunbeams rest,
A soundless sea of golden light,
Filling the spaces infinite.

The soul of fragrance seems to lie
Within the air; the soul of song
Is hidden, too, within the sky,
And every breeze wafts it along.
Oh, who can solve the mystery
Of air-filled deeps of melody?

Day. (1903.)

With silent feet Night walks the way,
All silver-paved by shining stars,
But oh, how swift, when nears the Day,
She hides behind Morn's golden bars.

Then how the little birds awake,
Pour tides of song upon the air,
And blossoms fuller perfume shake
From dew-bathed petals everywhere.

Day smiles, the Sun pours forth his light,
Growth walks abroad unhindered, free,
And golden glory fills the sight,
And oh, how sweet it is to be.

To be, in God's great world of sun,
In God's great world of night and stars,
Then lo! when time for us is done,
Death endless Life's wide gate unbars.

Good-Night.

The day has gone to sleep within the vales,
Shadows are cradled in the em'rald grass,
And on the heights the roseate sunset pales,
And from the clouds the crimson colors pass.

Good-night, sweet Day! The stars come out on high
To watch the pathway which your footsteps trod,
And pave with vastness the great deeps of sky,
And bring our souls in fuller touch with God.

THE PEN FALLS.

November in Sunland.

[The last poem of Mrs. Otis, written Nov. 8, 1904, on the bed from which she never rose.]

In the far East the Autumn's fires are burning,
The forests burst into a crimson glow,
The air is full of whispers of the snow,
The winds awake, the river's tides are turning
To meet the frosts that will enchain them soon
And weld their icy fetters till the noon

Of the glad Springtime. But here the Summer's breath
Still lingers, the many blossoms wake,
Color and sweetness from the sunshine take,
They show no signs of fading or of death;
The Summer trails her lovely garments still,
And smiles at us from every vale and hill.

The leaves are green, the waters ripple by,
And bird-song floats upon the sunny air,
The butterflies are flying everywhere
On their wings, like blossoms in the sky;
November comes with heart of sunny June,
With Summer's loveliness 'tis all attune.

PART II.

DESCRIPTIVE PROSE.

BRIDAL VEIL FALLS, YOSEMITE.

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IN THE YOSEMITE.

CAMPING AND CLIMBING IN WONDERLAND.

IN the summer of 1878, Mrs. Otis, with a congenial party, including two lady companions, an artist, a botanist and others, made a notable wagon-trip from Santa Barbara to the Yosemite Valley and return. On the trip she wrote numerous graphic descriptive letters, which were published and read with keen pleasure. These letters are not reproduced in this volume, but the compiler cannot refrain from selecting at least one of them and also one chapter from an unpublished sketch by the author, describing the closing of her trip, "From the Seacoast to the Sierras, with Glimpses of the Yosemite."

SIGHT-SEEING IN THE YOSEMITE.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE VALLEY.

YOSEMITE VALLEY, July 31, 1878.—Yosemite cannot be put into words. For the colossal grandeur of its rock-wrought walls language can find no cunning device of expression that will paint them; speech no words with graphic power sufficient for their delineation. A Divine Architect reared its lofty ramparts, chiseled its "Cathedral" and shaped its "Domes," carved its "Royal Arches," and dropped from its cloud-capped heights its "Vernal" waterfalls.

In the old eternity of the past—in the far-off glacial epochs—Nature, perhaps with her chisels of icebergs and flow of torrents, wrought through the silent ages to hew and carve and shape its architectural grandeur. Or, perchance the hand of convulsions rent the solid rock, and with the ploughshare of the earthquake furrowed the valley and formed its bed. Or with instantaneous crash the solid mountains, shaken by internal throes, may have snapped asunder, and down into unfathomable abysms sunk the vast mass, once lying between its now vertical walls, and Yosemite, with all its magnificent grandeur, stood a complete creation—the wonder of all lands, the perfection of Nature's architectural triumphs.

The wonders of Yosemite touched even the untutored heart of the savage, and not a colossal rock, not a shining waterfall, not a dome or peak or "Cathedral" tower from the bold and lofty front of El Capitan to the majestic heights of Clouds' Rest, but has its legend of wonder or its tale of mystery. Yosemite is not an afterthought of Creation. No lessons of chance, no handwriting of inharmonious law, are inscribed like blind hireoglyphics upon its lofty sides, but on all its rock-ribbed walls, and towering "Sentinel Rock," law is written, and the wisdom of Infinite Design is eternally photographed.

The Yosemite Valley is a wild and rock-walled cañon—a vast gorge or depression between nearly vertical granite walls, averaging nearly 4,000 feet in height, and rising at some points to the stupendous altitude of 5,700 feet. The bed of the valley is nearly level, and is about six miles in length and from half a mile to a mile in width. The main Merced River, fed by the eternal snows of the Sierras, flows through it, not with the rush of an angry torrent, but with murmuring, musical cadences, blending the symphony of its swift-flowing waters with the wind-born harmonies of rustling leaves and forest anthems.

The valley is 4,060 feet above sea level, and in portions is thickly tree-clad—studded with lofty pines and cedars. Its attractions are infinite and varied.

As the tourist approaches it from the Mariposa road, the massive, solid front of El Capitan lifts itself up 3,300 feet, clear-cut in shining granite. To its right, across the entrance to the valley, the Three Graces—majestic heights, carved and rounded, and leaning with graceful inclination towards the cañoned deep of Yosemite, rise skyward 3,750 feet—the giant sentinels which guard the valley's gates.

The panoramic effect of the approaches to, and of the exterior walls of the valley are indescribable. In company with our botanist I came in full view of them on horseback. We stopped a few moments, and, with uncovered heads, looked and were silent. Speech seemed like profanation. As we moved on, a sort of terror seemed to seize our horses. The walled heights before them, white in the glare of the noonday sun, attracted even their brute gaze, and they shivered and drew close together, and with heads erect, with distended nostrils, and ears thrown back, they moved on only through constant urging. Its effect upon them was so noticeable we both remarked it.

The general color of the walls of the valley is a light gray, but in the full noonday sunlight they dazzle with their whiteness. Some portions of the walls are vertically striped with gray, brown and black lines, which produce a peculiar yet far from unpleasing effect.

In passing from Inspiration Point, the tourist, taking the wagon road which runs in zigzag lines down the steep mountain sides, makes a descent of nearly 3,000 feet before he reaches the level of the valley. In the course of this descent the dominant features of the valley are presented to the eye. The Domes, Cathedral Rock, with the lofty spires rising 500 feet above the main body of the cathedral-like mass; the central view of the valley, glimpses of the cañon of Tenaya Fork, Sentinel Rock, and far off the shining whiteness of

Clouds' Rest, are all within sweep of the vision. And all along the way down to the valley's entrance gleams the Bridal Veil with its gossamer-like tissue, its diamond mist, and its swaying folds touched with prismed beauty.

The principal waterfalls are the Bridal Veil, Yosemite, Vernal, Nevada, South Fork, Sentinel, and Royal Arch Fall. The principal mountains are Half Domes, or Tis-sa-ack, the significance of which is Goddess of the Valley; Clouds' Rest, North Dome, Washington Tower, Cap of Liberty, Mt. Starr King, Glacier Rock, Sentinel, Cathedral Rock, Three Graces, Three Brothers, and El Capitan, or Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah—the Great Chief of the Valley. Of all these points I propose to write you, giving a separate letter to each, as I visit and explore them. In no other way can I give you any just conception of them, or of their surroundings. [The letters were written and published—Ed.]

* * *

There are two small ranchos in the valley under cultivation. The ranch-houses, standing at the base of the precipitous walls of the valley, look like playthings when contrasted with them.

We have gone into permanent camp in the upper part of the valley, opposite Glacier Rock, and with the Royal Arches in our rear. Each evening brings us the grand illumination of the Royal Half Dome. Clouds' Rest, beyond it, catches the glowing red of the sunset glory, and stands gleaming afar like the Mount of Transfiguration, and as the sunlight fades, the starry firmament sinks and rests on the uplifted heights of the magnificent North Dome and the purpling crest of Sentinel Rock. Behind the shadow-enveloped heights of the Cap of Liberty, like a gem in the royal diadem of the mountain, rises Jupiter, in the clear radiance of his starry light, and the eyelids of the day shut softly down over the silent mountains and the slumbering valley. Not a sound from the outer world reaches us here, not an echo of its bustle or its strife. Peace folds us in, and Night's stars watch over us.

A FORTY-MILE RIDE TO CLOUDS' REST.

Where is there a more melodious name than that which was the birthright of Yosemite—Ah-wah-nee? It has in it the melody of its waterfalls and the rhythmical fullness of its swift-flowing river.

And every morning in Ah-wah-nee was a beautiful poem. The undertone of the song was written in the cold, gray light of dawn. But after that came symphony and sweetness and melody.

There is no drowsiness when you open your eyes in the woods. Nature has a thousand voices with which she woos you from your slumber. From your tent you watch the gray shadows fade, as the flush of the perfect morn lights up the East. First is the touch of pale yellowish-green; then come richer flushes and warmer tints. The dull orange changes to a great deep of shining gold. Then there is a flame of scarlet; there is a glory on the hilltops; the gray, cold crags light up. Some invisible finger gilds and transforms them. The trees sway and whisper in the breeze that stirs at sunrise. What a glory there is in the tree-top when the sun first strikes it! There must be gold somewhere among its emerald. What music there is in the woods! One can only be glad, for Nature's peace is on the world and upon the heart.

I made my farewell tour in and about the Yosemite, going to Clouds' Rest, twenty miles distant from our camp. We started at dawn when the sun had only begun to brighten the East, and the faint, rosy tints of light gleamed as through a curtain. Well mounted on trusty mules, we moved away, and before riding far our feet were aching with the cold of the early hour.

The whole atmosphere lay as if asleep and pulseless, till we neared the vicinity of the Bridal Veil, and then Pohono—the "Spirit of the Evil Wind"—whom the Indians say haunts the region of the fall, caught us and pursued us till we reached the gateway of El Capitan, where Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah's image stands carved in the solid rock, the enduring monument of the mighty chief who loved the children of the sun who dwelt here in the early days of Yosemite.

It is not strange that the untutored mind of the savage should be stirred to superstitious fancies in regard to this wind, for when the entire valley is breezeless, and not a pulse of air is astir elsewhere, through this narrow gateway between these mighty walls there is the rush of wingéd winds, and a strong, swift current of air that sometimes blows with a force almost amounting to fury.

Passing beyond this, we found not a breeze afloat, and as we passed Cathedral Rock the golden gleams of the sunrise lighted up the front of El Capitan, and touched the lofty brows of the Three Brothers as they stood the silent guardians beyond the river.

I looked with a sigh of regret at the bare, rock-built height from which the falls of the Yosemite had vanished. Not a trickling drop of water fell from the granite lip of the precipice. There was just a long dark line adown the rock, marking the bed of the fall, which lay a pall-like shadow where once its flashing waters fell.

Arriving at Barnard's, a pleasant addition was made to our party in the person of the winsome daughter of the genial host, and then we moved on up the southern bank of the Merced towards Snow's.

The sunlight touched the water and dropped shining gleams upon its waves. The old brown cedar logs which lay in the bed of the stream, and over which the miniature billows rippled, looked bronzed by the action of the sun and waves, till they appeared like treasures that the miner might covet. There were delightful shadows and flashes of sunlight among the pines; there was the nodding of cedars, and after a time a whispering among the firs as if they wondered at our early coming, and half resented this early intrusion upon the forest quiet.

The sun was up above the valley's walls as we entered the mountain trail leading to Snow's, which we climbed,

and toiled upward till we were at the base of the zigzag which leads to the elevated plateau above the Nevada Falls, and beyond which is the entrance to the Little, or Upper Yosemite.

This trail I have already described, together with the grand picture presented along its way. The downlook from these vast heights into the seemingly bottomless deeps of the cañons below; the rush and glory of Vernal Falls; the battlemented heights over which the Nevada Fall drops with its thunders; the glimpses of dome after dome—all these and more I have written of.

But it was not until this trip that I realized the magnitude and grandeur of the Cap of Liberty. It rises up on the left side of Nevada Falls in complete isolation, a vast, rock-wrought pyramid 4600 feet, a cap-like mass of granite, with a narrow gorge on either side of it, out of which issues the sublime utterance of the waters. It is almost perfect, as far as shape is concerned, in its resemblance to the "soldier caps" worn during the war, and it is a splendid monument to the liberty which our soldiers bought.

Climbing the zigzag on the left of the falls, we entered the beautiful valley of the Little Yosemite. We passed through a charming, meadow-like expanse, shaded by tall pines and cedars, but beyond it were walls of granite, and above them the towering, snow-clad heights of the Sierras. Mount Starr King stood out bolder than ever to my view, a lofty, rounded, dome-like structure, bare and white as a frozen rock.

We climbed up, and still up, over rocks and between them; past gigantic boulders that only the hand of terrible convulsions could have planted; through forests that are the glory of these outlying heights; past rippling streams whose waves shone over golden sands, till we reached a grove of cedars at the base of Clouds' Rest. Here by the side of a running stream we stopped for lunch, and turned our tired animals into a patch of the brightest emerald grasses, watered by springs and fed by a running rivulet. It seemed strange to find such a spot in September, and at such an elevation—not less than 8000 feet above the sea.

There are numberless little brooks that murmur through the long year to these mountains. There were always trees and green grasses where they run—such glorious green nooks as one would never dream of finding at such great altitude. There was no dearth of flowers. The golden-rod threw out its long yellow wand and waved it to every passing breeze. The wild white lily shone like a star, and a delicate little purple blossom—the *Erigeron foliosium*—opened its many slender petals to the sun. We found here, too, the golden-eyed blossoms of the *Polentilla glandasa,* and all the banks of the streams were bright with bud and blossom.

The day was somewhat warm in the valley. It was hot as we climbed the steep zigzag by the Nevada Falls. The bare white rocks reflected the heat beside, before and behind us. The white sands caught the glare of the sunshine and flung it back like a furnace breath into our faces. But when we reached the valley of the Little Yosemite the snow-tempered breezes from the Sierras fanned us with a touch of delightful coolness.

Here the botanist, riding on in advance, encountered a huge rattlesnake. There was a terrible battle between the two, but finally a well-aimed blow from the botanist's sharp, heavy pick severed the reptile's head from his body. Instead of taking the scalp of his snakeship, the professor cut off fourteen rattles as a trophy of his victory.

Getting up into the Little Yosemite, one is alone with primeval Nature, for the valley has in no way ever been disturbed by improvements. Its waters sing on unchanged and changeless. Its surrounding forests sweep as proudly and as far now as they did ages ago. It lifts up still the same mighty battlements of rocks, shows still the same fair, placid sweep of meadow, fringed along the river's banks with willows, sycamores and cedars, and everywhere are the fairy-like adjustments of light and shade, the dropping of tree-shadows, and the flooding of the sunshine. Above, on the hillsides, are the pines, great forest zones of them, lifting themselves up till their pointed tops seem to pierce the blue.

We found here a quiet world. There was the occasional falling of the heavy cones. The busy squirrel was collecting his breakfast, and the daintiest epicure would have enjoyed sharing it with him. I am afraid that we trenched somewhat upon his stores, for we captured some of the pine cones that he had cut off and rolled up against the foot of the tree, all ready for his work of picking out from them the ripe seeds. We also gathered some of the immense cones of the sugar-pine, which were from eighteen to twenty inches in length—long, slender, tapering things, full of resinous sweetness.

In the meadow-like expanse near the mouth of the Little Yosemite we found the ground bright with the creamy, purple-flecked blossoms of the *Spraguea umbellata.* It grows in shining, circular clusters like a crown, the flowers nestling among the long, slender green leaves of the plant, which surround them like a fringe. All the wide stretch above the Nevada Falls was starred with them.

"Oh, what lovely souvenirs! We cannot have too many of them!" exclaimed the enchanted botanist, and so with the spade-end of his pick he carefully uprooted them and put them into his flower press as tenderly as if they had possessed a life akin to his own, and today some of them lift up as bright faces to me from the pages of my flower album as they did from the beauty of their native meadow.

Farther up the earth smiled with the beautiful blue gentian. There are garden spots far up on these lofty heights that rise about the Yosemite which thrill one with the bright beauty of their numberless blossoms. In this upper, silent world it would seem that the Sun watches the Earth with a tenderness that he does not feel for the regions lying farther down. Here the Sky brightens for the Earth, and the Earth blooms for the Sky.

We should have loved to loiter for hours in the charming spot where we lunched. The air was full of piney fragrance, and the shadows fell cool on the slope where

we sat by the side of the rippling water. There was a huge cedar log stretched along the edge of the grassy plot, like a slumbering giant. Beyond the green expanse rose the mountain walls covered with trees along their base, and higher up with a heavy growth of shaggy underbrush, shining in great glowing patches of red, brown and green.

Above this wild, tangled zone rose the white, bare uplift of granite rock. It looked as high as the sky above us. A hawk circled in the air far below it, and there was nothing to break the silence upon its crest.

The eagle loves this spot, and builds here his eyrie. On those sunlit crags he can rear his young nor fear human molestation. All the wild solitudes of the air and of the mountains are his. He is the Robinson Crusoe among the birds, the grand monarch of all this upper world of air and sunshine. He is serene amid the storms, and unmoved amid the tempests of these awful deserts of volcanic peaks, and his dark wings sweep the ether like lonely sails upon a silent sea.

After a short rest we went on. The trail was almost obliterated by the passage of large bands of sheep, and one not thoroughly acquainted with the route would be unable to find the way to the summit without a guide. It is rocky and steep, and in places, for one not perfectly at home in the saddle, is, on account of its steepness and rockiness, dangerous.

It is the only trail leading to points of interest about the Yosemite where the services of a guide are necessary, but here they are really indispensable.

We lost our trail two or three times, and wandered off into the one leading into the wild solitudes of the Mono Pass, trodden years ago by so many patient gold diggers.

I longed for time to enable me to go out into some of these byways of the Yosemite, where Nature lies in such strange, savage wildness. I had heard so much of Mono Lake—that beautiful, shining silver disk, "surrounded with sage-brush and ashes, with volcanic cones rising in clusters towards the south, and blue mountains far beyond, swelling range over range, and fading on the glowing horizon," that my thoughts reached out with a strong yearning to visit it. All this grand, untamed wildness of Nature was in keeping with my mood. With a saddle for my pillow and a blanket for my bed, sheltered by the starry brightness of California's skies, I could find delightful rest wherever night might overtake me. This wild, free life out of doors! I reveled and exulted in it, and with the glorious beauty of the cloudless blue above me, with the rich, golden strata of sunshine covering all the earth, and with the wildness and mystery of the Sierra regions stretching, it seemed, into infinity beyond me, there was everything to entice me onward.

But we came back again and went up the steep sides of the sky-reaching promontory towards the summit of Clouds' Rest, sometimes passing along rocky ledges, where was only the narrowest foothold for our mules. Once a treacherous hole entrapped one of the hind feet of my animal. Sitting in my saddle while she struggled to pull her foot out again, I thought of a child's definition of a mule: "A mule is a animal with four legs, one at each corner." But surely my mule was *all* corners. They stuck out everywhere, and it did not seem as if there were less than four legs at each corner, and every one of them was letting out perpetual motion.

Finally the foot was extricated, and her next diversion was to break through an old rotten stump in our path, which scattered into as many splinters as there are stars in the Milky Way, and from that the animal gave a frightened bound to the ledge below, landing within an inch of its edge.

I managed to keep my saddle through all this by-play; but I was not sorry when it was over, for I did not care to practice any more gymnastic feats "on the hurricane deck of a mule."

We were a little off from our trail when all this happened. Our guide was far in advance, searching for the lost trail. We could only see his broad sombrero above the top of the shaggy chaparral. My lady companion was behind me, sitting securely in her saddle, with all the brave coolness of a trained mountaineer. I was thankful that she was not given to feminine shrieks and hysterical displays, for the mule had enough to occupy her without them. I was reassured when I heard her merry, ringing laugh as my mule landed on all fours on the ledge below, and she exclaimed:

"Oh, you've no idea how funny you looked when you went diving into that stump; and when the mule jumped she looked like a spider with six legs, for her ears were as long as her legs and bobbed as frantically."

Fairly down, I felt a momentary fright at what I had gone through, and with characteristic feminine positiveness declared that I would not go another step until the right trail was discovered.

"Wandering around in this underbrush, there is no knowing what pits we may fall into, or how many more rotten stumps we may demolish. Just as likely as not we shall drop into a coyote's hole, and he won't welcome us, or pitch into a nest of rattlesnakes among these rocks."

So we turned our animals around and went down the steep mountainside towards a beckoning cedar, there to sit in its pleasant shadow till the guide should return.

It was a lovely picture which lay below us there. The variegated expanses of undergrowth on the mountain side—below that the narrow belt of cedars and pines mingled with the light-green of the alders which skirted the banks of the silver-faced rivulet, and farther on, the green and shining dell covered with rich grasses and bright, alpen-like blossoms; still farther away, the sweep of the solemn pine forests, and overtopping them, and stretching to the far horizon's verge, the unbroken sweep of mountains.

The green meadow was inclosed by a rustic fence; curved and crooked it was, built of boughs and twigs. But it made the place seem less solitary. The beauty of the charming spot which it surrounded warms all of my memory, even today. There was not only a running brook, but there were cool, shining pools and springs in

its heart that washed every blade of the sweet grass. Close against the bright greens were brilliant spots of scarlet and crimson blossoms and flecks of golden-rod. It was the very spot for a fairy's tenting-ground, and had we been there on a midsummer night, when all the wood fairies are supposed to be visible to human eyes, I could not indulge in a moment's skepticism in regard to their appearance.

The little brook which runs along, draining the south flank of Clouds' Rest, makes lovely journeying to meet Nevada Creek. It is usually about five feet wide and a foot deep, and is one of the sweetest singers on those heights. Geologists say that it has flowed unfailingly in one channel throughout all the long post-glacial centuries.

I wondered if its musical voice was trilling the wondrous story of the Past. What secrets of Nature it must hold, what memories of Change! If we could only learn its language and understand its story! I do not doubt but it has a soul, or that it utters its own sweet prophecies, and bubbles of all that it has seen; but our ears are too dull to understand it.

There is but one of its utterances that I can read—it is that of sweet content and joyousness. It has coquettish ways, though. Old as it is, it has not learned the lessons of soberness. It dances along, and at times leaps up over the stones in its pathway and kisses the bending grasses. It coaxes the ferns to its brink and breaks into ravishing ripples when the coy blossoms pour out their fragrance above it. The trees bend and reach down tender arms to its waves, and it kisses their feet and laves them with its soft waters, and they drop pretty *billet doux* of leaves upon its bosom, which it catches up quickly and runs away to read their secrets. But it has a face of such child-like purity, I do not think there is any designing artfulness in these ways, but they spring from the outgushing love and gladness of its joyous nature.

There were numerous little ant hills along our path, where the busy things worked and threw up wonderful, mound-like structures. Near them were, almost always, the pits of the ant-lions, always waiting for their prey, laying treacherous snares for them, so that even here, so near it seemed to heaven, the same life-and-death struggle was progressing as in the world of everyday life.

The rock scenery is rich in the vicinity of Clouds' Rest. It is a magnificent field for the artist. There are pictures there on those granite heights and amid those massive boulders which I am sure no artist would want to leave unpainted.

Our art teacher had been struggling with disease all summer, and had not the strength to climb much and take easel and paints with him. But he had held a sort of high-art carnival on Glacier Point. He had climbed the steep trail on his mule and taken a pack animal along with painting materials, blankets and provisions, and camped on the high summit back of Union Point. There he had made his picture of the valley. Jack Frost assailed him while there, pinching and worrying him at night. But he stood like another Casabianca at his post, and did not leave until he had the valley in miniature upon his canvas. On the summit of Clouds' Rest the outlook was different. It seemed an epitome of Nature in all her infinite variety of expression. It was a whole grand gallery, with every subject full of inspiration.

Far up in a little sunny pool, where the sun fell with a soft, golden rain upon the crystal water, we found a part of the tiny skeleton of a child, evidently that of an Indian. One could fancy the little brown, waxen face and form lying statue-like and still under waveless waters. But nothing in that mountain world mourned for the little life that was lost. The birds sang on in the same sweet carols; the sunshine fell as warm and bright upon the water, and the blue sky spread the same smiling canopy above the world. That was years and years ago, and perished is the wigwam of the primitive people who lost the little one long ago.

After awhile the men of our party returned and informed us that the right route lay farther away to the northeast, and so we moved on in that direction till we struck a clear, solid trail, evidently leading up to the heights of Clouds' Rest.

This is a point which every tourist should visit. The view of the valley from its summit is perhaps not so extensive as that from Sentinel Dome, or so grand as that from the still loftier summit of the Half Dome, but it affords a more extensive view of the grand Sierras. Never before have I seen such magnificence of mountain, or looked on peaks when they seemed to tower so far upward into the infinite deeps of the sky.

The fields of snow lay white and dazzling before the vision, and the far-off sides of Mount Clark—that mighty obelisk of the centuries—showed to us the shadow of its awful crater—its once vast, blazing mouth of fire. Over the mighty maze of peaks and forests below it, it rose gray and hoary—the twin brother of Time.

Mountains red, gray and black were before us. Afar off to our left towered Cathedral Peak, one of the noblest landmarks of the Sierras. It is a lofty mass of rock "cut square down on all sides for more than a thousand feet, and having at its southern end a beautiful cluster of pinnacles which rise several hundred feet above the main body." It is a vast, God-wrought cathedral, sublime in all its proportions—a mountain temple, a tabernacle of the upper air. Its summit is at least 2500 feet above the surrounding plateau, and about 11,000 feet above sea level. During the occasional summer storms of the Sierras the lightnings play about its crest and hang about its summit like the Pillar of Fire.

Unicorn Peak, with its horn-shaped outline, is also distinctly visible, and Mounts Lyell and Dana lift their heads 13,000 feet into the infinite ether. It is a grand, illimitable, alpen-like picture of nameless spires and dome-like masses, of towering mountain peaks—the Mont Blancs of these our American Alps.

I sat down on a gray granite rock and looked over the wide wilderness of solitude. Words jarred upon my senses, for it seemed as if over that world of the upper air, brooding in its awful, frozen silence, was the overshadowing Presence of the Infinite.

Two weeks before our visit to Clouds' Rest the botanist of our party had pushed out alone into this region of solitude and grandeur. He left our camp in the valley one morning with his blankets, and with one tin plate and cup, a tin can for a teapot, a knife and fork, and provisions enough for a ten days' tramp strapped behind him on his saddle. Far up into these great mountain byways of Nature his path lay. It was a glorious morning when he moved out from camp, but the afternoon was half sunshine and half storm. The angry echo of the thunders rolled along the heights, and the vivid flash of the lightnings which played among the mountain peaks sent its reflection into the valley below. The rain came down on the heights above the Yosemite as if Nature was bent on pelting the lonely explorer of her secret domains.

But Nature does not frown long in this land of sunshine. Summer storms are not frequent in the Sierra regions. Nature takes kindly to her children here, and sends out such warm, sunny welcome that her lovers turn eagerly to her embrace. After one of these rare storms all the world seems wakening to a fresh youth.

The botanist did ten days of hard work. Mountains were no barrier to his footsteps. He scaled the rounded side of the Half Dome, and gathered floral treasures from its lofty crown; then he pushed out alone for his ten days' journey into the wilderness, into the very birthplace of the ancient glaciers. Nature in her untamed majesty filled all that mountain world. There were vast, jagged mountains at whose feet slept shimmering lakelets; yawning chasms ploughed by mighty glaciers; green and shining valleys, and wandering waves of golden summer air; miniature seas, round whose quiet isles the dimpling waves broke in the light, musical cadences of eternal song; there was the deep azure of the cloudless skies, and the velvety texture of emerald meadows. There was wondrous loveliness and harmony of color—the blue of the firmament, the gray granite of the mountain walls; the expanse of piney forests, of carved and rocky domes and peaks, with the vast, impenetrable curtain of the higher ranges.

The shining, dazzling glory of the snow-fields was before us, and the awful frozen terror of the living glaciers. Added to all was the mighty leap of cascades, and bare volcanic stretches, where Nature, even now, sits frowning as if meditating on her fiery past, with its molten floods and surging lava tides. Gray, glistening mountains of granite are intermingled with those of red or black, and rocky ramparts rise like crumbling ruins, tinted and stained and colored as by the brush of the Almighty Painter.

The botanist made the ascent of Mounts Lyell and Dana, those overshadowing peaks, both of which rise over 13,000 feet above sea-level. He gathered rare and interesting plants, some of which are scarcely known to botany; among them the loveliest tufts of bloom from the highest spurs of Lyell, 13,217 feet above the ocean world.

On the summit of Mount Dana were found the true dwarfed alpine plants, which are rarely collected, for their day is short, their blossoming beauty lasting scarcely more than an hour.

Charming white columbines were among the treasures found—children of the snowy wilds. We took them, at first, to be a species of the famed alpine edelweiss, and round them we wove the pretty romance which belongs to that flower. They are just as charming and sweet, any way, and very fair in their pure whiteness.

Interesting dwarfs were also found, of the *Erigeron* family—the Tom Thumbs of the flower-kingdom—tiny little treasures with parti-colored eyes, which were found peeping out from the red and green-striped rocks, "forming," said the botanist, "the circling tiaras of that grand peak dominating all from Shasta to Whitney."

There are mighty, swift rolling rivers which have their source in these regions. The snows feed them through the centuries. Away up amid the wild, sunny beauty of these mountain streams, the ousel and the robin sing and add their share to the sweet enchantment.

The Douglas squirrel is at home here, too. These grand Sierra forests are his harvest field, his workshop and his playground. He is at home in the forest lines that skirt the higher Californian Alps, as well as farther down in the lower forest zones. We came across the lively, genial little fellow many a time in our wanderings, and watched his cunning ways with a sense of full delight. His presence made the woods instinct with motion and happy life. He robbed the old forests of silence, and stirred all the stillness with the twinkle of his nimble feet. We found him somewhat cautious, but not particularly timid. He had his share of curiosity, and was always ready to investigate the character of such intruders as ourselves. His approaches were gradual, and he would study us first from some safe overhanging limb before he ventured on any nearer advances. He is as swift and breezy as the wind, and as free from dyspeptic moodiness as the sunshine. He is about fourteen inches in length from his head to the tip of his silvery tail. He kept us company during our day and night in the silver-fir forest on Eagle Peak. From tree to tree he rushed like a flash of wingéd silver, and his bright, sharp eyes looked down on us like so many shining dots amid the piney greens and silvered firs. We found him a wonderfully early riser, stirring all the breezy morning with his energy. The cones that he gathered for his breakfast began to fall soon after dawn, and his brave little voice was full of cheerfulness. It was a delightful reveille, and all our senses were awake when it was sounded. No doubt he has a wonderful work to do in the economy of Nature in replanting and keeping alive these grand coniferous forests. How many seeds drop from his little paws! He pushes them into curing holes, and the wind covers them, and the rain and the sunshine find them. Thus do these agencies all work together.

One of the beauties of our out-of-door summer life was the insight which it gave us into the wonderful harmonies of Nature. We saw how, hand in hand, animate

and inanimate Nature wrought in the great work of development and change. We saw God in all things, and the trace of infinite law in the dropping of a leaf, the sweep of the wind, and in the daily life of this happy little forester.

The closer we came to Nature the more clearly did we see how full and wonderful the revelations which she holds and invites us to read.

I sat a long time enthroned on my granite rock in that upper kingdom of air. I was loath to turn away from the grand, outstretching vista, but the sun had rushed rejoicingly on through his great blue, silent pathway towards the west, and had dropped far down from the zenith. So we turned our faces campward, crossing the rippling brook as we reached the base of Clouds' Rest, and dipping into the soft yielding grasses, then into the pathway under the fragrant cedars. It was a sinuous way, but every curve we rounded disclosed new beauties.

Some of the old Titanic deities must have wrought many of the wonders amid the rocks which we passed. Quaint yet glorious architecture it was of temples and forums and wide-sweeping amphitheaters, of carved pulpits and altars along the pure silver aisles of the brooks. The wind swept through the cathedral arches of the cedars, and chimed in with the musical symphonies of the running waters.

We walked a little distance so as to catch the low, sweet undertones of the pretty stream, stooping down, now and then, to dip up with our leaf-formed cups the cold crystal water.

Going down the steep, rocky trail to the Little Yosemite, to the left of us was an Indian with a light, swift-footed pony. In some way the pony made a misstep, and the Indian shot from him like an arrow. The pony fell, and, struggling to regain his footing, he rolled down the rocky steep, over and over into the yawning chasm. The Indian was unharmed, but his poor beast lay a quivering, bleeding mass down in the valley below.

All our way down, after leaving the base of Clouds' Rest, we noticed the print of moccasined feet—prints which had been made since we had passed over the trail in the morning.

It was sunset when we were again within the walls of the Little Yosemite, and here we saw a party of Indians camped on a large rock by the river. They had been deer-hunting, and were just in over the Mono trail. They held up to our view, with an air of triumph, a pair of large, splendid, branching antlers.

The Indians were dressed in a semi-civilized fashion, the men in red flannel shirts and rude trousers made of skins of sage-brush rabbits, and the bronzed squaws in loose-fitting garments, soiled and dirty to such a degree it was impossible to determine their original color and the texture of their skins. There were fifteen or twenty of them. They had built their campfire upon the large flat rock, and were busy in cutting up the deer and hanging its flesh upon the branches of trees to be converted into "jerk" by the sun and air.

There was one great broad-shouldered, brawny-armed head man among them, with a face as savage as Sitting Bull's. It would not have surprised me to hear him roar like an angry bull of Bashan in tones loud enough to startle the echoes on every crag and peak. But he only glared at us in stolid, savage silence.

We called out *"Adios"* as we left them, and they responded in plain, familiar English, "Good-by."

At this point the Merced moves on with a gentle, gliding motion, giving out only a soft, murmuring whisper. The sunbeams fall caressingly into its embrace, flowers grow upon its banks, and the trees are mirrored in its crystal deeps. But farther on it breaks into the trilling notes of rapids, the laughter of flashing cascades, and the booming anthems of mighty waterfalls. Its life is varied, yet full of romance. It is placid and still among the smooth meadow levels, but riotous and noisy as a bacchanal when it rushes down to mate with the gray-brown boulders. Still farther on it drops again into its quiet ways, and goes on crooning its low-voiced melody.

I was glad to see the ugly faces of the Monos fade out from my sight. Once I fancied that I heard their cat-like tread behind me, but it was only the little, swift-footed Douglas squirrel that made a quick rush across the path.

It was sunset when we reached the summit of Nevada Falls. Old Sol had slipped from sight behind the mighty turrets of the mountains, but the deep blue was winged with golden clouds, hanging like shining crowns above the beetling cliffs, or floating in silence through the azure air. There was a rosy glow on every mountain top, while purple shadows lay far down in the valley, two thousand feet below us.

Moving silently on, enjoying the beauty of the hour, we were startled by an unusual sound—a dull, muffled rumble, followed by a noise like the crunching of an earthquake, and far away over the cañons' cliffs we saw the descent of mighty boulders, the wild leap of a gigantic avalanche, whose furious rush made the air gray with clouds of granite dust.

About half a mile below the base of the Nevada Falls is Snow's "La Casa Nevada." It is built on a rocky plateau between the Vernal Falls and Nevada Falls. It is a lovely mountain house for tourists seeking the heart of Nature's wilderness.

Some years ago an earthquake shook the heights about it, and the rocks, dust and stones that it loosened fell like hail and mist about the house, almost blinding the guests, who, unsuspecting, sat at the table in the mountain-girt castle.

Yet one would think that its foundations could never be stirred, for they are of solid granite, white and smooth, stretching over acres of space. Even the river here has a rocky bed, and it is so firm that the waters, with their strongest tides, have ploughed in it scarce a single furrow.

A little below Vernal Falls the rock was pointed out to us on which Lady Franklin sat, on her visit to the falls, and sketched the grandeurs of the magnificent sur-

roundings. The rock stands out in the midst of the stream, where she could look full into the face of the cataract. They told us pleasant stories of her gentleness and dignity, and her enthusiastic appreciation of the grandeur of Yosemite.

Our way home by moonlight through the dark cañons of the Merced was difficult. I happened to be in advance and the trail was too narrow for those behind me to pass. The forest was so dense that, in places, not a ray of moonlight pervaded it, and so dark that often not a trace of the narrow trail was visible; but faithful Dolly's head was down snuffing the stones, and her unerring instinct led us safely on, past towering boulders and broken rocks, into open meadow lands, where the moonlight paved our way, and the river sang its welcome. A hospitable repast awaited us at Barnard's, and we reached camp about 10 o'clock, not sorry to find rest after our ride of forty miles on the back of our patient mules.

And so ended our last day in Yosemite—the beautiful Ah-wah-nee of the long ago.

OTHER SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

FROM ROSES TO SNOW.

Roses and snow are not usual combinations in Nature, but Southern California, the land of marvelous surprise and sharp contrasts, where eternal Summer sits within her vales and hills, and hoary old Winter, wrapped in his mantle of snow, at times confronts her from the mighty mountain summits, where he has his throne, often presents it. Grand and impressively sublime are her lofty mountain heights, some of them rising nearly 14,000 feet skyward, piercing the shining ether like God-built pyramids, almost infinite in their vastness. The eternal sunbeams wrap their forms; the transparent air enfolds them, and the mystic etchings of ever-changing lights and shades upon their sides present wonderful pictures to the eye, and hold the vision entranced with their beauty.

With the first heavy winter rains snow usually falls upon these mountain summits, and their dazzling whiteness shines out against the deep blue of the infinite skies like a crown of glory. But while the snows fall upon their alpine crests, the life-giving rains descend upon the hills and valleys at their base. They come like the harbingers of a resurrection day. The brown vales and hillsides feel the throb of a new life. As the storm passes, the unclouded sun looks forth and the earth feels the warm thrill of his touch. Roots at once are astir. The very air seems trembling with the sense of new life and beauty. It is laden with the nursing breath of bloom and sweetness. One feels the touch of universal life in the atmosphere he breathes. Summer looks out from the eyes of December and he puts on his most gallant ways, decks himself with roses, strews flowers along his path, clothes himself with emerald grasses and pours out his free libations of sunshine until the very Earth laughs as if it were June.

And all Nature is in sympathy with this new life. The birds wake to glorious jubilees of happy song; the bees give forth a sound of murmurous gladness; the flies buzz in an undertone of delight; the cricket's chirp is heard; the rivers leap upon their beds and send forth a volume of crystal cadences, and on the heights the voice of the waterfall sounds forth like a grand organ peal amid the echoing rocks. The newcomer from the East begins to question the reliability of the almanac as day by day the earth grows greener and the swelling buds of flowers unfold. With the opening of the new year the earth is garmented like June. The skies are infinitely clear, and in them unknown depths are mirrored. The air is filled with the perfume of a thousand flowers. The rhythm of gladness is in everything. It is a new world that the eastern dweller sees; fairer, more fully alive than any that he finds upon the Atlantic borders, even in midsummer. He fills his lungs with the pure, delicious air, and his delighted nostrils with the perfume of flowers. He sees the flash of bright birds among the trees. Not the robin and mocking-bird alone sing for him. The Baltimore oriole in his gay colors is here, the most charming of feathered songsters, and the gay little linnet warbles forth his gladness in the most enlivening tones. The robin is found among the hills in company with the meadow-lark, singing as if inspired by the blue skies above them and the beauty in the world around.

The mocking-bird revels amid our trees and orchards. Not content to sing by day alone, he sometimes breaks into the most ravishing notes under the midnight stars. His voice often comes to us through the open window on the breath of the orange perfume and the scent of the roses. It is like the mingling of enchantments, and the weary, frozen visitor from the Land of Snow is wont to feel that amid such surroundings simply to be is bliss, and he breathes long, full breaths of content, and loses himself in quiet restfulness.

But some are there with whom perfect content anywhere is an unknown quantity, and they think that for a few days, at least, they would like to breathe the old winter atmosphere again. Or, perhaps, they are attracted by the grandeur of our Mother Mountains, whose lofty heights beckon to them and allure. It is a pleasure excursion that they seek, and none more delightful can be had than the trip "From Roses to Snow." To make this there are many points in our grand mountain range that invite us. If we wish to go to Mount Lowe or Echo Mountain we may set out at almost any hour of the day from the blooming valleys. Starting from Los Angeles we are borne in the swift-moving electric car past lovely homes and green fields and gardens, bright with an infinite variety of flowers, past many a home whose sides and roof are hidden by climbing roses and buried in the glowing wealth of blossoms which they yield.

The sinuous course which the mountain road thither pursues opens wonderful pictures to the vision. Down mighty gorges, 3000 feet deep, looking vast as if the bowels of the earth had been rent asunder, one may gaze as if from the edge of another sphere. And there may be seen the countless peaks and spurs of this upper moun-

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tain world, white in Winter's embrace. Mount Lowe lifts itself to the height of 6000 feet, and the ascent beyond this line of road is easily made in the saddle.

"From roses to snow" is like a dream trip, and one, in every direction, filled with the most romantic beauty. It may be made to other points in our mountain realm. Wilson's Peak, 6000 feet above the sea level, with its enchanting views, beckons to the lover of Nature, and there one may be comfortably housed and fed and enjoy the calm repose and sublime wonders of the scene about him. Peak rising above peak, pine-clad and snow-mantled, fill the tireless vision, and far below lies Summer on the breast of the green and flower-gemmed Earth. Away back, amid the eternal fastnesses of these mighty peaks, rises "Old Baldy," king of this mountain world, upon whose Titan shoulders the mantle of Winter lingers till May's soft breezes blow and the summer of the almanac is here. For half the year this mountain giant beckons one "from roses to snow," while the ethereal splendor of his snow-capped form flashes down upon the valleys where the roses pave the pathway for our feet with their wealth of color and perfume from January to December.

IN WAR-TIMES.

It was in the second year of the War of the Rebellion that I took a government steamer at Marietta, Ohio, and steamed down the Ohio River to Gallipolis, and from there up the picturesque Kanawha to Charleston, West Virginia. That was a rebel town, and the home of many old and aristocratic Virginia families, who were not slow to show their hatred, as far as they dared, to our Union soldiers. It is a small city, right on the banks of the broad river, beyond which, upon the high hills overlooking the stream, was, at that time, a large fort built by our soldiers, and commanding the river as well as other approaches to the town. Later I traversed the whole length of this valley above Charleston in a government ambulance. There was a Union officer and his wife who journeyed with me, and whose destination, like my own, was Fayette Courthouse, a little town picturesquely situated in the wild and hilly region of the New River.

I shall never forget my trip up the valley, which, at that season of the year, is interesting. The Kanawha valley at that time was not thickly settled, but still we passed many homes on our way, some of them small and unpretentious, and others fine, large, aristocratic mansions, surrounded by trees and flowers. I remember Cannelton, a little mining town, composed almost entirely of the humble cabins of the miners, which were built along the roadside, and upon the rocky cliffs and mountain sides. It was a miserable, dirty little place, some miles below the junction of the Kanawha and Gauley rivers, full of smoke and dust, and in the evening lit with the glare of torches. The miners were about with black and smutty faces, and their neglected-looking wives and children stood in the doorways as we drove by, and altogether I was glad to pass out of sight of the place. The hills beyond the village looked very beautiful, lighted up with the warm glow of the sunshine, and the river ran cool and clear to our right. We stopped for the night at the home of Mrs. Tompkins, an aunt of General Grant, and an aristocratic rebel. It was a fine old mansion where she lived, and furnished in a most comfortable way. The lady was all alone with her daughter and her old colored servants. She had two sons, but they were both away in the rebel army.

I had a room all to myself, a large, elegantly-furnished chamber, in which was a big mahogany bedstead with its satin-lined canopy, large arm chairs, richly upholstered, together with other necessary furniture. I remember feeling a little timid and wondering what we should do if we were surprised by rebel bushwhackers before morning. I noticed a recess at the head of my bed before which were some heavy curtains. Thinking there might be a door there which I might wish to fasten, I lifted the curtains, and there I found a large number of rifles stacked, enough for me to make a brave defense, I thought, if they were only loaded. I did not try them to see if they were. But no bushwhackers disturbed us, and we woke in the morning to find the sun shining gloriously. We sat down to a palatable breakfast of broiled chicken, fried potatoes, corn muffins, waffles and hot coffee, and soon after set out on our way up the valley.

A short ride brought us to the ruins of a pretty little church which had been destroyed since the war began, and had been built by Mrs. Tompkins. Nothing was left of it but broken arches and blackened walls, which even the cheerful morning sunshine could not brighten.

Our troops had possession of the valley, so we rode along with a pleasant sense of security, enjoying the wild and rugged scenery, crossing the Kanawha just below the falls in a ferryboat, and reaching Fayette Courthouse about sunset. From Kanawha Falls to Fayette and beyond is a rugged region of country, with many hills and quiet valleys, like recesses, among which are the simple homes of the farmers with now and then a fine house owned by some rich Virginian, who in those days was hardly ever found to be a friend to the Union. Among the mountains were the rude cabins of the mountaineers. They were built mostly of logs, in lonely places, sometimes where no roads were found running near them, but only narrow bridle paths, over which it would be impossible for a wagon to pass. It was a very primitive class of people that we found in these homes. A great many of them had never seen a city or a large town; they had never seen a railroad or a steamboat, an omnibus or a stage-coach; had never been inside of a hotel; had never heard the sound of a church bell, nor the music of a piano or organ. One of them said to me one day: "If the war ever lets up, I 'low I'll git down to Charleston to see one of them steam critters on the river"—meaning a steamboat. They dressed in plain homespun clothes, ate pork and corn pone, kept chickens and pigs, and there was always a whole army of cats and dogs about the place.

In the cabins were large, old-fashioned fireplaces, where the fire was never allowed to go out upon the hearth either in summer or winter. A good many of them had never seen a match, and being without matches it was their habit to cover up the coals every night with ashes, and in the morning it was only necessary to rake open the little pile, and there the coals were ready to be fanned into a blaze as soon as the kindlings were laid on. Wood was plenty, for there were miles on miles of forests, and the trees were cut down and logs were chopped the right length for the fireplace, and when green they burned and sputtered slowly, not throwing out a great amount of heat, but giving to the big, bare rooms a more cheerful look than they would otherwise have possessed.

Twenty-three years ago I spent a few weeks in this region of West Virginia in the upper part of the Kanawha Valley and along the borders of New River. I remember the rude little cabins, with their bare, unpainted floors, their plain, pine tables, split-bottom chairs and broad, open fireplaces, where the huge logs were piled, and the cat sat in one corner of the hearth, and the dogs stretched themselves upon the other side with their noses upon their forepaws, and outside the hens cackled, the cocks crew, and the pigs squealed in lively chorus. A brigade of Union soldiers had gone into winter quarters the winter before at Fayette, and though the spring and summer had come and gone, their white tents still covered a large space just outside the little town, which had been almost entirely deserted by its inhabitants, who were mostly rebels. Only a few families of Unionists were left, but they were loyal-hearted and brave and willing to sacrifice everything for the sake of the country they loved. But in the country beyond the town the people generally had not left their homes, although most of them were rebels. They used to come with their produce twice a week to the outposts of our army and receive in exchange for it money, tea, coffee, tobacco, etc.—supplies that they were not able to get elsewhere. They were not allowed to come within our lines, though of course they would have been glad enough could they have done so, for then they would have been able to carry much information to the enemy.

Among the few Union families who lived in the vicinity was Mr. F———. His family consisted of himself, his wife and two young daughters, about sixteen and eighteen years of age. The autumn had come again, and a little party of Union scouts had been stationed at Boyer's Ferry, a few miles from the headquarters of the brigade and not far from the home of Mr. F. One morning two of the scouts at the ferry had received permission to cross the river on a foraging expedition, in order to obtain some supplies for the camp. They climbed the summit of the hill which lay beyond, when they were discovered by a party of rebel soldiers who were approaching. Knowing Mr. F. to be a firm Unionist, the rebels supposed that the scouts would flee there for safety. So they at once surrounded the house, under cover of the woods, determined to capture them. One of these brave young girls, understanding their object and fearing for the safety of the scouts at the ferry, at once determined she would save them. Very cautiously she went out and reconnoitered, and all alone made her way beyond their lines. Down over the lonely hill passes, through the woods where the rebels might be hidden behind the sheltering trees, along the solitary footpaths, till she came in sight of the little forest camp across the stream, she made her way, when by some signal she made them aware of their danger, and they set out at once in pursuit of the rebels. The rebels, perhaps aware of their movements, made their escape.

EDITORIAL WRITINGS.

BESIDES her favorite work as a poet and descriptive writer, with a broad, graphic and luminous style, Mrs. Otis was an editorial writer of recognized cleverness, strength and beauty. In the course of her long alliance with The Times — a connection terminated only by death — she contributed very many columns to its editorial pages. During later years she wrote much for the editorial page of the Illustrated Sunday Magazine, and always with interest and benefit to its readers. From a large number of such contributions the following are reproduced here. The range of the subjects treated further shows the breadth, versatility and beauty of her prose style.

THE GARDEN-SPOT OF AMERICAN FREEDOM.*

The clear skies of June are overhead; the glory of the sunshine fills the air; the land is full of blossoms and of fragrance; fruits are ripening, harvests are being gathered; the longest days of the year have come; it is Summer in California.

But all which this implies is not understood by those in other sections of this great land of ours. Summer here is something so widely different from this season in other parts of the country that one must come to know it through experience to fully appreciate its charms.

The Holy Land, it is claimed, has much of climatic resemblance to Southern California, and there God planted His chosen people and nurtured them until they attained national greatness and power, and there they would have continued to remain had they not forsaken Him and walked in all the ways of the idolatrous nations He had cast out before them.

Palestine was a land flowing with milk and honey, a land bearing goodly harvests of grain; a land of the vine and fig, of stately cedars, and of bloom and fragrance. And California is such a land. Here the silver green of the olive leaves shimmers in the sunshine, the vines grow heavy with their rich clusters of grapes; the fig-tree is laden with its ripening fruit; the bee ranchos are full of honey, and abundance of milk is yielded by the thousands of kine within our fields. Here the cedar grows tall and stately as the cedars of Lebanon, and the land is one to delight the soul of man with its abundance.

And it has other charms. No sultry summer heat is ours to contend with. We are favored all the summer with cool, life-giving breezes from the world's greatest sea; we fear no sudden storm or tempest; no death-dealing cyclone; no life-destroying thunderbolt. It is a land where we shall grow great and prosperous, and where men should find that elixir of health and longevity which is hidden in the perpetual life-giving sunshine.

California is by no means, as yet, purely American, for she has upwards of 50,000 Spanish-speaking residents; but the rapid influx of Americans is continually obliterating the old Spanish civilization which was planted here with the founding, in 1769, of San Diego, where was established the first of the Spanish missions. But the active and enterprising Yankee is rapidly taking possession of this rich and fertile Wonderland of the continent, and is building up a civilization which contains the best elements of our modern life. It is alert, active, progressive. It has to give no time to battling with the elements, and has consequently so much the more leisure for solving the great problems of the age.

And here Nature continually beckons to the world to come hither and find what life means under the most favorable conditions of existence. It is difficult to estimate the fullness of its meaning now, but the future will unfold it in the better type of advancement and attainment that shall be achieved here. The plans of Jehovah were vast when he builded California, reared her lofty mountain ranges, spread out her vast valleys, bordered her with the illimitable sea, and made her fit to become the garden-spot of American freedom.

*June 28, 1902.

CALIFORNIA.*

"The nation back of us, the world in front," is a saying which gives us an idea of the importance of California. It is no longer a frontier land with a vast unpeopled space behind it, or a land where the waters of the great "half-world sea" break on silent shores, and "hear no sound save their own dashing," but a great and growing empire, rapidly unfolding and beckoning to the world.

The historic Orient, where the race was cradled, is our neighbor, and today, when we can flash a message around the world in twelve minutes of time, it is not so far off. It is not so far away in the future when we with telephonic power shall be able to hear the daily speech of that ancient East, and be fully in touch with its daily life. With the new scientific discoveries which this century will yet unfold there will be no such thing as national isolation, for the world will clasp hands across the seas and continents, and the tide of progress will roll onward as never before.

And California, fronting the great world, and keeping wide ajar her Golden Gate, will be the Mecca of the freedom-loving future. Here, as in the Canaan of old, grow the palm and the cedar, the olive and the fig, and the sunshine pours its beams over a land flowing with milk and honey. There can be no doubt but that a marvelous future is before this great State. . . .

*November 8, 1903.

OUR PROUDEST BOAST.

The greatest modern poem of humanity is the Constitution of the United States." Regarded as such, it is the great epic of human freedom, its tones resonant with hope and promise. Its promulgation marked a new era in the hopes of the race, and the doors of human captivity and bondage swung backward to let in the light of the new day upon the world.

Since the adoption of the Constitution of the United States the world has made marvelous advances in enlightenment and progress. The social and educational aspect of the country bears today scarcely a resemblance to its condition at that period of its early history. Under that Constitution there has been a great broadening of the idea of liberty. We have grasped the idea, as a nation, that liberty means perfect freedom of action under law, that law is necessary to liberty, and that there is a vast difference between lawlessness and freedom. We are treading far higher levels today than we were a hundred years ago. We are conscious of vaster possibilities. Life has reached out in numberless new directions; has unfolded to nobler ideas, till there is scarcely a limit to its scope. We have, with the Constitution as the foundation, been building upward till in all the history of the race no such structure for human happiness was ever before reared.

But the work which we have to do now is to guard that structure, and to protect it from the various dangers which threaten its destruction. We cannot sit supinely down, content with the work that we have accomplished, and feel that freedom is secure without further vigilance on our part. It was never truer in the world's history than it is today that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

A sense of the value and dignity of citizenship should be cultivated. A better knowledge of public affairs should be taught to the rising generation, together with the principles upon which the government is based. A higher reverence for law should also be instilled into the public mind, and a greater pride in the achievements of our past. In this way a deeper love of country may be fostered, and the time may come when the proudest boast of men may be, "I am an American citizen."

The American idea is the idea that it is to conquer the world for freedom. It is working like leaven among the Old World kingdoms. It is lessening the tyranny of thrones, and is gradually weakening the shackles of the enslaved everywhere. If we are true to ourselves, to the principles which underlie our constitutional rights and liberties, we shall yet conquer the world for freedom. Ours will be a bloodless victory, a triumph not by the force of arms, but by the might and power of undying principles. And of all victories, such are the most enduring and the grandest in their result to the race.

OUR SEMI-TROPIC LAND.*

November, the season of the sere and yellow leaf in other sections of our country, has dawned upon us here. But it comes, not with the warning notes of decay, the falling leaf, the world of dead blossoms, the chill of frost and the whisper of approaching Winter. There is nothing in all the glorious beauty of our sun-filled days to suggest the departure of Summer, or the coming of hoary Winter.

The attractions of Southern California are, perhaps, more fully realized at this season than at any other period of the year by those who have been always accustomed to the changes of the East at this time, when the forests are bare, the first flurries of snow fall, and one is compelled to breathe the air of furnace-heated rooms and to look out upon a world where Nature seems dead, save for the sunshine which seems to hold no warmth-giving power and no suggestion of invigorating growth.

But how different is everything here! The year holds no days more beautiful or more suggestive of growth than our late Autumn and Winter days. With the first coming of the Winter rains the marvelous transformation begins. The skies are washed free from stain, and the infinite deeps of air grow vaster and more gloriously sun-filled and clear. At the caressing touch of our early Winter showers the brown hills and plains grow green with the swift-springing grasses. The little streams gurgle along their way and unnumbered flowers begin to unfold. Soon the whole earth is starred with blossoms; the trees, washed free from dust, smile in fresh beauty, the air is filled with the melody of birds and the swift flutter of wings. Like wingéd blossoms the many-hued butterflies float along within the sunshine, bees buzz in their happy flight, the little ground squirrel leaps in joyous gladness, and everywhere our world is filled with beauty and with light.

The magical charm of life here at this season is felt most intensely by the newcomer from colder climes. The conditions of life are all so different, it seems as if the wonders of Enchantment were at work creating something vastly more entrancing than all the wonders of Aladdin. The possibility of living so largely out of doors, during our so-called Winter, warmed by the perfect sunshine, fanned by gentle breezes, breathing air filled with fragrance and perfume, kept in doors only by occasional rains, affords the fullest delight to the invalid who comes here in search of health. The atmosphere is full of life-giving qualities. There are instances when people far gone in consumption have come to Southern California and lived out of doors during the day and slept in their tents by night, until they finally conquered that dread disease and were fully restored to health.

One of the great secrets of the healthfulness of our climate lies in this possibility of an almost continuous life of comfort out of doors throughout the year, the escape from the extremes of temperature, both of heat and of cold, from the daily breathing, during the winter, of the vitiated air of furnace-heated rooms, which are of themselves disease-breeding and enervating. Life at this season in the winter-locked and snow-mantled East has few charms to offer compared with what may be

*November 2, 1902.

found in Southern California, where our nearest approach to cold and snow is upon our lofty mountain heights, uplifted high above our smiling valleys, above great orange orchards, and spreading vineyards in the wide valleys where eternal summer reigns amid ever-ripening harvests and undying bloom and fragrance. And this Land of the Sun forever beckons to all who will to come hither.

It is a great and growing empire, with a future before which the old East will dwindle. The strength, the power and the glory of future civilization will flourish here, and we shall find that this great semi-tropical West is indeed, as it has been so aptly designated, "The Right Hand of the Continent."

THE VAST SOUTHWEST.

California is a part of that great Southwest which has been for a long period so little known and so incorrectly conceived of in the history of human affairs. It is an empire in itself, vaster in extent than many of the Old World's most powerful kingdoms. In this wide-reaching Southwest "are the greatest deserts and waste places in America, and side by side with them are the richest farming lands in America." More than this is the grandly sublime, the beautiful and picturesque in Nature, and here may yet be found the future schoolroom of the Republic, for there is no agency so powerful in the formation of character as the nature of our environments. The language of the lofty mountain peak is very different from that of the dead level of the plain, and the expanding, prairie-like distances have an altogether different alphabet from that of the narrow, hill-guarded valley.

Take the portion of that which is denominated the Southwest which lies within the boundaries of California, and you have a section of country that cannot be equaled anywhere on this broad continent for diversity of soil and productions, for grandeur of scenery and climatic charm. We talk about Alpine scenery and the grandeur of Switzerland, and yet Switzerland, with all her mountain wonders, has only four peaks above 13,000 feet high, and not more than 150 square miles which are over 8000 feet above the sea, while in the grand mountain regions of California there are numerous peaks above 13,000 feet, and more than 300 square miles which are over 8000 feet above the sea.

As an illustration of the marvelous grandeur of world-building, there is no land upon this globe that will outrival California, and this fact the world is but just beginning to appreciate, and to acknowledge that there is no land anywhere that is better worth knowing. It is no longer regarded as a land of sage-brush and desert wastes, of vast, barren reaches and desolate mountains, but a land that beckons, a land which needs but the magic touch of water to make it everywhere bud and blossom like the rose.

Speaking of the great Southwest as a whole, "which may be said to comprise all of the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico, the greater portion of Texas, Southern California east of the Coast Range, and the western half of Oklahoma, including the 'strip,'" a recent writer in the Century says:

> The Southwest is peopled with the very best Americans, segregated by the eternal law of evolutionary selection, with almost no substratum of the low-caste European foreigner to lower the level of civilization. Of course, there is no danger from Indians, negroes, Mexicans, or Chinese, because there is rarely any mixing with them by marriage, as formerly. With such a start and such a commingling of Americans from all parts of the Union, the man from Boston rubbing elbows with the Atlanta man, and Kansas working side by side with Mississippi, it would seem that the region would one day produce the standard American type. . . . So the Southwest is becoming a distinct entity, and the southwesterner a personage. Character is here building, with the promise of virgin power and new ideas of statecraft, in economics, in agriculture. Men are laying deep and strong the foundations of an immense future population, and preparing for the responsibilities which that population will entail.

It is a new, a broader and a nobler civilization which will be the product of this great Southwest in the future; and here in California, where all things conduce to a higher standard of physical health, and consequently of mental vigor, we may look to see ultimately evolved a richer type of manhood, a higher form of statesmanship, and a great and splendid commonwealth, rich in noblest possibilities for the future. Step by step is Providence paving the way for the realization, in our great Southwest, of the highest hopes of Freedom.

THE OLD MISSIONS.

The old missions of California are a landmark in the history of the State, and the monument of its earlier civilization. While the Puritanism of the East was sowing the seeds which were to spring up bearing the fruits of the larger religious and political freedom of today, a different civilization and a different religious faith were struggling to gain a foothold on these far shores of the Occident. With difficulties no less grave to encounter, and obstacles no less formidable to overcome than the Pilgrims of the Mayflower had to face, the church Fathers, those bold pioneers of the Cross, planted upon these sunset shores, as the centers and the strongholds of their faith, the old missions of California. Linked as they are with the first dawn of modern civilization in the West, monuments of struggles and privations, of untiring religious zeal and energy, of devotion and self-sacrifice, there lingers about them today a romantic interest such as centers about nothing else in our midst belonging so wholly to the past. But these ancient buildings are gradually falling to decay. Their walls of solid masonry are crumbling, and the ravages of time will, in a few years, leave no trace of many of these historic piles beyond ruined walls and arches, unless measures are taken for their repair.

Among all of these old missions that at Santa Barbara is perhaps the best preserved. In its quaint Moorish style of architecture, with its square, white towers, in which swing the bells brought more than a century ago from Spain, it stands outlined against the hills, one of the most prominent features of the landscape.

The idea of preserving for the eye of future generations these old mission buildings was conceived some years ago by the late Henry C. Ford, formerly a prominent artist of Santa Barbara. He visited all the old missions in the State and sketched them on the spot, and where they were fallen into decay, by reference to early pictures, he, by the magic touch of his pencil, restored them to their original form and outline, and he gave them to the world in the shape of carefully-executed etchings, true in their minutest details to the originals.

Accompanying the pictures is a brief and well-written history of each mission. The work was most conscientiously and satisfactorily accomplished, and it should have a place not only in the family, but in every public library of the State, as well as in those of other States, for the interest centering about these historic piles is not merely local. The pictures themselves are an eloquent story of a past that is of national interest to a country like ours, extending from ocean to ocean, and of immense value to the future historian who shall write the history of American civilization and the beginnings from whence it sprung.

Catholicism and Puritanism are looked upon generally as opposing forces, but here each had its work of preparation to accomplish, and each did it well, and today they stand face to face without a thought of conflict.

Puritanism commends the work accomplished by those early Mission Fathers, and comes here to sow and to reap in the soil which they prepared and which they made ready for the larger and grander life of this later century.

The work proposed by the Landmarks Club, "to conserve the missions and other historic landmarks of Southern California," is a most commendable one and should have the hearty support of every public-spirited citizen of the State, for there is no page in the past history of California that is more eloquent of sacrifice, of patient and devoted endeavor, than these old missions supply.

THE BORDER LAND.*

American life is one of the most marvelous and complicated studies of the present age, not only from political, commercial and industrial standpoints, but from a religious one also. Although a Christian nation, we have almost every so-called religion represented among our conglomerate population, which is made up from nearly every land under the sun. The idol finds here its home in heathen temples. The Chinese has his joss-house where he worships, and where the incense which he offers mingles with that which arises from other altars where other gods than his are reverenced and adored.

Already at Sacramento, the capital of our Golden State, has a Buddhist temple been erected by the Japanese of that city—the first temple for the worship of Buddha that has been built in the United States. Lying, as California does, at the gateway to the Orient, it is the door of entrance for those Old World religions which have brought forth only the harvests of barbarism and superstition. Thousands of their followers are coming into our midst, and are seeking to keep alive the seeds of their faith in this New World. It is an age of conflict. Superstition never rests, but it is aggressive and ready to attack the Christian faith whenever it comes in contact with it.

It is a strange sight to see the joss-house and the Buddhist temple in this land of the Mission Fathers and among the descendants of the Puritans who have come hither to these western shores. The pulse of the Orient is felt along with the heart-beats of the West, and together they will throb along the lines of life here for a time; for heathenism, even under the Stripes and Stars, will make no voluntary surrender until it is enlightened by truth, and its conscience set free from the bondage of superstition and darkness.

Rev. Arthur H. Smith, writing in the New York Observer, says: "It is now more obvious than ever that the Chinese consider Confucianism to be in and of itself sufficient for all the needs of mankind, and that outside of those directly influenced by the Christian religion there is no perception of the imperative need of a reform in Chinese character, nor of the development of Chinese national conscience."

California, then, may yet be one of the battlegrounds between these old and corrupt faiths and the vital, soul-saving truths of Christianity, and it behooves us to not only keep the individual conscience right, but the public conscience also. Political purity, high morality, no less than consistent Christian endeavor, must be maintained. Our responsibility is large, and we have a work to do that no other section of the country can do for us. Let us look to it that this Border Land between the corrupt and decaying institutions of the Orient and the life-infused and progressive Occident is made worthy of all that is great and enduring in modern Christian civilization. Let us have a pure morality, unquestioned political honesty, and active Christian institutions, that shall energize every progressive force at our command. Then, indeed, shall our State be the Border Land of hope to the distant Orient.

*August 31, 1902.

THE GLORY OF THE WORLD.

Perhaps there is no study that the world is so interested in at present as the study of the American people. What is to be its future; what the influence it is to exert upon the life and history of other nations, and is the marvelous growth of the past hundred years of its history to continue? are some of the questions about which other nationalities are deeply concerned.

As thoughtful Americans study their own history and see the marvelous changes which have transpired in our national life, the almost miraculous development which has taken place all along the lines of Progress, they, too, feel that there exists for us some great purpose for the future, and that this nation has a destiny far beyond that of which the past dreamed in the beginnings of our national life.

One fact which is most gratifying to the religious element of the country is that which is brought out by the religious department of the United States Census, and which is proved by the religious statistics compiled for the year 1901, which show that the number of Christians in the United States is growing faster than the total population of the country. "Figuring on a total of 77,000,000, there was a gain of 2.18 per cent. in the population of the country during the past year, while the gain in the church membership of the country was 2.67."

This certainly is an encouraging growth, and may well give us larger hopes for the religious future of the land we love. With Christianity at the helm, we may anticipate the ultimate wiping out of the many evils now existing among us. As has been truly said, "The proper cure for the wounds from which society suffers is the training of men and women in mercy and compassion." This Christianity will do, and will not a people thus trained exert an untold influence for good in the world of human affairs? and under such conditions may not America yet become the great peace-making power among the nations?

We are, as we count the age of nations, a young people. The cradle of our infancy is yet fresh and green; yet still we are a power that the Old World fears to offend, and from the grandeur of whose achievements it does not withhold its reverence. We are an example to other nations, a teacher of freedom and of the blessings of religious liberty. We are great in the field of invention, and in the application of our scientific knowledge; we have spanned the continent with wires that carry our speech from sea to sea; we have with the Iron Horse almost annihilated space as we travel; we have planted the printing press, the schoolhouse and the church in almost every town and hamlet of the land; our flag has been carried to the farthest seas; we have uncounted stores of wealth, and uncounted millions yet hidden in our soil; and if with all this we are yet strong in righteousness, and make justice and mercy our watchword for the future, we have but made the beginning of our growth and greatness—have but entered upon its dawn. The glories that the noon will reveal will be far brighter, and will shine with a radiance not yet perceived.

We were planted here in the wilderness, far from the Old World's tyrannies and strifes, that we might exemplify the great principles of human freedom and the beauty of that Christianity which is the basis of our Constitution and the energizing life of American freedom. Shall we be true to these high purposes until America becomes the glory of the world?

SOME PEN PICTURES.

It is well for us at times to look at life as it is, to see both sides of existence in the great city, for contrasts are strong in the stirring life of every metropolis, and many are the unwritten lessons which we should do well to heed. We want a few glimpses today, with our readers, at life as it exists in some parts of Los Angeles, and instead of discussing any of the great questions of the day, permit us to draw a few pen pictures of some of the byways of our busy city.

It is the new life that walks abroad in our principal thoroughfares, that meets the eye in our chief residence sections, that confronts us in our church edifices, our business houses, and our schools, hospitals and colleges. But, turning aside from these, in our quaint Sonoratown, how do the Old and the New clasp hands? What stories those blind adobe walls tell that align the streets of that section! They are always a study to the thoughtful, and what phases of life do we find there today! There, in those primitive dwellings, where once the dark-eyed and lovely señorita smiled, sits today the dull-faced Celestial. There is his queer little shop, filled with his wares. He goes in and out of the narrow open door. His face is stolid. It is not in sympathy with the world about him. And beside him, in the room adjoining, is the place where the second-hand furniture man has located, and what a medley he has to show! He is not of the better class of dealers in that line, for he has only the cheapest of articles for sale. Yet he makes a living somehow, and does not seem to be cast down.

And alongside him is the shoemaker, who sits on his old-fashioned bench not far from the open door. In the back of the room is the low bedstead. It has no white covering, but a quilt of patchwork is spread over it. There is a deal table against the wall, and an unpainted chair, and a few bits of crockery upon the shelf. This is his home. But we do not see any wife or children there. No, he lives alone. His life is solitary. To eat and work and sleep—that fills his day. Does he see the glory of the sky above him? No, for he does not look up. Does he see the splendor of the fair blossoming earth? No, for he does not look away to the hills. That little dark room is his world. Beyond it his thoughts scarcely go, unless they wander away sometimes back to the dim, far-off years of childhood, when he chased the butterflies in the fields, or lay down in the green grass, drinking the sunshine. But there, next door to him, now is the saloon. What blear-eyed men and women enter its doors! What a nursery of sin and shame and want it is! He would like to get away from it if he could, but he is poor, and here rents are cheap, and so he will have to stay on. But it is dreadful to have to do it. Yet life doesn't hold anything else for him. He will have to face it right here to the end.

With this comes the thought, what will the end bring? He doesn't know. He thinks maybe it will bring him rest, and he thinks it will be pleasant to lie with folded hands and quiet feet. Oh, readers, has the world nothing

to do with him? Is there no voice to tell him of the "green pastures" and the larger life? There is the foreign mission box. Shall we help to fill it and let him go? Shall we do nothing to lift him and other dwellers about him out of this meager life which is hardly more than mere existence?

Oh, the highways and the byways of a great city! What do they not show and what do they not conceal? And have we, the well-fed and prosperous, nothing to do with those who are found there? Shall we put out of sight the principle of universal brotherhood and act in all the affairs of the city upon the principle, "Each man for himself?" Let us answer this question each to his own conscience, and then do our whole duty as we see it to the humble dwellers in the byways of Los Angeles. The light and gladness and the progress of the Twentieth Century should penetrate every nook and corner of our city, and until it does our duty is unfulfilled.

AFTER THE RAIN.*

Strangers here in California who are really lovers of Nature seemed to look upon our world with a wonderfully enlarged vision after the rain of Sunday night. The marvelous clearness of the atmosphere on Monday morning was a wonderful revelation to them. The grand mountain heights, glowing in the sunlight like jeweled piles of ever-changing colors, appealed to their sense of magnificence and grandeur. How near even the farther ranges seemed in the transparent atmosphere! How clearly and well-defined stood out the vast mountain cañons and the glowing peaks! How unlike the lofty ranges that have peered at us from out the dust-laden atmosphere of the past few weeks! Transfigured, they seem to touch the glowing skies and to beam with a like splendor of beauty. They stood like mighty altars lit with sunbeams. Before, all the great cañoned deeps had been veiled. We saw only solid mountain fronts, rock-ribbed and frowning. Now there were shapely pinnacles and domes, and tree-lined deeps, and reflections manifold of wondrous colors. The majestic peaks were stupendous mosaics such as none but the hand of the Infinite could carve. The far-away distances seemed to draw nigh, and the towering ranges approached nearer to us. It was a transformation such as those accustomed only to forest-clad heights had never before witnessed, and it filled them with surprise and admiration. It was one of the surprises which this Wonderland of ours has to offer, one of the delights which the true lover of Nature who comes to us does most enjoy.

And we shall have further delights to offer him when heavier rains have fallen; the delights of green fields and hillsides, of unnumbered blossoms and of great orchards 'neath cloudless skies. Surely this is the land that beckons, and it is to be the Mecca of the industrial future, as well as the land glowing with beauty and with grandeur.

*January 24, 1904.

RAIN-WASHED CALIFORNIA.*

A new world will open soon before the eyes of delighted visitors to this section of California, who, during this dry, rainless season have seen the country at its worst, with bare, brown plains, without growing harvests or evidence of agricultural wealth or beauty. They have enjoyed the charms of our climate, the soft, balmy air, the golden sunshine, the resplendent beauty of our cloudless skies, the glorious uplift of our Sierra heights and the picturesque loveliness of our surroundings; but of the wondrous beauty that is born after the bounteous winter rains they know nothing, and they will marvel at the rapidity of growth which will be ours with the returning sunshine.

It is wonderful how things grow in the rich soil of this region after an abundant rain. A few days of sunshine and a green mist covers the earth. Millions of grassy blades have pushed their way through the soil. All blossoming things are springing into budding life. Fragrance fills the air. The skies grow resplendent with the clearer light, and the infinite deeps of ether seem vaster, richer than before. All the birds of the air awake to fresh singing; the happy butterflies spread their wings, the bees hum a gayer tune of gladness, millions of new flowers unfold, and the great poppy fields grow golden in the sun. Of the beauty of these fields one who has never seen them has no conception, as they lie bright and glowing in the nursing sunlight. Of them the poet of the Sierras has sung:

"The golden poppy is God's gold,
The gold that lifts, nor weighs us down,
The gold that knows no miser's hold,
The gold that banks not in the town.
But singing, laughing, freely spills
Its hoard far up the happy hills;
Far up, far down, at every turn—
What beggar has not gold to burn!"

Another week of sunshine and the whole earth will be emerald-clad and flower-dotted. The breath of June will be in the atmosphere, and soon will come the wonderful splendor of color and fragrance that is born of the newly opening flowers. The great rocky domes of the Sierras will stand out clearer against the rain-washed skies. The soft murmur of streams will grow into the melody of song. Rich, glowing emerald will take the place of brown upon the hillsides. The waving harvests of grain will cover the plains; the trees, washed free from dust, will shimmer in brightness, and gleam in the golden splendor of the sun. Everything clean and fair on Nature's face, the world full of harmony and unfolding life, with no harsh winds, no chilling airs to mar the comfort of our days, the renewed beauty of the land will take strangers' hearts captive, as it long ago did our own, and many of the visitors who are now with us will doubtless remain most willingly to make their future homes here, made captive by Nature's charms.

*February 21, 1904.

THE IDEAL NATION.

Every patriot citizen loves his country, and is proud of the greatness and the glory which America has achieved. But we do not rest there; we want to see it go on and on along the ever-unfolding lines of Christian civilization and progress. But how often do we as citizens of this great Republic stop to earnestly and carefully consider the weight of personal responsibility in this regard? It is not enough that a man votes, and votes as he thinks is for the right and for the good of the nation at every election, that he pays his taxes promptly and honestly, and does his duty as a soldier or public servant. There is an obligation behind all this which is not properly considered by the masses, all-important and weighty as it is, and which has been denominated by a recent writer as "the obligation of personal character." In speaking of this the same writer observes: "Each citizen owes to the nation the duty of maintaining in himself a high, clean, moral character. His personal morality is a debt to the nation. Indeed, it is a part of the nation's morality. . . . It is of primary importance, an obligation which is binding upon all citizens, and binding at all times and in all places. There is no break or cessation in its force, and there are no conditions or circumstances under or by which any citizen is released from its demands. It is the only duty which underlies all others; with it we may hope to realize something of the greatness and nobility of citizenship in this Republic; without it the loudest voices of assumed patriotism are but "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

Good character in the individuals that compose the nation is the only thing that can make it great, that can make it invincible against wrong and oppression, and which will enable society to overcome the moral enemies which are assailing it on every hand. "But what is good character?" do you ask. In the words of David E. Brewer, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, "It is righteousness in the soul. It is the shining jewel of life, that to which we all look up, which we all admire. It makes the chasm which separates man from the brute, the 'great gulf fixed' which the brute cannot cross, and the man ought not to cross. It is the link which binds him to the divine. In flesh we are brothers of the beast, living without thought, unmoved by conscience, ignorant of purity and dying without hope or remorse. In nobility of soul, in elevation of character, we are heirs, not merely of the ages, but of eternity; we clasp hands with the Infinite and Eternal, and are bold to say 'of Thee and Thine.'"

The beginning of the Twentieth Century sees a world of unrest. It sees the different nations eyeing each other with suspicion and jealousy. It beholds the mustering of mighty armies, and the organization of great naval fleets. Suspense sits brooding over the Occident and the Orient alike, and it seems at times as if the world were upon the verge of the greatest conflicts that the earth has ever known. And how is this Republic to stand in relation to these great world conflicts? With the "solemn sense of responsibility" that fills the heart of the American people, may we not hope that they will always be found true to their high ideals of liberty and justice, true to that priceless heritage which we possess, a national character unstained by usurpation, loving justice and hating oppression, foremost among the nations speaking for peace, and holding sacred our ideals of a still nobler life for the Republic?

As Justice Brewer has so truly said: "Among the ideals filling the aspiring soul of every citizen of these United States should be the ideal nation. Neither himself nor his family, his friends, the community of which he is primarily a citizen, should fill the measure of his thoughts and labors but the great Republic, of which both himself and his family, friends and community, and State are but parts, should ever rise like Mont Blanc among the Alps, the supreme object of devotion and toil. One clear purpose of every life should be to help in making the nation better. . . . We must live with the idea that we owe a solemn duty to this Republic; that we are its large debtors, and that the only limit to our obligation is our capacity to help in lifting its life to a higher and nobler plane."

If we do live in this way we shall be an invincible people, a nation against which all the powers of the earth cannot prevail, for the God of Battles will be on our side, the Lord of Hosts our captain.

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.*

It sometimes takes centuries for men to interpret the providences of God in the affairs of nations and to understand the bearing which they have upon the history of the race. Occurrences which are vast and far-reaching in their effects at times transpire with never a suspicion on the part of those involved in them of the wonderful factors which they will prove to be in the unfolding of the future. How truly has this been the case in different periods of the history of the American people! Take, for instance, the Louisiana Purchase, one of the most important date-marks in the story of American progress and the advancement and growth of civilization, and note what the effects of that transaction have been, for which, at the time, those hostile to Jefferson so ridiculed him, but which we, a hundred years afterward, are preparing to celebrate with rejoicing and ceremony, recognizing in it the providence which made it possible for us to become a nation of continental greatness and world-wide influence.

The area included in that purchase is 875,000 square miles, an area 54,056 square miles greater than the whole of the original thirteen States. And out of this vast territory we have carved almost the whole of twelve great commonwealths, namely, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming and Montana—besides Oklahoma and the Indian Territory. Says The World's Work: "This region is nearly a third of the

*August 16, 1903.

area of the present United States, and it gives homes to almost a fifth of its inhabitants. Its population of 50,000 in 1803,"—less than half as many as Los Angeles contains today—"had expanded to 14,708,616 in 1900, or nearly three times the population of the entire United States in 1800, and nearly four times the whole country's population at the time Washington was first inaugurated as President."

Thus we see that vast solitudes have been peopled, and uncultivated wildernesses have changed to fruitful and populous territories. It has become also one of the great granaries of the world, also a large industrial center, a center of some of the greatest manufacturing activities of civilization. It is rich, too, in mineral wealth. In speaking of the Louisiana Purchase, the same authority says:

> One of the dozen States of the purchase, Colorado, produced more gold in 1902 ($28,000,000) than the entire territory of the present United States produced from the discovery of America in 1492 to James W. Marshall's great strike in the raceway of Sutter's mill, on the American fork of the Sacramento, in 1848. In proportion to its area, the Cripple Creek district in Colorado is the richest piece of gold-bearing ground on the globe except the Rand district in South Africa. Colorado has produced $308,000,000 in gold, $372,000,000 of silver, $116,000,000 of lead, and $16,000,000 of copper, or $812,000,000 for these four metals. Montana also in four metals has added much more than $1,000,000,000 to the world's wealth in the less than forty years which have passed since Fairweather, Edgar and their companions made the gold strike on Alder Gulch, the site of the present Virginia City, which started the inrush from all over the world that put Montana on the map. Copper has yielded $391,000,000 for Montana since 1882. Out of its mines have been dug $357,000,000 of silver and $282,000,000 of gold.

The whole story of that purchase, as we read it in the light of today, is more wonderful than the imagination alone could conceive. We can readily perceive at present that it meant a mighty uplift for American greatness and American civilization. Without that purchase the annexation of Texas, New Mexico, Oregon and the Golden State of California would have been impossible. Hostile powers might easily have grown up on our western borders, and other flags than that of freedom have waved beyond the western banks of the Mississippi. No open highway to the Orient would have been ours without the acquisition of this vast territory, and as we see our flag of glorious Stars and Stripes borne across the mighty waters of the Pacific and planted upon the Islands of the Sunrise, carrying with it political freedom and the blessings of Christianity, we read the larger meaning of the Louisiana Purchase and trace the providence of God along all the paths that we have come.

And well may we celebrate the centennial of that purchase, . . . for it was one of the great events of the ages, without which America could never have become the World Power that she is today.

> God struck the anvil of His wisdom and
> Moulded the Future for us, though we knew
> It not. His Providence welded for us
> The mighty continent, and He from sea
> To sea furrowed the highways of Freedom,
> And stretched across the deep the unseen lines
> Of His great purpose, until today we
> Say, behold what God hath wrought!

EASTER.*

The day before the dawn of earth's first Easter Sabbath the Christian world was enveloped in despairing gloom. The light of spiritual hope had gone out and the blackness and silence of death touched the hearts of those who had followed the lowly Nazarene, believing that it was He who should redeem Israel and bring life and immortality to light. But Death had conquered Him, and in His rock-hewn sepulcher, whose door was closed with a great stone, He lay cold and breathless, the dew of death upon His brow, His lips still and speechless, and His sightless eyes closed in the darkness of the tomb.

How often in other days had His voice thrilled them as He proclaimed, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; whosoever believeth on me shall never die." How often had He proclaimed His divinity and His eternity as He so plainly asserted, "I and my Father are one"—the one eternal God who could not die, and in whom alone was the hope of endless life. And in the face of all this He had died the shameful death on the Cross. Numbered among transgressors, amid awful thunders and darkness and the earthquake shock, the spirit that His disciples had so loved had passed; the Christ was dead, and with Him had died the glorious hopes that had thrilled them of eternal life with Him and of a kingdom all powerful where He should reign forever. What wonder that His loving followers stood stunned with sorrow, and that life looked dark, and desolate and hopeless? Where should they turn for succor and for comfort? Could He who had healed the sick and raised the dead, and who had proclaimed Himself the living Christ and the hope of a dying world, be indeed an impostor? Why could He not conquer Death for Himself as well as for others? Oh, whither should they look for succor, whither for the hope of immortality? Mocked by that stony sepulcher in which He lay, from whence should the whispers of Hope spring, and in what soil should faith again take root?

O broken-hearted disciples! was ever hour so dark to the Christian believer, so full of mystery and gloom as this?

The night before the Easter dawn was slowly paling. The winds breathed softly, and the fragrance of the dew-wet lilies filled the air. A pale flush of light crept upward in the East, which gradually brightened and filled the world with beauty. Around that silent sepul-

*April 12, 1903.

cher in the lonely garden a soft, translucent glory shone. There was something like the waft of unseen wings and the melodious whisper of unearthly voices. The great stone at the door of the sepulcher was rolled away, the air grew resplendent with light, and from the grave the Conqueror of Death came forth, our risen Lord. The work of redemption was fully wrought, and earth awakened to new hopes and the full assurance of a glorious immortality through the world's Redeemer.

The instinct of human nature desires the proper observance of those days that mark epochs in the lives of men and that affect the destiny of nations and the race. There is a natural craving in the human heart for the commemoration of all that which ennobles human destiny and lifts it to a higher plane of thought and action. The patriot celebrates those days which brought honor and glory to his country. He rejoices in all that which enlarges human freedom and popular government and which opens a broader path for human progress.

The religious nature of man is not oblivious to this sentiment, for the religious instinct is stronger within his breast than any other that moves him. He is by nature given to worship. With no definite knowledge of a creative power, he lifts reverent eyes to the sun as worthy of his adoration, and builds his altars upon lofty mountain summits, or makes the groves his temples. What wonder, then, that this instinct is kindled to its highest inspiration where Christian faith points backward to that time in human history when the redemption of the race was accomplished and the hope of immortality sprang from the open grave of the risen Christ? All Christendom unites with us today in the celebration of Easter.

> "In the beauty of the lilies
> Christ was born across the sea."

And here upon this sunset slope, "in the beauty of the lilies," we celebrate His glorious resurrection from the grave and the triumphs of the principles which He taught.

The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man is the proclamation which Easter brings to us. We see the gates of Death and Sin swing backward and the light of eternal hope streams through them. Well may our hearts be glad, for we celebrate today the dawn of immortal hope. Again are we assured that as Christ arose, so may we arise from the grave, for He has conquered Death for us, and bids us rejoice in the hope of a like resurrection through faith in His name.

OUR STRENUOUS LIFE.*

We do not believe that man lives as long as he ought to, or as long as he well might if he would only live rationally and intelligently, always with high aims and a hopeful spirit. Our modern civilization is getting too far away from Nature, and is not sufficiently in touch with its influences. It is wedded to the city's streets, and loves the rush and whirl of metropolitan life, and is not content unless environed by it. The life of the average denizen of the city is one that is wrapped up in business enterprises, and he has no time or opportunity to study the marvelous lessons inscribed upon the broad pages of Nature in our fields and woods, and on our mountain heights.

*May 3, 1903.

The quiet charm of the country is enough to win the heart of every lover of the beautiful in nature, and to quicken his desire for a higher life. At the present time, here in semi-tropical California, the winds scarce breathe aloud. The leaves flutter in the delicious air, which is full of fragrance. The sunshine is mildly tempered by delicious sea-breezes. Bird-song is abundant, as if the world were one charméd temple of melody. Could anything be more perfect than the blue of the sky, the soft breathing of the incense-laden air? Anything diviner than the gold of the sunshine and the splendor of opalescent lights upon the mighty uplift of mountains? Anything more beautiful than the rich mosaics of the fields with their golden blooms and numberless shades of green, and the cool emerald of the many trees overshadowing them? Aught more ravishingly fair than the millions of blossoms of every shade and hue laughing in the sun and tossing from every petal their fragrance into the enveloping atmosphere?

Nature is beautiful, and why should not all men find inspiration in its charms? Why are not men more largely influenced by the lessons of beauty and wisdom which might be drawn from its great open volume? May not the answer to this query be found in the assertion of Ruskin when he says, "The trouble with most men is that they go through the world and never look up."

The haste to get rich marks the spirit of the age, and men of affairs consider that they have little time for matters which they deem of such small moment as "this browsing out of doors, with no particular end in view." They do not comprehend the largeness of Nature, nor the soothing influence which she exerts upon the tired brain and restless spirit. If we were better students of Nature and maintained with her a closer comradeship, the civilization of today would lose much of its sordid spirit and its pronounced selfish aims. We should come to realize that wealth is by no means the sine qua non of happiness, but that greater joy and contentment may be realized from the simpler pleasures of life, which may be had without money and without price. If the present generation upon the stage of action will not heed these truths, let us so train our children that they may be wiser than we, and that they may come into closer touch with the great world about them, till they shall find sermons in stones, and voices in the running brooks, and shall understand that they stand as the crown and glory of this marvelous creation which God has made for the high and noble purposes of good. Not to gain wealth and power alone, but to illustrate the beauty and grandeur of a high and noble manhood, should be the ulterior aim of the civilization of today.

WHITHER ARE WE TENDING?*

It is worth the while sometimes to sit down and consider ourselves seriously, to look below the surface of things into the seething cauldron of events that go to make up the life of a great people. There are in every land gigantic evils which take root and grow if not regarded by the watchful eye of the public, evils which threaten the very life and safety of the nation which lets them pass unheeded and unrebuked.

America is now a great world power. She claims to be a Christian nation—a land where the Sabbath is regarded, and where the church-spire may be found rising everywhere across the wide spaces of the continent from ocean to ocean. She is a land also of newspapers, of public schools, of colleges and universities, of scientific advancement, of invention, and of all that enters into the progressive life of this early morning of the Twentieth Century. The world respects her and dares not ignore her when considering the affairs that are of moment to the well-being of different lands.

And well it may so regard us, for America is patriotic, she loves freedom, she loves justice, she loves humanity. But as we study the life and practices of the American people closely we find the existence of appalling evils in our midst, and there are figures presented by public statistics that are startling in their character and import. Among these is the divorce evil, which is constantly growing, and is assuming such proportions as to make the thoughtful lover of his country anxiously inquire, "Whither are we drifting?" for upon the home rests the safety and permanency of our national life.

The Christian home is the corner-stone of our liberties, the place where the statesmen, the philanthropists, the great men of our future must be bred and nurtured and the lessons of a noble manhood be learned. That home must be kept inviolate and the sanctity of marriage be maintained, and our children educated to the belief that the marriage vow is binding and cannot be lightly broken and cast aside.

But how do we compare with other nations in this respect? Says W. S. Harwood, in "The World of To-day:" "In the thirty-four years between 1867 and 1901, the divorces granted in the Dominion of Canada numbered sixty-nine. In the same period in the United States the number of divorces granted was nearly seven hundred thousand. The population of the United States during this period has averaged about twelve times as large as that of Canada; its divorces, compared with those of the main portion of the Dominion, have been two thousand times as many. If divorces in the United States during the three decades had been the same per capita as in Canada, there would have been less than two thousand in the entire country. In other words, the divorces granted in the United States would have been reduced by 668,000."

Does not this show an appalling amount of laxity among the people of this country upon this matter, a laxity which threatens the very life and well-being of the nation? A divorce is an easy thing to be obtained here, often upon the most trivial pretexts. But in Canada it is different. Says the writer before quoted:

> In Canada the conditions are radically different. The people have been educated in a different school. They have been taught that the marriage vow is essentially indissoluble. They have been taught that marriage is not lightly to be entered into; that, once contracted, it is not to be dissolved save by death. The only parties to a marriage in Canada are a man, a woman and God. The Canadians do not believe in any law pertaining to the abrogation of marriage which in its enforcement ignores any one of these. They have been educated to see in the marriage contract not only an abiding bond between man and woman, but a definite assurance of strength for the state.
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> In Canada there are but two things which can dissolve marriage—death and infidelity. An applicant for divorce must act under the provisions of a law marked at every step by the most rigorous limitations. If a man or a woman—for the requirements are the same—wishes to secure divorce in Canada he must resign himself at the outset to publicity. Publicity, absolute publicity, is an essential to divorce in the Dominion; there is no such thing as securing a divorce on the quiet. A formal notice, couched in the prescribed form of the law, announcing intention to apply for divorce, giving the names of applicant and accused, with the ground of accusation, must be inserted for six months in two newspapers published in the town or city where the applicant resided at the time of separation. A similar notice must also be printed in the Canada Gazette, the official organ of the government.
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> The one applying for divorce may not hope to be represented on the trial by his counsel, he must be present in person. His advocate may be by his side, but here, as at every step, the public must be permitted the full view of the family skeleton. Nor is the hearing in the matter to come before any court. No court of law in the Dominion of Canada has anything to do in granting divorce, no judge on any bench has authority to consider any case in which the marriage contract is to be annulled, though he may, in certain matters, say whether a marriage has been solemnized or not. To obtain divorce in Canada the applicant must go to the Dominion Parliament, the highest legislative body in the realm. It is in the chamber of the Divorce Committee of the National Senate that he must appear who sues for divorce. This Divorce Committee, consisting of nine members, has full power. It can perform all the essentials of a court without being a court. Its object is to get at all the facts, not to consider some and suppress others. It is not bound by any set rules or by precedents. It is not open to prejudice or bribery. It has only one course to follow; to hear the evidence and decide whether, in the judgment of its members, the applicant should be granted the freedom sought.

These things are certainly a matter for serious thought by the people of the United States. The family life must be kept pure, and the marriage relation be held sacred, if we would not see the government and the character of our free institutions decay. The magnitude of this divorce evil must be overcome. Only think of it. One million two hundred thousand married people have been

*March 13, 1904.

separated and their homes been broken up, here in free, so-called Christian America, within the past generation! Is not this stupendous fact appalling, and may we not well ask, "Whither are we tending?"

THE BEACON LIGHT OF THE WORLD.*

Silently, persistently, ceaselessly, for more than half a century have the invisible boundary lines, which early in our history were set up between the East and that portion of our country which was vaguely denominated as the "Great West," receded, until now we often hear the question asked, "Where is the West—where are its limits, and how far do its boundaries extend?" Technically speaking, it has vanished, its wild and woolly flavor has disappeared, and it is no longer the great stamping-ground of the untutored cowboy, or the primitive dwelling place of a non-conventional, non-producing population, dependent upon the East for all the necessaries as well as the luxuries of life. The mighty primeval wilderness is a thing of the past. The wide-stretching and uncultivated prairie is but a memory, for it is now dotted with towns and cities, and its still air is stirred by the whir of the countless wheels of industry; its great cañons and its once silent plains echo the rush of the Iron Horse and the mighty stir of traffic.

Says William R. Lighton in the July number of The Outlook: "Within a very few years it will be seen of all men that 'the West' is no longer a wild and woolly sort of No-Man's-Land, where spurred and pistoled bravos do nothing all day long but fling defiance in the face of heaven and its laws; it will be seen that 'the West' has, by hard, patient, persistent labor, won an unequivocal station and dignity as the chief source of the world's food supply. Very few persons appreciate the volume of traffic in western foodstuffs. Secretary Shaw, in a recent address in Chicago, declared that a single western city (Minneapolis) now manufactures and sends abroad a carload of flour for every ten minutes of day and night, the year round. He said also that the Detroit River (one of the links in the Great Lakes traffic) carries four times as much tonnage as does the Suez Canal. The significance of these figures is tremendous; but it must be remembered that they represent only a small fraction of the whole commerce. Since 1890 the trans-Mississippi country has discovered that the logical outlet for its export trade is by way of the gulf ports, rather than by New York and Baltimore; a very large proportion of western meat and grain and flour is now sent to the South, and thence to Europe, with a large decrease in cost of transportation. The West is thus evolving a commercial independence of the Eastern States, saving to itself the percentage once paid to eastern middlemen.

"Heretofore the bulk of exported foodstuffs has gone to Europe, but within three or four years Asiatic markets have begun to yawn for American corn and wheat. In 1901, for the first time in her history, Nebraska sent trainloads of grain across the mountains to the Pacific ports, for shipment to India and China. This is but the beginning."

This industrial supremacy is not by any means the only encouraging feature in the life of the great West today, for from the same authority above quoted we learn that, "If you will look at the matter without prejudice, you will discover that the balance of the law-abiding spirit is decidedly in favor of the West. In proportion to population, there is today twice as much crime in Massachusetts as in Nebraska."

In matters of education the balance lies in favor of the West. Says the same writer: "In proportion to population, Nebraska's expenditure for educational purposes is annually twice as great as that of Massachusetts; and in the same proportion illiteracy is reduced by one-half. Prairies and mountains are speckled with college towns. In point of efficiency in preparing men and women for the serious business of life, western educational institutions are second to none. Some of the greatest industrial feats of this generation have been wrought in the Far West by men born, bred and educated on the sunset side of the Missouri."

This great, real West, extending from Illinois to California, is not only "the inexhaustible food garden of the world," but it is the modern Land of Promise, the desired Canaan of modern civilization for which the ages have unknowingly waited. In God's providence, which kept it hidden from the knowledge of the world for so many long centuries, there was no blind Chance, but an infinite Purpose for the good of the race. It was designed for the home of Freedom, for the kingdom of the sovereign citizen, and here is his broad, open gateway to the Orient, the pathway for the Flag which heralds all that is best and highest for humanity.

There have been no accidents in our history, and this gradual, glorious unfoldment of the great West of our continent presages not only a marvelous destiny for our republic, but sublimer hopes for Freedom, in which the whole world shall share. God's finger is upon the mainspring of our destiny, and this great land of Freedom with its golden West shall yet become the beacon light of the world.

The mighty prairies, billowed with vast oceans of grain, and dotted with populous towns and cities; the great valleys, orchard-crowned and vineyard-laden, filled with happy, prosperous homes and opulent industries, with schools and churches, in whose trail follow the printing press and the daily newspaper—this boundless West, with its climatic wealth, its fruitful soil and unhindered sunshine, joined to our earlier settled eastern borders, makes a domain of which Freedom may well be proud, and where, firmly intrenched, she is well-nigh invincible. It is the land where the best hopes of the race are centered, and out from which shall flow the great educational tides, and the tides of Christianity that shall redeem the race from tyranny, superstition and barbarism. Plymouth Rock was the threshold of a new future, of a domain that should stretch from the sunrise to the

*October 11, 1903.

gates of the sunset, and where Freedom should unfurl her banners to the world.

Our Puritan ancestors, while they firmly believed in an overruling Providence, had no conception of the possibilities in store for this New World. But when the story of all the centuries is written we shall find that Christian America was the most powerful instrument in the hand of God for uplifting the world.

PLANT TREES.*

"Oh, what a thought was that when God thought of a tree!" The grandeur and beauty of these wonderful "natural spires and minarets and turrets in ever-living green" appeals most powerfully to the earnest lover of Nature.

"The groves were God's first temples," says the poet, and they are more beautiful than the most magnificent ones ever reared by human hands, and their whispered wind-born symphonies are an inspiration to lift the thoughts of men to something higher than the petty affairs of everyday life.

It has been truly said: "Ignore the subject as we may, the loss of the forests has a retroactive effect upon the people, and the climatic conditions best suited for the growth of trees are also best suited for the growth and development of man. It is noteworthy that in countries where forests have been laid waste without renewal by man or Nature, the inhabitants have generally deteriorated."

Nature has been very lavish in her gift of trees to California. Here she has reared the majestic sequoias, those monarchs that have survived the centuries, which often attain the height of three hundred or three hundred and twenty feet. Here also are the sugar, the yellow and the Jeffrey pine, often growing to the height of more than two hundred feet. Then there is the beautiful Douglas spruce, which in the Sierra region often grows to the height of three hundred to four hundred and fifty feet; while our noble firs and world-renowned redwoods seem like the mighty sentinels of Time, proclaiming the possibility of forest grandeur here such as exists nowhere else on the face of the globe.

Among the most attractive and beautiful sights that Japan has to offer the traveler and sightseer, there is nothing that so excites the admiration as the road to Nikko, which is a great avenue of trees, thirty miles long. A recent writer says of it:

> But the trees! If one finds it difficult to describe the temples, one is utterly at a loss for adjectives that shall fitly paint the beautiful cryptomerias, which, after all, are Nikko's chief wealth and beauty. An avenue of these splendid pines, thirty miles long, leads up to the sacred shrines. On either side of the road stand these great sentinels, often in rows four deep, interweaving their branches overhead and forming a complete arched passageway thirty miles in length, to the temples beyond. When one reaches the temples, one finds himself in a grove of these huge giants of past centuries, thousands and thousands of them, standing erect and sentinel-like on the hillside, crowning every swelling mound of earth, springing up in every temple courtyard, overshadowing every magnificent lacquer shrine. These, indeed, are Nikko's true glory. These dwarf and belittle the temples made by man, magnificent as they are, proving once more how much more beautiful and glorious are God's first temples than anything that the highest skill and art of man can attain.

The traditional story regarding them is worth recording:

> It is said that when the great Ieyasu demanded contributions for this temple from the daimios in all parts of Japan, some sent money, some sent magnificent bronzes, and others great stone lanterns of curious workmanship; but one daimio sent word that he was poor and could not contribute money, or carvings, or lanterns, but that he would plant some trees. So he sent his servants to plant thousands and tens of thousands of little pine trees, wherever they could find soil for their rootlets. And now the fame of this Japanese leads all the rest, for while the donors of old lanterns are forgotten, the story of the daimio who planted the trees is told to the children and the children's children, through all the generations of those who care for Nikko the Magnificent.

With all that Nature has done for us, generous as she has been with her gift of trees, and her tender care in nurturing them, what hinders our having avenues like this all along our highways and our cities' streets throughout the State? If California were fully awake to the glory and the beauty of the trees, she might in this respect become in a few years the wonder and admiration of the world. Let us adopt at once some system of tree planting along our city streets that shall show a just appreciation of the wonderful tree wealth that is ours, and the marvelous possibilities in tree culture that we may command.

> "He plants the forest's heritage,
> The harvest of the coming age,
> The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
> These things he plants who plants a tree."

*October 4, 1903.

THE MECCA OF FREEDOM.*

Former denizens of Los Angeles who come back to us after an absence of a couple of decades find little with which they were familiar in the Los Angeles of other days. Old landmarks have vanished, even the hills have been changed, and the broad levels are covered with beautiful homes of varied and modern architecture, and the city has expanded toward the mountains and the sea, stretched outward toward every point of the compass, leaving behind it almost everything that is not modern and up to date.

The old Mission Church near the Plaza still smiles in the sunlight, and its hoary old walls catch the golden glint of the sunbeams as of yore, while its tall palms

*August 30, 1903.

drop their swaying shadows upon the grass, and the mission bells stir the silence of the summer air. Only a part of ancient Sonoratown lingers. The old adobes are, many of them, crumbling, and some of them are being crowded by more modern dwellings. The black-eyed señoras and señoritas feel hardly at home upon its streets, for does not the swift electric car break with its noisy rush the brooding silence of the past, and tell only of the busy life of today? Even the old cemetery's walls where their dead sleep are dropping into decay, and Greed has reared the tall derrick right by the gates of their city of the dead. All about them has the modern city crept, and the clang of traffic is heard and modern architecture confronts them until they feel that the old past which they so loved has utterly vanished.

Farther down town we see the tall sky-scrapers rising, and immense business blocks in process of erection, which are different from anything Los Angeles knew ten or fifteen years ago. They are fireproof, and their great iron girders tower far upward above the other buildings that surround them, as if they were reaching for the stars. Then how the streets run on and on to the southward! Gone are the old orange groves and vineyards that lifted their emerald branches to the sun; gone the quietness of those outlying streets and the unpeopled distances. The rush, the stir and the populousness of growing life are about us everywhere. We are in God's country, where the future beckons, and where Promise, spelt with the biggest P, lurks and whispers to us of coming greatness and good. This land is to be the Mecca of Freedom, the Promised Land, where shall blossom and ripen the golden fruitage of her highest hopes.

Religious sentiment and educational wealth are strong here, and they will lay secure foundations for that greatness which springs from these sources. The modern culture of the Puritan East is coming to us daily, and we are building churches and institutions of learning without number. There is a Providence shaping our ends and gradually molding the public character of this people so that we may become the fit custodians of all that is best and highest in Christian patriotism and Christian civilization.

THE DAILY NEWSPAPER.*

How many and varied are the agencies which Providence makes use of in promoting the forward march of civilization and the advancement of the race! And perhaps in all the wide realm of human agencies which He uses there is no force outside of Christianity that tells more for human progress than the daily newspaper. A glance through the exchanges which come daily into a metropolitan newspaper office will give a person some idea of the wonderful activity of this busy work-a-day world. The history of a world's day—a single twenty-four hours—is something marvelous. It holds comedies more curious than ever were written by human pen. It has farces more ludicrous than ever stirred an audience to tumultuous laughter. It witnesses tragedies more terrible than human language ever depicted. It is an ever-changing panorama, a shifting scene of lights and shadows, of struggle and success, of laughter and despair.

Could the pen of the journalist portray to the lightest heart-throb, to the minutest act, and the smallest spoken word, the life of a single city for a single day only, it would be such a drama as would put to blush the genius of a Shakespeare, or the most brilliant efforts of a Milton or a Dante. Could The Times gives its readers all of yesterday, with every impress made upon it by the entire people of Los Angeles, the paper would be read with a wonder beyond words, with a breathless and intense interest.

But it is these everyday events which make history—these individual actions and emotions which are the momentum of human progress. The live journal gathers up the straws which are afloat upon the current, and which serve to point out the direction in which the tide is flowing. With all the varying interests which it touches and the incidents which it notes, it does nothing more than reach the surface of things. The entire story of a single day has never been written.

Dependent as we are upon the daily paper, it is a mystery to the present time how the world ever got on simply with a weekly journal. If the world had held as many people then as now it could not have done so. The daily newspaper is needed now, not only as a maker of history, as a disseminator of the news, as a record of progress, but as a detective. The worst enemy of crime is the enterprising, outspoken newspaper. It is Argus-eyed, and the criminal finds it everywhere difficult to escape from its omnipresent glance. He fears it as he fears the majesty of the law which he has outraged. He may go to the desert, and it will follow him; to the most distant lands, and it confronts him still. It is oftener through the newspaper than any other agency that he is unable to escape the consequences of his crimes, for it is the voice of public sentiment, and it will not let him go unpunished. No gigantic evil can long exist when its corruption is daily laid bare by the universal press before the eyes of a law-respecting people.

The newspaper is also a potent factor in immigration. What did the populous East know of this distant Pacific Slope before the daily journals of the Coast were established? The rumors of its greatness and its fertility, and its climatic charms, were as idle tales to those upon the other side of the continent. But the pictures of its charms thrust upon them daily, their interest became enlisted, and now there is scarce a city or town upon the Atlantic borders, or in the great midland valleys of the continent, where the story of the Pacific Coast is not read, attracting in this direction a tide of immigration that is fast overflowing the whole State.

In no portion of the country is the journalistic activity of California excelled. The number of newspapers established in this State is a peculiar feature of its

*September 27, 1903.

progress. No sooner is a new town started than comes the demand for a newspaper. These papers, too, are generally well sustained, and they can only be regarded as indices of the intelligent and progressive character of the people who are flocking to this Coast. Well-sustained, honest and fearless journals will always attract homeseekers, and will do their part in the work of upbuilding the State. They will make crime less rampant and Progress surer footed in its onward march. The high-toned, fearless and courageous journal is the good physician who controls the pulse of public sentiment and lessens the fevered heart-throbs of the world.

WHAT SHALL THE END BE?

The thoughtful mind finds great delight in following the achievements of Science, and dwelling upon the possibilities that may result therefrom. With what Science has already accomplished we may well feel that there need be scarcely a limit to the achievements of our scientific future, and that at no distant period the isolation of nations will be a thing impossible, for all will be linked together, though seas divide them, in such a way as to make the life of all commingle. The unseen nerves of the air are thrilling beneath the intelligence of man's will. Already, as Marconi has fully demonstrated, a person may stand upon the shores of this continent and converse without the aid of wires with his friends in the Old World. The sea is no barrier to speech, and with an enlarged spectograph at our command it may not be to our vision. A recent writer has suggested that if we wish knowledge of our friends abroad, "we could soon learn by telephone where and how they were, and could commune with them by holding up a dispatch before a mirror for their inspection."

Science is just beginning to discover the power and the possibilities which lie concealed in the electrical pulsations of the atmosphere, and it is every day reaching out to subjugate them to its use. We are just beginning to realize the vastness of the material which Providence has placed within our reach for the advancement of human knowledge, and to realize that universal law governs all things; and let us once discover the key which unlocks that law, and lo! man is master of the universe, which he may make subject to his will. In view of the rapid march of discovery and invention, we may well say that there is nothing too wonderful to be possible, and we may find a new and larger meaning in the scriptural injunction given by Jehovah to Adam, "Replenish the earth and subdue it."

The heart of man thrills with hope in view of the conquest over Nature that he has already made, and new revelations, still undreamed of, may yet be unrolled, till this New Century stands out brilliant in its light of discovery and progress.

Among other important discoveries of the past year or two is that of Jacques Loeb, of the University of Chicago, who, in the course of his investigations, "brought forward experimental proof of the vital influence in life phenomena of those solutions of salts and acids which conduct and likewise give rise to electricity. With seawater of varying strength he was able to bring about artificial fertilization. Eggs that had known no contact with the male cells developed into normal living beings. Biological theories of half a century went down in a day. Then Prof. Albert P. Matthews, a protegé of the excellent Prof. Wilson of Columbia, and now professor of physiological chemistry in the same university with Prof. Loeb, took up these fecund ideas. He applied them to the phenomena of nervous action, showing how this most mysterious and baffling of puzzles might be simply and clearly explained by electrical action. The nerves are jelly-like solutions of highly-phosphorized fatty bodies, inclosed in a thin, non-conducting sheath. The albuminous bodies inside are charged with positive electricity, and these charges give rise to, they induce a negative charge in the surrounding water. A slight jar, beat, a flash of light, the presence of a new supply of food materials, may break this delicate equilibrium; the nerve 'current' traveling to and from the brain is the result."

In the field of electrical research there seems to be scarcely a limit to the wonderful discoveries accomplished. In a recent number of Harper's Weekly we find the following:

> Prof. Loeb's discovery of this year, the second of those which will make the Chicago meeting memorable, was the application of the same theory of electrical charges to questions of life and death. The fresh spawn of sea-urchins, unfertilized, die in a few hours. Prof. Loeb put them in a cyanide solution and kept them for seven days. This may be called the first step in the scientific search for immortal life. Still another paper from this same unwearied investigator sought to prove that the vital energy supplied by food is due to the electricity it affords rather than to the heat it develops, as present-day physiology holds; in brief, that all life actions are of an electro-dynamical nature.

In view of these discoveries we may well exclaim, How little we have known, and how blindly have we walked the paths of life, unheeding the marvels of the universe within our reach! What shall the end be?

BEAUTIFYING OUR SCHOOLS.

Beauty is beginning to be recognized as one of the most potent factors in the formation of well-rounded and fully-developed character. As education assumes higher standards and the needs of childhood are more fully discerned, the determination to make more attractive the school life of our children is becoming more pronounced, and we are not satisfied with what the past had to offer—four bare white walls, with hard, unpolished wooden benches, with no statues or pictures to delight the eye, no blade of grass, or flower, or tree within the yard surrounding the school building; nothing to please the fancy of the child or to inspire its imagination and quicken its thoughts.

But today the progressive schools of the country are beautiful temples of learning, made charming within by pictures and other fine works of art, and without by trees and flowers, lovely landscape gardens in which the children take pride and delight.

It is about ten years since the Eastern States awoke to the importance of this movement, and since then the work has been going steadily onward, until it has extended itself throughout the country.

It was Ruskin, with his love of the beautiful, who first roused Europe to this need of better adornment for her schools. Bravely has she responded, and today she can count 81,000 school gardens which are the delight of her rising generation.

This New World has been quick to catch this spirit of enthusiasm for higher beauty, and to adopt the opinion of the wise bishop who said, when being remonstrated with for giving his garden over wholly to flowers instead of growing salads also, "Ah, the beautiful is as useful as the useful. I'm not sure but it's more so." As a recent writer upon this subject has said: "The 'school beautiful' enthusiasts believe that by ennobling the environment of children, and cultivating in them a love of painting, sculpture and flowers, they are adding to the higher education an influence not imparted by any textbook."

These little ones thus trained may eventually find through their quickened vision not only "sermons in stones and songs in running brooks," but they may find that "flowers are the alphabet of angels," which are written lessons of goodness and of love, and poems of God's care. The flower is ofttimes a wonderful teacher, and the tall tree a powerful orator.

We well remember the exclamation of Henry Ward Beecher which we first read in a treeless land: "Oh, what a thought was that when God thought of a tree!" It was a thought which will influence all the ages and will lift up the child-mind to the infinite Creator who gave it life. "How does the tree grow, and what lifts it up so high above the ground? Who paints the flowers, and what makes them smell so sweet?" are questions that mean infinitely more for the child's development than the full formula "two and two are four" and "three from six leaves three." The flowers and the trees help him to look up; the pictures and the sculptures, copies of the old masters, turn his thoughts backward, till he wishes to know more of that vanished past and more of that infinite Power which gives color and fragrance to the flowers and lifts the trees above his head. Then let this work of school decoration progress, for we cannot estimate the value of its influence upon the rising generation.

And in addition to this, in various cities "school decoration has extended its influence to the neighborhood. 'School beautiful' promoters hope that the public schools of the future will not only have paintings on their walls and flowers in the garden, but will be a community center wherein parents may meet with children and teachers for lectures, concerts and social intercourse. Many a principal declares that the beautifying has already led to a closer relationship between the school and its patrons."

May the outreach of the New Century continue to be toward higher development along esthetic lines, as well as in the whole domain of public education; then indeed shall our schools be a bulwark of safety for the Nation.

WHAT CHRISTMAS DAY EMBODIES.

Christmas is a day that is pregnant with meaning for the whole human race. It has meaning that is infinite, that compasses the immortal nature of man; it opens the golden door of hope to him; it gives wings to Progress, and it furnishes the basis of all Christian civilization.

Before the world's first Christmas the fullness of infinite love had not arisen upon the earth. The dark and heavy shadows of doubt lay everywhere, and men walked in the impenetrable gloom of uncertainty. How often was the question asked, "If a man die shall he live again?" The belief in the universal brotherhood of the race was not accepted. The golden key of Christ's love had not unlocked the door to men's hearts. "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men," had not been sung until the angels woke the anthem when Christ was born. And its echoes have been ringing down the ages ever since that first Christmas dawn. It has made possible Today, with all its enlightenment, its benefactions, and its sense of universal brotherhood.

Dr. Storrs, in his interesting work, "The Divine Origin of Christianity as Indicated by Its Historical Effects," points out these eight results of Christianity: "It brought, first, a new conception of God; second, a new conception of man; third, a new principle of the duty of man to God; fourth, a new principle of the duty of man to man; with, fifth, a new teaching of the duty of nations to each other; it has had a constantly inspiring effect, sixth, on the mental culture of mankind; seventh, on the moral culture of mankind, and, eighth, on the world's hope of progress."

Surely with these results springing from it, it should be the day of days to man; a day that we should keep joyously, reverently and thankfully. To blot out the day from human history would be like throwing a pall of blackness over the whole past and future of the human race. It would be like binding all nations with the heavy chains of barbarism; it would be like putting out the sun in our spiritual heavens and leaving us to wander in the darkness of doubt and despair.

Take from us the Christ whose birth we commemorate on Christmas Day and we take all that illumines with brightness the paths of life; all that fills the heart with hope and an enduring gladness. As the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis says in his work, "The Influence of Christ in Modern Life:" "Today with the great scholar we may well exclaim, 'Calvin and Edwards make me fear and tremble; Bishop Butler makes me to be amazed; Liddon

and Beecher make me believe; but Jesus Christ makes me hope and love.' O happy generation in the midst of which stands the divine Savior, teaching our age how love casts out all fear and fulfills all law. In the realm of state our citizens have become patriots—not through fear of the traitor's death, but through love of home and native land. In the realm of the beautiful our artists are achieving excellence—not through hatred of ugliness, but through love of beautiful faces and landscapes. In the realm of higher education our city is being profoundly influenced—not because these teachers hate falsehood, but because they have a mighty love for truth. . . . Thus all the columns of society are journeying upward—not because they are fleeing away from the thunder of Sinai, but because they are allured upward by the beauty of Calvary."

Well, then, may we commemorate the beautiful Christmas Day, and celebrate it with hearts overflowing with love, not only for those who are bound to us by the strong ties of relationship, but by the ties of human need and fellowship. Let us remember the poor as well as those who are especially dear to us, and help to swell anew the glorious anthem the angels sang on the world's first Christmas, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

THE EXTENT OF OUR DOMAIN.*

This great country of ours at the time when the Declaration of Independence was issued to the world was but a mere infant in size compared with what it is today. How closely it hugged our Atlantic borders, while the vast West behind it was practically further from its life than the Old World is today. What did our Revolutionary fathers know of the unpeopled wildernesses lying between them and these Pacific shores? And never once did they dream of the march of American civilization across the continent upon highways bordered by bands of steel, while across the mighty distance the lightnings traversed the air, the swift couriers of speech, placing the Atlantic and Pacific dwellers in constant communication with each other. We have grown in every direction, north, south, east and west, and we take pride in the great land over which floats the Stars and Stripes.

But there are really but few people, even among the most intelligent, who realize fully the extent of our domain. Take, for instance, Alaska. But few people appreciate what an empire of space is embraced in our Alaskan possessions alone. The lowest boundary is 50 deg. 40 min. north, and the highest, the Arctic Ocean. The eastern limit is 130 deg. west of Greenwich, and the western 187 deg. 20 min. San Francisco is about five hundred miles nearer the farthest point of Maine than it is to the western coast of Attou, the most remote of the Aleutian Islands. Thus San Francisco is only about two hundred and fifty miles short of being the geographical center of United States territory.

*March 8, 1903.

One-sixth of the area of the United States is represented by our Alaskan possessions, once belonging to the Muscovite Czar. A portion of this Arctic land is a region girdled with fire, for it is the seat of several active volcanoes, which tower thousands of feet upward above the sea, their lofty crests mantled with eternal snows, and frowning forever upon the valleys at their base.

Of Alaska a recent writer says: "Of the ethnologically interesting aboriginal inhabitants of Alaska—the Thlinket Indians, with their totem poles, the clever Aleuts in their kayaks braving the sea, the jovial Eskimos—I did not propose to speak, but the mention of the trading companies reminds me that while here is a country that, with all its hardships of climate, might yet support a large population . . . The country so far has been formerly merely exploited. . . . An area of land covering nearly 600,000 square miles, even if situated near the North Pole, must show considerable diversity of conditions, and cannot be described by wholesale characterizations. The information regarding Alaska is now increasing almost as rapidly as that of Africa did a few years ago as a result of systematic exploration. We find that there is as good an opportunity for a population of over two millions as there is in Norway, and the thousands of Americans who visit annually the fjords and glaciers and forest-clad hills of Norway should know that for grandeur and variety of scenery of the same sort, their home possession far excels that of the Scandinavian peninsula."

As we regard the facts in reference to the extent of Alaska given above, and the growth of our country from the Atlantic to the Pacific borders, what a grand march of empire do these facts suggest! We have a country upon which the sun never sets. As its first rising beams shed their light upon its far Atlantic shores, the last warm glow of the sunset is resting upon those farthest Aleutian isles that lie asleep upon the waters of the Eastern Hemisphere. What a country! and what a mighty destiny is ours if we be but true to liberty and the right!

SOME EVILS THAT THREATEN US.

The modern world has much to contend with that our older civilization knew nothing of. There are pictures of want and woe and wretchedness, the producing cause of which did not exist in America fifty years ago, and thoughtful men are asking what is to be the future condition of our country if these things continue and are allowed to exert a molding influence upon society. The boycott and the strike are bad enough, and are un-American in their character. They strike a blow at the very root of individual independence and manhood. They would crush the very foundation stones of freedom, the right of every man to be a man, to dispose of his labor as he sees fit and at his own price, without let or hindrance from those who demand from him the acceptance

of certain conditions or associations before he shall be free to exercise his right as a free man in this respect.

The workingman of the United States has been the glory and the strength of this country, and he has been in advance of the workingmen of other countries, because he has been intelligent and self-respecting. He has been the bone and sinew and the strength of the republic. It was largely the workingmen of the land who carried the "thinking bayonets" that gave us the victory in the Civil War, and saved the life of the Union. Loyal hearts were the men who left forge and plow and hammer and all the utensils of labor to fight their country's battles. Noble sons of noble sires who fought on bloody battlefields that the government of the people and for the people and by the people should not perish from the earth. Such men as these, lovers of human liberty and right, we do not find engaged in the unlawful boycott and strike which so threaten the peace and prosperity and the good name of the communities where they occur. The breed of strikers and boycotters is not generally native born, but they are the conception of Old World tyrannies, where men are not sovereign citizens, but servile subjects.

But here is a gloomy companion picture, which we glean from World's Work, that illustrates another great evil with which our modern civilization has to contend, and which in its results may be as inimical to the wellbeing of society as the unlawful boycott and the antagonistic methods of labor unions. The power of great trusts, with millions at their command, if not rightly employed, might work untold injury to communities where they exist. Says the writer: "It has been pointed out that perhaps one man or a small group of men, by the mere act of signing an order to close up a plant, could exercise a power of life or death over thousands of human beings. Something akin to this happened in the beautiful New England village of New Hartford, Conn., last August and September, when the comparatively large cotton duck mills of that place were ordered closed. Nearly one thousand persons of the 2300 in the place were compelled to leave the town. Nearly a hundred houses were boarded up, and rents were offered free to the mill hands who remained, for some men who had worked thirty, forty or even fifty years in the plant were too old to get work elsewhere.

"With the population cut almost in half, the merchants of the place thought they saw ruin before them. The pay rolls of the mills had been more than $175,000 a year, and when the spending of this money stopped, it seemed as if the community must die. The income of the churches was cut down, a large part of the foreign congregation of the Catholic church disappearing as if swept out by a cyclone. There were fewer children for the schools. The value of real estate declined, and those who had put their savings into homes found themselves unable to get rid of them. There were too many merchants, too many physicians, too many barbers—and, one and all, they sat down to see who would go away or go to the wall first. Gloomy forebodings as to the increase of the poor fund of the town arose; the bells of the mills ceased to ring; the town band, that gave a concert every week, ceased to play; a water power, estimated as worth from $200,000 to $300,000, lay idle; the machinery of the mills was being shipped to the trust's mills in Alabama; only the four walls of three large buildings remained. The town was dead; the heavy hand of a trust seemed to have crushed it."

How to deal with these threatening dangers is one of the great problems that confront the American people today, and to solve them we need no less wisdom and patriotism than that which guided our forefathers when they framed that glorious Constitution which is the life-giving instrument of our great American Republic.

FORGET NOT ALL HIS BENEFITS.*

At no period in the history of this great Republic have we had greater cause for thanksgiving than at present. A vast country lying between the world's two greatest seas, occupying an area of 3,728,830 square miles, at peace with all the world; free from pestilence and famine; our great industries prosperous; our gathered harvests rich in their abundance; our educational facilities of the best; our churches multiplying, and with all the adjuncts of a great, growing Christian civilization at our command, well might the nation gather, as it did on Thanksgiving Day, and render thanks to the Infinite Giver of all good for the manifold blessings with which He has crowned us. Blind indeed should we be if we did not recognize the guiding hand and the controlling power of an overruling Providence directing all things for the good of this people, who have become one of the great world-powers of today, and base would be our ingratitude if we failed to render thanks to the Beneficent Giver of all good who has guided our ship of state into the calm waters of the great ocean of Peace.

The Old Flag has been planted in the Orient, and with it shall go the blessings of freedom and Christianity. A new day is dawning beneath its folds in the lands of barbarism and superstition. Many dark-skinned races shall yet awake to a new life of freedom and spiritual enlightenment. The first gun fired at Sumter meant no more to the downtrodden slave than did the sound of Dewey's guns in the Bay of Manila to the barbarous races beneath the iron heel of Spanish despotism. The doors of the Orient swung open wide as their thunders beat upon them, and the morning of a new day dawned for America and the world.

Never before has America had a Thanksgiving Day so pregnant with mercies and so filled with blessings as the one which has just passed; and in reviewing all our causes for thankfulness, well may the American people exclaim, "Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all His benefits."

*1902.

YESTERDAY AND TODAY.*

How impossible a half century ago such a gathering [the National Federation of Women's Clubs] as is now being held in Los Angeles would have been! California was then an infant State which had been newly cradled in the arms of the Union, and the Stars and Stripes had hardly more than been unfurled under its cloudless skies. It was a land afar off, with the space of a wide continent between it and the East, holding a different civilization and linked by no bands of steel to the progressive civilization of today. What vast spaces of silent and uninhabited wildernesses lay then between our Atlantic and Pacific borders! A telegraphic line across the continent was beyond the wildest dreams of the ordinary thinker.

The spirit of conquest, it is true, had stirred, and the expanding Empire of civilization and invention was making ready for the future. The giant minds of the time conceived and slowly matured the stupendous projects which made possible this golden Today. The continent was spanned with lines of steel, and the Iron Horse let loose upon their path; the wires were stretched through space until the vast distance became a wide whispering gallery, where we receive almost as soon as uttered the messages sent us from the farthest shores of this great continent. We go and come as if the distant East were upon the very threshold of this wide, golden West. Instead of weeks and months, it is only a few days of travel that lie between us and our friends on the Atlantic borders. We are not divided, but we are one great, united people, interested in the same methods of progress, working in the same intellectual fields, engaged in the same work of philanthropy, and pursuing the same methods for the uplifting of the race.

It is this that makes possible the national federation not only of women's clubs, but of other organizations throughout the country, and makes us feel that we are not strangers, but are linked together in the universal brotherhood of the race, and our friends coming to us from all parts of the land will find us fully in sympathy with the work which they are doing, and also that we are keeping step with them in the noble work which woman is accomplishing for the world. We are not blind to the fact that Providence is opening wider than ever before the doors of Opportunity for woman. That old past is dead when she was a mere plaything or a slave; and today the influence that she wields in all the affairs of life is beyond computation. Club life does not unsex her, but it brings her more fully in touch with humanity at large, gives her broader views of life, and more vital interest in all that tends to the betterment of humanity.

Woman's influence in the world is growing daily, and every year finds her better equipped for her special work, and the new century will see her occupying new fields, and seizing upon new and golden opportunities which will have their share in helping the world forward in the path of Progress. The Golden Age for woman is fast advancing, and to Christianity, more than to anything else, does she owe its dawn. It is only in Christian lands that her equality with man is recognized, and the gates of usefulness are left ajar that she may enter where she will. Then let her be up and doing under the banner of Progress and the Cross.

*May 4, 1902.

THE LAND OF OUT-OF-DOORS.

The Winter rains are over, and the gray fogs that have visited us are just a prelude to the beautiful, cloudless Summer days that are close at hand. Clear, radiant, perfect days are nearing, days when simply to be fills us with ecstatic delight, when sunshine, fragrance and happy bird-song fill the world to overflowing, and colossal calm and peace everywhere abound.

These wondrous days were a marvel to us when we first came to the State from the stormy realms of the East. Day after day of cloudless sunshine had been ours as the Summer neared, till at last the thought came to us that we would count the successive days that should come that were wholly without a cloud. And this we did until forty days had come and gone without a cloud even as large as a man's hand to dim the brightness of the wonderful blue. There were only the golden clouds of sunset when the sun sank to rest in a pavilion of glory and the grand mountains bathed in the warm glow of the evening lights were transformed into glowing piles of rubies and of amethysts.

It was a marvelous revelation to us of the perfection of California's climate, for they were not only cloudless days, but days in which

"The winds were hushed nor dared to breathe aloud,
The sky seemed never to have borne a cloud."

And how things grow in such a season! You can almost see Nature's advancement from day to day. The green blades of grass steadily grow higher, the flowers unfold swiftly, and today is not as yesterday, for it is clothed in richer beauty and more splendid growth.

Oh, this Summer Land is the land in which to live and be glad, for it is the land of out-of-doors, where all the long season you can, if you will, live under the tent of sky, and dream beneath the stars! It is the land for the camper, for through the long Summer months he has no fear of rain or sudden storms. Starlit skies forever bend above him at night, soft and fragrant breezes blow, and regenerate Nature breathes only to bless him. And sleep, such sleep as comes to him in his tent or under the trees, is full of refreshment and life-giving strength. And here he can live heart to heart with Nature and study her mysteries and become familiar with her charms, learning to look from Nature up to Nature's God.

COMING INTO HER OWN.

Woman suffrage is not essential to woman's highest advancement. Although she has by many long been considered the weaker vessel, she is, in this modern age of progress and broader enlightenment, coming to

participate more fully in the world's work in the field of public action, and her influence is being felt in the industrial world, as well as in other directions, as it never heretofore has been felt.

Of course, all will admit that woman's first and highest sphere is in the home. What our modern civilization needs more than anything else . . . is consecrated homes. They can do as much for the advancement of civilization as the pulpit can do. It is the consecrated homes of the nation that are the hope of the land and its bulwark of strength. Take these away and civilization would go backward, and the enlightenment of this century would cease. Multiply these and you multiply all that gives hope to life, beauty and sacredness to advancement, and strength and power to the nation. You give to your children a heritage of sacred memories, a reverence for all that is good and true, and you help them to lay hold upon hopes that are undying.

In the Christian home we find the larger percentage of good citizenship, and here it is that woman can exert a grander and more abiding influence than in the realm of state. But all women are not mothers, and not all have homes in which to employ their energies and efforts. What shall we do with them, do you ask? For them, at the present day, the door of Opportunity swings wide, and without any fear of unsexing themselves we find women coming into honorable competition with men in numberless fields that were once closed against them. How well and faithfully have they done their part is described in a sermon on "Women," recently preached by the Rev. N. D. Hillis of the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. In the following words of warning to men, he says:

> If you don't want women to outstrip you in the industrial race and compel you to come to them when you want 50 cents, you would better stop drinking poor whisky and quit gambling at race-tracks and in poolrooms. Women, in spite of man's refusal to give them the rights and privileges to which they are entitled, are today in 145 branches of business, and in instances showing more ability than the men. In one of the greatest financial institutions of this city not long ago a well-known man, drawing a salary of $25,000 a year, suffered a nervous collapse. The directors selected the young woman who for ten years had been their stenographer. She, the directors told me, has done better work than the man she succeeded, and is doing it for $10,000 a year. In fifty years the women will know more than the men. They have more time to read and study, and they are improving their time. Eventually they will vote, and tell the men for whom they shall vote. Eventually all the universities will be coeducational, and the women will carry off all the prizes.

We are hardly as optimistic in this regard as the brilliant and well-known preacher whom we have quoted; but, as says a recent writer in speaking of these statements, "as a matter of fact there is a great deal of truth in what he says, and young men can take his word to heart without fear of being the losers. In the history of the world never has there been a time when the young men meet with so many temptations that unfit them for the exacting duties of life, and never before were those duties so exacting."

These temptations do not appeal to the young woman as they do to the young man, and the well-educated, moral and aspiring young woman enters the field unshackled by vices and ready to do her best in the work assigned her. Her ambition is kindled, her spirit of self-reliance is awakened, and she has become a competitor not to be disregarded or lightly overlooked by those of the other sex who are busy in the industrial world. The world is changing, broadening in its scope of action, and everywhere woman is coming into her own, not by means of the ballot, but through the door of golden opportunities which are no longer being withheld from her grasp.

A PICTURE.

At the present time the charms of a Southern California landscape may be fully appreciated by the true lover of Nature. What a picture is presented here in the vicinity of Los Angeles! Drive out beyond the city's busy streets into the country's broad highways, and what do we see? Vast grass-covered fields gleaming in emerald richness, jeweled with ten thousand wild-flowers of various hues; pepper trees with their rich foliage interspersed with countless clusters of bright red berries; great orange orchards with golden fruitage hanging amid boughs which are just bursting into fragrant bloom; blossoming pea fields and acres of golden poppies which lie like sunset clouds upon the sloping hillsides; purple fields of alfileria brightening in the sunshine; acacias with their crowns of yellow blossoms; great fields of springing grain; butterflies winging their way through the sun-filled air; bird wings spread everywhere beneath the blue; palms waving in the sunlight; roses climbing to the roofs of many a cottage home; geraniums making scarlet hedges along the way; long lines of calla lilies swaying in the soft breeze, and everywhere the melody of birds, and, rising far beyond the sun-filled vales, the lofty mountain peaks white with Winter snows, and gleaming beneath the cloudless blue of sun-flooded skies. Far off is the sweep of the sea which cradles isles of eternal Summer; the low voice of the shining tides is heard upon the white sands of the beach; but inland is hush and calm, the green pastures and blossoming glory of numberless flowers. It is the land of eternal Summer, the sun-kissed land of the great Southwest, toward which is the mighty march of Empire. We hear the rush of its oncoming, and see afar the brightness of its new dawn, and wait with hope for the unclouded brightness of that new day of Freedom that shall yet break beside this western sea.

OCTOBER—A RHAPSODY.*

October comes golden-shod to our shores; the air is full of warm, mellow sunshine and delicious calm. There is no whisper anywhere of approaching Winter. The touch of frost is not laid upon the trees. The flowers still bloom and fill the air with fragrance. Butterfly

*October, 1902.

and bee are winging their paths through the sunny air. Bird-song is not hushed. The trees yet stand leaf-clad, many of them hung with luscious fruits. We say it is October, but it might well be June, for the spirit of June is in all things, and Nature is full of beauty.

And here all the day may be spent out of doors, hand-in-hand with comfort and delight. The little ones may tumble on the grass in our parks, or on the green lawns in front of their homes, watching the butterflies on the wing; listening to the song of the cricket in the grass, or the merry notes of the frog in the pool. The fragrance of flowers is wafted to them on every breeze, the sunlight plays hide-and-seek amid the million emerald leaves over their heads; the green vines clamber over roof and wall; the skies are without a cloud, and October sits in the lap of Summer and smiles as if the year were young, and flowering June were here to crown the year with golden light and beauty. There is no rush of angry tempest or fierce gale, no touch of frost, no whisper of waiting cold. The eyelids of Day are fringed with golden sunbeams, and Night silvers the air with her starry rays. Beauty, calm, sweetness and growth are everywhere. Oh, who would not live in a land like this!

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

America is a peaceful nation, a nation without a great standing army, yet withal, in the truest sense, she is, as the late war with Spain has revealed to us and the world, a fighting nation, out of whose citizens can be made at the briefest notice great armies of brave, valorous and unconquerable soldiers, men whose daring and courage cannot be surpassed by any regularly trained soldiery in the world.

And what is equally true, these volunteer armies of ours do not lack for competent leaders, for skilled strategists who would snatch victory even out of the jaws of defeat in the face of superior numbers. A free and independent people, we are also an intelligent people, knowing our rights, and knowing, we dare to maintain them.

The history of the American nation is almost as interesting as the history of Israel of old, in that we can trace from its beginning the care and the guiding hand of Providence, which runs through it all in golden lines of unfailing blessings. Our army was but a handful of poor, imperfectly equipped and hungry soldiers when we fought the Mother Country, and, judging by the circumstances against us, there was little hope that we should be victorious. But behind all of our needs and poverty of means there was the Puritan's unfailing trust in the God of Battles, and his imperishable love of freedom which made his universal battle cry: "Give me liberty or give me death!" Men like these are invincible, and they will fight as boldly as Israel did when led by the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, feeling that God was on their side and that He would disconcert their enemies.

We are, technically speaking, a Christian people, recognizing hardly less than did God's chosen people the leading and guiding hand of an overruling Providence, who has the destiny of men in His hand, and who out of all the great events transpiring in our relations with other peoples has some great purpose to be fulfilled, some end to be achieved for the good of the race through our instrumentality.

Our fuller contact with the nations of the Old World is not without purpose. The enlightening of our eyes in regard to our own strength and power will make us stronger and more ready to answer to the call of duty. We feel that the arm of the American volunteer is as strong and as sure as that of the trained soldier of the Old World. He is no fighting machine, no puppet to be moved at the will of despotic rule, but he is a man of large intelligence, of high moral purpose, and an unquenchable love of country. He is fired with Spartan courage and he is liable to read between the lines the fullest meaning of the history that he is making. He does not believe in war, except in the last extremity, but when that extremity exists and war is forced upon him, he is fired with the spirit of daring and is ready to fight to the bitter end for the cause which he espouses.

It will be worth something to us that the world is learning more of the characteristics of the American soldier. It has discovered that he is a good marksman, that he is energetic, and never satisfied with his work unless he accomplishes something. As has been remarked: "He goes to war not as a trade, but to kill people." He does this that he may win the triumph of the principle for which he fights. War means death—battlefields covered with the slain—and to the victor a great harvest of dead foes means ultimate peace and the triumph of the principles for which he has fought.

And it is surprising how quickly the American volunteer soldier becomes once more, after the war is over, the American citizen, loving the avocations of peace, ready to take upon himself the duties of the State and to labor for the advancement of the common weal. He lays down the sword to take up the pen or to follow the plow, or any of those pursuits which make great and prosperous the commonwealth. The love of country has been deepened by the conflict in which he has engaged, and his country's Flag is fuller of rich meaning. The songs of peace are no less sweet to his ear than the thunders of the cannon, and he comes home ready to lay aside his uniform, conscious, whether he has been at the front or only a patient waiter in the camp, that he has done his duty as fully as those who fell.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

We are a nation of more than 70,000,000 of people—how many more the approaching census will inform us. This number of people live under the Stars and Stripes upon this continent, and it does not include the population of our recently annexed territory. We are a people who love liberty and whose banner is but the outspoken

synonym for freedom. The great palpitating heart of the nation is for universal sovereignty; for the man above the king; the people—the great masses—above the throne.

There can be no question but what the fundamental principles of our government are based upon righteousness, and if carried out to the letter we shall find the science of human society more grandly developed by American freemen than it has hitherto been in the whole history of the race.

It has been claimed that "the history of western civilization is simply the natural history of the Christian religion, and it is to the softening influence of the spirit of that unexampled conception of self-abnegation that we owe the evolutionary force that has been behind the entire process of social development which has transformed a primitive organization of society into the modern State, which is still pursuing its course unchecked among us." But the masses, or the unthinking element, do not take into consideration what we, as a people, owe to Christianity. Has heathenism ever proclaimed in all the long centuries of the past that "all men are created equal and entitled to the right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?" In the whole world's history have not barbarism and cruelty and oppression been found to exist wherever the Christian religion did not prevail? Rome in the very height of her power and splendor was cruel. Universal manhood was not recognized; the right of man to be a man was not acknowledged. In the historic and storied past we find that it was the Jews, with their belief in one universal and divine Father, who first, as a people, cheerfully promulgated the belief in the grandeur of humanity. It was not the teaching of any of the ancient peoples, save the Jews, who accepted God as the Father and Maker of men. It is Christianity that teaches us the value of man as a creature endowed with immortal powers and made in the image of the Divine Creator.

Freedom, then, is an inspiration of Christianity, and just so long as we adhere to Christian teachings and base the control of our public affairs upon them shall we be a free and prosperous people, growing in greatness and power, realizing the value of humanity and the grandeur of its possibilities. Christianity is like a powerful searchlight thrown upon human needs, and it quickens the sympathies of men in such a way that they are anxious to supply those needs.

A nation grows great only as it realizes the grandeur of man and stands ready for the work of his uplifting. It is true that among the American people there are many who have not become reconciled to the American idea of Christianity and freedom—aliens who mistake liberty for license and Christianity for dogma and creed. But that leaven of faith which permeated the atmosphere which our Puritan fathers breathed is working today in the very spirit of our free institutions, and is controlling us in our policy and laws, no less than in our relation toward other nations. Underlying popular sentiment throughout the country is the love of justice, humanity and the right. And, living under the stress of such sentiment, the American people can never become oppressors. We have not removed the Spaniard from Cuban and Filipino that we might forge for them the chains of a political slavery. . . .

The installation of our national power in those far islands was not of this government's seeking. It was a something thrust upon us by the providence of God, and He is calling today upon the American people to aid in the solution of the problem of uplifting ignorant and semi-barbarous peoples. We are solving that problem in a way that we did not desire, by the help of the sword, but every bullet He may make speak for Him in the behalf of freedom and for a nobler future for that race. Each tomorrow of Time has its night in which the sun is hid, but when the tomorrow of America's relation with these islands shall dawn, we shall see for them the promise of a better day.

The providence of God is not working idly. It was through war that we have again been cemented into one great and undivided nation. The baptism of blood is upon our Flag, but we have been led to see the hand of Providence in all these varied affairs of government, and to feel that we were being guided by that same hand into new paths that we have not sought, and that out of them, sooner or later, would come the revelations of God's purpose, while we would say, "Here, O Lord! are we, Thy people; use us as Thou wilt!"

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE RACE.

"No man liveth to himself," is a saying that is centuries old—old as the Christian era, when the great Teacher enunciated so emphatically the truth of the brotherhood of the race, and taught men that fundamental principle of Christianity, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

It is this innate feeling of universal brotherhood that is stirring the world today and moving it to indignant protest against the attitude of France, which in the condemnation of Dreyfus has dared to defy the sentiment of Christendom and withhold from him the meed of justice. France has dared in this to voice her hatred of the Jew and to heap upon him unmerited ignominy and shame. The nations stand aghast at her daring, at the travesty of justice which she exhibited in her recent trial of the accused, and the general feeling is that she stands upon a political volcano which at any moment may break forth into eruptive force and destroy her.

No nation, any more than the individual, can trample upon justice, upon human rights, and bid bold defiance to that sentiment which recognizes the brotherhood of man, without punishment coming in due time. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small," is a truth that was recognized by the ancients, with their multitudinous gods whom they worshiped. But that old mythological age has passed, and those gods born of men's unbelief have vanished. Jehovah stands at the helm as He did even in those days of misty doubt and unbelief, and He is making ready to assert

His justice and to stay with the right hand of His power these long ages of oppression and wrong. After nineteen hundred years of the Christian era the world is not going to stand tamely by and silently witness such mockery of justice, and this persecution of the Jew as a Jew, when no stain of crime is found upon him. The Christian world does not forget how much it owes to the Jew of all that is best and highest in human hopes. It does not forget that the Great Teacher was a Jew, and that from the Jew it received its Bible, in which are hidden all the hopes of its future, all the promises of immortality. There is nothing in keeping with the spirit of the age in the result of this trial of Dreyfus, and France cannot trample upon the enlightened sentiment of the world and hope to escape her punishment. Republican France will soon be a thing of the past if outrage is to be permitted to sit in her halls of justice and pronounce the verdicts for her judges. The whole enlightened world protests against it, and it recognizes the claim which this persecuted and wronged son of Abraham has to its sympathy and its aid.

This trial will help the Jew where he is guiltless of wrong, and the Christian sentiment of the world will be with him, and will extend to him the hand of brotherhood. Day by day do we more fully realize that "God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth," and just so far as we supinely permit the rights of any man or any people to be trampled upon, just so far do we endanger the principles of freedom and the claims of universal brotherhood. And God will not deal with nations—with wrong in the aggregate—less severely than with individual wrong. The scales of justice will weigh surely, and in the end the wrong shall be punished and the brotherhood of the race shall be established.

LIBERTY UNDER LAW.

The power and strength of the Republic is evidenced in times like the present, when the Chief Magistrate of the nation lies stricken by the hand of the assassin, and the heart of this great people is stirred with an intensity of anxiety and sorrow. But there is no pause in governmental affairs, no disorder throughout the wide realm of our country's domain; no panic in business circles and no attempt to lawlessly avenge this awful crime against humanity and all civilized government.

The blow of the assassin was not a blow struck at one man, but it was aimed at the State, at the majesty of law and the protective hand of authorized authority. It was a revelation of human depravity such as may well appall us, and which would make us tremble did we not realize that God still rules, and out of all this evil He can bring good. An overruling Providence! That is what the American people have to thank God for today, and they may rest assured that out of this darkness He will yet make the light to shine and the greatness of His purposes concerning us to be revealed.

The great blessings of freedom and constitutional liberty have we not been inclined to accept as a matter of course and to guard lightly the inestimable privileges which they have bequeathed us? Have we realized the sacredness of liberty and the wide difference there is between liberty and license? The one is heaven-born and holy; the other is altogether a thing of evil, working only destruction and the annihilation of every established safeguard of society. There is no freedom that equals that which is enjoyed under obedience to righteous law, and he who would wipe out all law is an enemy to mankind and a willing tool of the Prince of Evil.

As a people we cannot doubt that we are true to the principles of sovereign, individual liberty, and yet much that is subversive of those principles has of late crept into our various communities, and the God-given right of men to live and labor and provide for the needs of those dependent upon them has been denied them except under certain conditions. The right of man to be a man, to think and act and decide for himself under law, has been assailed, and thus the very seeds of anarchy and misrule have been sown broadcast, and the causes which naturally lead to such dastardly and damnable crimes as that so recently perpetrated at Buffalo have been set in motion and brought into activity.

Perhaps the American people needed just such an awful lesson as is presented by the assassination of our great and good President to lead them to pause and reflect whither they are tending. We do not believe the work of this nation is yet done, but rather that it has only paved the way to a grander and more golden future, and Providence has perhaps taken this means of opening our eyes to see where we stand, that the danger which threatens us may be averted.

Christian America is the hope of the world, and the eyes of all nations are upon her. Let her not go backward or take one step downward in her grand march of progress and enlightenment. Let justice and righteousness be embodied in all the principles of her government and the sovereign rights of the individual citizen be maintained. A great world power, our duties cannot be ignored or lightly cast aside. We have been schooled in a century of freedom such as no other people have enjoyed. A broad, vast continent is ours, and here all that is best and most beneficent in human government should be promulgated and the grandeur of liberty under law be most fully illustrated.

THE "LAND OF THE AFTERNOON."

Nature is a lover of romance and of poetry, and there are some pages in her great volume that are all aglow with beauty; pages on which she has written her grandest epics with the alphabet of majestic mountains, towering foothills, wide-spreading plains, deep, rock-walled cañons, and the great seas clasping the shining sands of her white shores, which lie all the year in the lap of the eternal sunshine.

We have read much in that great volume which she has written, turning its pages again and again from the Atlantic to the Pacific, studying her vast forests, her towering waterfalls, her rolling plains, her swift-rushing

rivers and her inland seas, but nowhere have we found the grand epic of Nature so eloquent and so full of splendor and sublimity as on that marvelous page where the wondrous glory of California is written in an alphabet all her own.

This Land of the Afternoon, as we contemplate its varied charms, seems to us, in contrast with other sections of the continent, like a miracle of Nature. In all its vast extent it has nothing commonplace; nothing but what is built upon the largest and most perfect plan. It is an empire in extent, embracing a larger area than many an Old-World kingdom. It has great blossoming and fertile valleys, some of which are greater in area than the whole State of Massachusetts. Figures may tell the story of its vastness, yet how little do we comprehend them. It is a State 770 miles in length, and at its greatest width 330 miles in extent, containing within its borders 188,981 square miles. The old Empire State of the older East is like a pigmy beside it, for this wonderful California is four times the size of New York and twenty-four times larger than Massachusetts, the cradle of so much that is grand in our history, and within its limits 144 States of the size of Rhode Island might be planted and yet find room.

Cradled in the sunshine, guarded by sentinel mountains, traversed by broad valleys, fanned by the delightful breezes of the world's greatest sea, with a soil of unsurpassed fertility, and the home of the products of every zone, California invites the world to her enfolding arms and bids the home-seeker come hither and help to build a glorious future, such as shall find no parallel in all the proud, historic past.

If we but study the latent possibilities of this Land of the Afternoon, we will find that they are scarcely without limit, and that everything exists here which tends toward the highest physical and intellectual development of the race. Here are all the elements necessary for the nurture of art; for the inspiration of the poet; for the unfolding of the scholar, of the philanthropist and the patriot. Men who are forever companioned by lofty mountains, those mighty apostles of greatness and sublimity, are not apt to grow small and mean. Where the whole of one's natural surroundings are built on the grandest scale, men are not inclined to narrowness of thought. Unconsciously Nature is their teacher, and they drink in something of the large spirit that is abroad in her realm, especially where so great a proportion of life may be lived out of doors with the voices of Growth and Sunshine forever speaking to us, and with the forms of beauty and color enshrined in everything we see. In no country in the world has Nature so excelled in her handiwork as in this State, and we can but feel that it is a State which she has built for the future; that it is a workshop where she may give birth and development to her human masterpieces, who shall bless the world.

Here we front the wide realm of the Orient, rich in historic memories. It was the cradle of civilization, the nursing mother of art and poetry and song. But the light of its early morning has grown dim; its intellectual giants have passed, and the world's sunlight shines brightest today in the West. And in all this wide West there is no section so full of promise, where Nature offers so many aids to advancement, as in this golden Land of the Afternoon, where everything invites to action, to growth and prosperity. If you but tickle the soil and water it, abundant harvests grow and ripen in the unfailing sunlight. Breathing the pure air and living in the great world out of doors, health is our natural heritage. Relieved from severe battling with extremes of heat and cold, we have perfect physical comfort, and our thoughts are not distracted by this warfare with the elements to the neglect of greater things that tend to progressive development. It is as if Nature said to us: "I have set but few hindrances to growth here, and I have made it possible in this land for the race to reach the highest stage of human advancement. Here I look for the intellectual giants of the future and the culmination of all that is best in Christian civilization. Here the horn of plenty shall be full. Rivers of oil and harvests of fruit and grain shall be abundant. The land shall laugh with its rich harvests and grow glad in its unfailing calm and sunshine, and all that I ask in return is that you shall be true to manhood and to freedom. O Land of the Afternoon let your future be glorious!"

GEMS.

Have you seen the glorious poppy fields lying like sunset clouds upon the hills? They pave a pathway of gold for your feet, till you think of the shining streets of the Celestial City, and you almost wonder if they can be fairer than these flower-decked paths that lie so goldenly along our sunny slopes beneath our skies of blue.

The world doesn't grow old, it renews its youth with every springtime, and laughs at time and change forever. O happy earth!

All the land is smiling with beauty and the air is full of fragrance and the songs of birds. Our abundant rains have set the crown of perfection upon all things.

LAY SERMONS.

MRS. OTIS was not only a singer of songs, she was a preacher of sermons, and eloquent ones. Here are a few of the many she wrote:

I.

THE SUPREME HOPE.

Last night the world saw the sun go down and the glory of the light melt into darkness. Everywhere the shadows fell, and color faded, and over all the landscape was dimness and night.

But as the darkness increased, out of the immensity of the sky the stars flashed, and the glory of their brightness was revealed. Men could see then that afar off was the infinity of worlds and unnumbered suns circling through space and proclaiming by their presence the greatness of creative power.

Thus, it seems, does the night of sorrow fall upon our lives, bringing to them the grandest revelations of Divine Love and Goodness.

If there were no night, what should we know of star-strewn space? Suns and planets would circle on forever, sweeping their vast orbits, hidden from our sight by the glory of the light. Beyond the limits of our minor planet our knowledge could not range. The sun of our intelligence would be vastly lessened, our conception of creative wisdom be most materially decreased. And thus it is in the night of man's sorrow. Then the starry hemispheres of God's love are revealed, and the vast planets of His tender mercies swing into view. There is a white, Milky Way, which Faith treads, lighted by the suns of Hope and the shining spheres of Faith and Trust. Brighter than the Southern Cross is the starlit cross of our redemption. The glory of Calvary lights every zone, and sheds its beams upon every night darkened by sin, if the sould but turn toward it.

The beauty of religion is its joyousness and its clear-visioned trust. Is the Christian weak, there is Infinite strength to which he may cling. Is he tempted, there is One who "was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin, and who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities." Is he sad, down through the long ages comes the voice to him, "Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted." Is he lonely and companionless, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Does he fear death, fear to go away into its silence and mystery, there is still a tender voice speaking, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Is he homeless and a wanderer, divine compassion fails him not, but affirms, "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." Does he fear disaster and failure, still like music to his soul he hears, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want; He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters." Does sickness come to him and bear him down into the very depths of Jordan, as he enters the flood upon his forehead is the touch of Divine Compassion, and ere his ear is so dull that he cannot hear, in accents tenderer than human speech comes the voice of his Redeemer, "Today thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

In view of such a religion as this, which meets every human need, how strange that man should turn aside from the simplicity of gospel faith to scoff and to doubt!

For ages the world lost sight of immortality. Superstition held it in darkness. Idolatry kept burning her altar fires. Unnumbered gods were worshiped. Greek and Roman deities peopled Olympus, and upon the heights of Mars' Hill was reared a temple "to the Unknown God." How kneeled hoary old Egypt before the shrines of Osiris, Isis and Jupiter Ammon, in the worship of beast and bird and reptile along the banks of her sacred Nile. How countless were the followers of Baal and bloody Moloch among the nations beyond Palestine. Upon what a world of doubt and hopelessness rose the Star of Bethlehem—the star which for almost two thousand years has shed its light upon our night of sin, revealing the glory of redemption.

Would we not suppose that a religion thus adapted to every human need, to every noble desire of the soul, would be received with gladness by every one who has heard the glad tidings of "peace on earth, good-will to man?"

But no! in Christian America today there are the worshipers of other gods. Not less in number than the Olympian deities are the idols which are still set up in this and other lands. The shrine of Mammon is thronged today as it was before the dawn of the Christian era, and men we find everywhere, even under the shadows of our churches, who have their altars to their unknown gods. The isms of doubt are the pits into which they fall. Skepticism takes many forms. We are surprised by it in various shapes and under various names.

There is the materialist, who will tell you that man is nothing but a material organism, to which conscious existence death puts an end forever; that he lives on in the race, but the individual perishes. There is nothing of him but mere matter. How this matter becomes possessed of intelligence and is capable of hope and fear, of joy and of sorrow, is the possessor of a conscience, of moral as well as intellectual qualities, he does not explain. He simply affirms.

But what a farce this materialistic philosopher makes of human life. "The chemic lump arrives at the plant and grows; arrives at the quadruped and walks; arrives at man and thinks." Did heathenism ever put forth ideas more inconceivable or preposterous than this? And yet it finds root in the soil of a Christian land near the year 2000 of the Christian era. It is the uplifting of a puny, finite arm that would sweep God from the throne of His own universe, annihilate mind, and make man but the brother to the clod.

But to the eye of Christian faith, above all doubt and unbelief, shines unhindered forever the day-star of Hope. Borne upward on the unfailing wings of divine promises, above the surging seas of time, his spirit cries, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The waters of life's ocean break for him upon no darkened shores of unbelief. Immortal vistas where

> "God's own light, unhindered and undarkened
> By a sun shines forth alone in glory,"

burst upon his view. Day dawns, and life without end begins for him.

> O change! O wondrous change!
> Burst are the prison bars!
> This moment here so low,
> So agonized—and now
> Beyond the stars.

II.

NATURE'S UNIVERSAL SPEECH.

Nature has by the wayside many preachers—voices speaking to men who heed them not, eloquent though they are with many lessons for our help.

Yonder is a eucalyptus tree, thrusting its tall trunk upward eighty feet toward the blue dome of the sky. How the lightest breeze sways its shimmering leaves!

How the sunlight glorifies its topmost boughs! The earth at its base lies in shadow, for the sun is going down, but there is a golden glory upon its highest boughs. It leans above the earth, and seems to say, "O Earth! above thy shadows is the sunshine. Though you are in darkness, higher up the light still shines. I see beyond the West where the sun is sinking, and there is light there. I turn my face to the East, where, when the night has passed, a new dawn will brighten, another day appear. Only for a little time are the shadow and the night, and even they shall be lessened by the coming of the starlight. O Earth! Earth! look up!"

How like faith is that monarch tree with its leaves breathing in the upper air! How gloriously free and unshackled is it! How it drinks in the warmth of the sunshine, the purity of the atmosphere! The passing breezes toy with its leaves but to give them strength. Slender though their stems, they are not broken, for they move with the breeze and float with the currents of air. Oh, if we were only like them! If we would but let faith lift us high, as the tree lifts its swaying boughs, where we could catch the light and glory of God's love—if, instead of resisting His will, we would let our lives be swayed by His purposes and His love as the leaves are swayed by the breeze, we should never be broken by sorrow and disappointment any more than are the tiny stems of the leaves broken by the sweep of the winds which stir them. This is the lesson of faith which the trees teach us. And still another lesson do they preach. When the tempest comes, and black clouds of storm veil the heavens; when the winds are unloosed and the strong tempest bends them like a blade of grass, how their arms are tossed and shaken, and their giant trunks bend low like suppliants, and then lift themselves again erect against the tempest. How are strengthened the sturdy old trunks by such battlings, how sweeps with fresh vigor the circling sap through their veins! There is a new shimmer to their leaves, and a sound like the melody of a wind-harp through their topmost branches. So, for you, O man, swept by the tempest of temptation, bowed by the awful storm of trial and sorrow, yet helped by God's grace to resist and conquer, when the storm has passed, and again you are lifted up where the clear, unhindered light of God's love shines on you, you feel stronger for the tempest through which you have passed, and which has brought spiritual health to your soul.

Do you doubt God's love? Come with me and look upon this tender little wayside flower. It brightens no garden; it is tended by no human hands. Not long ago it was but a dry and tiny seed. The winds blew it into its resting-place and covered it with sheltering particles of soil. The clouds gathered overhead and poured down the gentle rains to water it. Then again the winds blew and dispersed the clouds. Soft and warm fell the sunlight upon it. The soil like a gentle mother nurtured it and soon its roots unfolded and its leaves were lifted timidly above the ground. Day by day, warmed by the sunlight, nurtured by the soil, it grew, till by and by, above its small green leaves the perfect blossoms unfolded to glad human eyes and brightened the earth. What is its voice to you? "If God so clothed the flowers of the field, how much more shall he clothe you, O ye of little faith!"

Yonder, beyond the hills, is a field of corn. Every day the stalks are lifted higher. Folded in its green sheath the ear appears, and then comes the full corn in the ear. Day by day it ripens until it is ready for the harvest. Just so much moisture, just so much sunshine is needed for its perfection. Does Nature know how much? No; but behind all Nature's laws is the force of intelligent will. God gives the sunshine and the shower, and it is His bounty that bestows upon us the ripened grain. "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it," He saith to us from every field of corn and grain that covers the land.

The vast Sierra wall lifts itself beyond the borders of the Angel City. How grand and firm and majestic they rise, as if rested upon them the dome of eternal skies. Their bright crests catch the first golden gleam of the sunrise and the last shining beam of the departing day. Their rocky fronts proclaim their strength. How do they remind us of the hiding places of God's power, and as the eagle circles above them, his eye fixed upon the sun and his strong pinions outspread, we are reminded of Jehovah's promise, "I will cover thee with my wings—in the shadow of my wings ye may trust."

Climb to the heights about the city and cast your eyes over the extended landscape. Far and wide the fertile plains stretch away, crowned with vineyards whose grapes are like the grapes of Eschol, with orchards lying upon the borders of wide pastures where the cattle feed; view the vast extent of sea, whose balmy breezes take from our summers their sultry heat, and if its billows are lashed by tempests and broken upon the shore, hear the voice saying, "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea," and learn the unfailing lesson of trust.

Are you a stranger among us, far from home, and weary and lonely, standing on these heights, view the great line of encircling hills which are about us on every hand, and listen to the comforting words which they speak to you, "Like as the mountains are around about Jerusalem, so is the Lord around about His people."

Traverse the plains where our orchards lift themselves like emeralds to the sun; walk amid the green fields of alfalfa fed by living moisture, and still again to your ears comes the voice of blessed hope for the future: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters."

Do the lowlands still stretch out at your feet, unfolding to the embracing hills, as you raise your eyes to the breezy uplands, where the golden sunlight lingers still, your soul thrills with exultation as you whisper, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth."

There is not a mountain or hilltop; not a blade of grass nor a budding flower, not a swaying leaf nor a whispering breeze; not a growing thing in the world of Nature but hath speech for us of God's love and care for us, if we will but hear its voice. They are friends and teachers, prophets prophesying gloriously. They tell us that seed-time nor harvest shall not fail us, and that God's eye is over all and in all, blessed forever. The immensity of sky proclaims the infinitude of its Maker, and the boundless sunshine is the emblem of God's immeasurable love.

III.

THE "EVERLASTING ARMS."

The earth through our dry summer months grows brown and bare. The rich green of the grasses fades. The wild flowers which lend a glory to the hillsides, and star the valleys and the plains with plenty, are withered and dead. Only the trees, which lift themselves above the earth, are green, swaying serenely in the open air.

The brooks, too, are dry, and the rivers sink below their bed of white sands, and the melody of running waters is stilled. In the glare of the hot sun the earth is parched and thirsty, and growth is slow.

So it is often in the summer of man's prosperity. The running rills of trust are dry, the strong rivers of faith

sink beneath the sands of worldliness, and the soil of our hearts is parched with the fever of gain.

Prosperity is not always the richest boon that can be given to man, for it is not that which stirs the roots of his finer feelings, it is not that which is promotive of moral inspiration and a quick spiritual life.

Prosperity is like our summer. Its atmosphere is warm and pleasant, and we love to sun ourselves in its light. In the gardens of blossoming plants we love to walk, and lie contentedly beneath the boughs of worldly hopes. We muse upon our future and see ourselves growing rich and influential. The years spread out before us and our corn and grain increase; our houses and our lands are multiplied. Men bow before us, for they honor success, and our children sit in the gates. The best that earth can give is ours. We eat of the fatness of the land, and our mouths are satisfied. Milk and honey and wine are poured into our storehouses, and our coffers are filled with silver and gold. No shadow is upon the heights where we stand and no darkness of cloud is above our head. What wonder that the spiritual rills of our nature are dry, and that we are satisfied with the fleshpots of Egypt and long never for the fullness of Canaan.

"This world is good enough for us," we say; "it is one of ease and luxury and pleasure. Every day do our coffers grow in fullness, and the grandeur of success is achieved. I am sufficient unto myself."

But let sorrow come. Let business failure overwhelm you. Let death enter the home-circle and take from it the one most dearly loved; where then, O man, is the greatness of thy strength? where the pride that lifted thee up and set thee upon high places? Where is the fullness with which thou wast satisfied? Earth has none of it left. Then it is that the poverty of this life stands forth, and the nakedness of thy soul is discovered. But blessed art thou if into this eventide of thy sorrow there cometh light; if upon thy dry and thirsty heart is poured the dews of divine love and the rains of comforting grace. How, then, shalt thy soul blossom anew in its gladness, and thy hopes take hold upon the blessedness of immortality! Sorrow is a benediction in that it shows us our helplessness and our need of a Divine Helper. It is a blessing, too, in that it tends to quicken human sympathies; but most of all is God's love revealed to us through sorrow if it leads us to Him who was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Then is the winter of our life made glorious. How are all spiritual graces watered by tears, while through each one shines the rainbow of hope, and the light of Love Divine. "The Lord loveth whom He chasteneth."

And that love! It was from it that the world sprang. It was that which brightened Eden, and shed the fullness of Hope upon the darkness of Calvary. It was that which opened the door of the tomb upon the morning of the resurrection in the lonely garden. It is that which dispels the darkness of the grave, and makes the dying bed a mount of vision. It is that which takes from death its sting and makes us "conquerors and more than conquerors through Him who hath loved us."

There are no dry and sunburnt wastes in the life that God has redeemed. No hunger of souls, no unsatisfied longings. Men stand there on the high levels of trust, and though the darkness may be round about them, and destruction threaten to overwhelm them, they know that beneath them are "the everlasting arms." Man is happy when his higher or spiritual nature is satisfied. All ills that befall him then are lesser ills, over which the spirit may triumph. With his will subservient to God's will there is no conflict. All warring passions are hushed, all struggling has ceased. As in subjection to the law there is liberty, so in man's submission to the infinite will is there the largest freedom and happiness. So, too, is there the largest growth and the truest development of man's nature. Our spiritual athletes are those who do most frequent and successful battle with temptation. Our modern Davids are those who have slain the Goliath of sinful lusts and have put on the breast-plate of righteousness. Sorrow is God's hand stretched out to us by which He would lead us. It is the rod with which the rock is smitten that the waters may gush out that shall satisfy the thirst of our spirits, which have wandered in the desert of sin and found no living fountain of which it might drink. The greatest blessings which we receive ofttimes come to us through the benediction of suffering.

IV.

REDEEMED.

It is beautiful to watch the night fade and behold the coming of the Morn.

Looking to the East, there is the faintest shade of rosy purple which warms and brightens until a soft line of amber marks the yet unopened portals of the Day. From that the light creeps upward. In the whole broad East the darkness is melting; the purple shadows are gone. The hills are born anew out of the womb of Night. Each wears upon its crest a shining crown. Golden arrows of light shoot downward, pale amber, rose and crimson; and the faintest warm violet border; in the East the deep, overhanging blue of the sky. The amber brightens, its pale shade turns to shining gold. In all the branches of the trees birds twitter, and, lo! the million diamonds of dew upon the grass! The faintest breezes stir, and the gates of the day swing wide. The shining sun stands on the threshold of the morn, and day has come.

So out of the night of Death breaks the resplendent light of the eternal morning. All the shadows of time fade, all its darkness vanishes. The glory of immortality is shadowless. Its brightness is unhindered by a cloud. No gloom rests upon it. The Eternal City with its gates of pearl is transcendent in its brightness, for "the Lord God is the Light thereof."

Death is beautiful to the Christian, first of all, because it brings freedom from sin. No more wrestling with temptation and besetting doubts and fear. Redemption is accomplished. The fetters of frailty and human weakness are broken, and the redeemed one, in the new life, stands "conqueror and more than conqueror through Him who hath loved him."

Death is desirable also for the larger life that it brings—the spiritual expansion—the change from seeing "through a glass, darkly," to that of seeing "face to face." No longer will the Eternal Father be a mystery to us, for there we "shall see Him as He is." The eternal morning will be brightened by His presence. Side by side with "our Elder Brother"—the Redeemer of men—shall we walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, and sit with Him in "the many mansions." The melody of heaven will fill our ears, and the grandeur of the created universe sweep before our unhindered vision.

The home of the Infinite may be the center about which all worlds do circle, and standing by it we shall hear "the morning stars sing together, and all the sons of God shout for joy." From the mightiest planets of the skies may come other souls to share with us the glory and the bliss of the eternal years, but among them all none will stand nearer to the loving Father than we whose blessed immortality has been purchased through the blood of Christ. The sweetest song of heaven will be the song of the redeemed, from whose faces all tears shall be wiped away, and to whom shall come no more sorrow, nor any more pain, nor any more death.

Fled forever the cares of earth, its changes and sorrows. No more beds of anguish and of wasting sickness. No more battling with wrong and falling by the way. No

more bitter regrets and remorse, and sense of weakness and helplessness. Faith will have wings and weakness be changed to strength.

Oh, the wonderful unfolding of Divine Love! Oh, the moment of breathless interest when shall be unveiled to us the Father's face! Oh, the inconceivable glory, and majesty, and tenderness that will shine upon us there! Oh, the floods of new life and gladness that will overflow us! We shall feel that the fullness of being has been attained, and we shall be ready to drink at the fountain of eternal wisdom through the endless ages of immortality.

Oh, blessed death that brings to us this longer life, this cloudless, eternal day! "O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?"

V.

GLEAMS OF IMMORTALITY.

Nature for many days has been under a cloud. We have walked beneath a gray canopy of mist, and all the golden tints of the sunshine have been veiled. But above that gray curtain of cloud we knew that the sun was shining, and that sooner or later it would break forth in its splendor, wrapping the world in its light and glorifying all things. And when yesterday the clouds vanished and the sky was spread above us like a grand dome of blue, radiant with light and filled with warmth, there was no surprise, for it was but what we had looked and waited for. We knew that God's hand held the universe, and that the order of things would not change. And why, O Christian, should not our faith be as strong in Our Father in spiritual things as in the things of this world? Is this natural world more to Him than the souls of His children, and the promises which He has given them? Where is the Christian's faith that he should ever be despondent, when, "Like as a Father pitieth His children, so the Lord pitieth those who fear Him." O days of clouds and sorrow, of disappointment and grief, why are we overlooked by them when still the promise is ours, that "These light afflictions which are but for a moment shall work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!"

Sorrow is one of God's most blessed angels, and the peace which it will ultimately give is sweeter and holier than ever joy alone could bring us. Sanctified sorrow is God's best gift to us. It sets the eternal gates ajar, and gives us glimpses of our heavenly inheritance. We may rejoice in this world, for it is pleasant, but we see beyond it a better one which is eternal, and the heavenly mansion "whose builder and maker is God."

Have our friends passed over to the celestial shores, we feel that we have, then, an earthly center in that land as well as a heavenly one; that there is human as well as divine love awaiting us there, hearts whose celestial feelings are tenderer than they were when with us, in that the heavenly life is larger and more complete, and the earth dross is all swept away. We feel that heaven and earth are wedded now, since so much earthly love is there, and sometimes we fancy that Jesus, our "Elder Brother," may walk "in the green pastures and beside the still waters," and talk with our beloved of His purposes toward us and His pity for us amid earth's struggles and pains, and that down through the sunlighted stillness of space the thrill of His tenderness may reach us to gladden and strengthen us. Why put the Infinite and Omnipresent so far away when faith and sorrow may bring them so near? Why walk as if alone and uncomforted, when

> "God has marked each sorrowing day
> And numbered every secret tear,
> And Heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
> For all His children suffer here?"

Into all the deeps of human sorrow may fall the sweet and placid sunshine of God's love, and the voice of Hope may penetrate our ears above the noise and the confusion of the tempest, saying: "Sorrow endureth but for the night; joy cometh with the morning."

We weigh life's worth by its uses and its ends. If it were our lot to be only for a few short years, to suffer and endure and then perish, small would be the value of this earthly existence, for it would not mean anything. The universe would be, in the end, no better for all that men do and achieve. But when through the shadow of death the gleams of immortality break, and the promises of God are sure, then it is that the heart grows triumphant even amid its tears, and the sense of life's vastness and its worth, together with faith in the imperishable love of God, brings us consolation. Life is worth living, if we live it well, for after it is all over we may enter into our inheritance, "which is incorruptible, undefiled and which passeth not away."

VI.

JOY IN SERVICE.

Have you ever thought of the bounteousness of the sunshine—how it floods every mountain peak, every broad valley, every deep and quiet cañon, and the wide sea? There is no part of the earth that is not touched by it; no plant, nor leaf, nor blade of grass, nor flower, nor tree that is not nurtured by its influence and glorified by its beams. Even the night is brightened by it, for afar off through the trackless realms of space are set countless suns lighting unnumbered planetary spheres, which shed their reflected glory upon our night. Light is everywhere, brightening the universe, and bringing its revelations of creative power and goodness. It permeates the earth; it floods the skies; it illuminates the seas, and there are star-beams reaching unbroken from the earth to the farthest worlds that we can see through the aid of the telescope—a wonder of glory are they, a marvel of divine power, a voice of God to us. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech or language where His voice is not heard."

And so over the race is the blessed light of God's love, powerful and deep; all-permeating and all-abounding. Can you escape from it—can you go so far over seas of sorrow, across continents of doubt, onward to isles of sophistry, past frozen icebergs of dead faith, and into the clouded night of superstition, that it shall not reach you? No. It will follow you still, as the starbeams and as the sunlight never-failing, though you may not perceive it, and it will be all about you like the atmosphere which you breathe.

Ah, what a heart is that of the Infinite Father! Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice, "and even the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

"Ah, but I have trouble," you say, "and cares and sorrows and disappointments. I grow weary of life sometimes; its burdens seem heavy; and its hopes are dim. I can see no light in all the gray, cold horizon before me. I hear no song of bird, no voice of melody; nothing but clouds and darkness encompass me."

But be joyful and open your eyes to the light of God's truth, and your ears to His voice, saying: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth those that

fear Him." Know that He is a "friend who sticketh closer than a brother," and that these "light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

You have a little child; it goes astray sometimes. The puny, helpless thing disobeys you. If you take no note of its disobedience the loving heart of your child will be changed. It will grow up into waywardness, to selfishness and rebellion, ignoring your authority and seeking its own will. But you love this little one nevertheless, for are you not its father? and with great tenderness you set yourself to bending its will to your own. The child is not pleased with the punishment which you inflict; it sees no love in the correction which you give it, but by and by it yields to you, and later it discerns the strong cords of love which bind you to it, and severity is no longer needed. Whatever you bid it do, it does cheerfully, and it trusts in you.

So, O man, does Our Father deal with us, till by and by, out of the pain of discipline and the sorrow of rebellion, comes the clear, shining morning of faith, when we can look up and say, "Yea, though he slay me, yet will I trust Him," and over the fogs and the mists and the darkness of this world our clear-visioned eyes look out to the glory and the brightness of the life to come.

Discipline gives us strength. The man who has never been tempted is not the strong man. The man who has never been called to resist temptation, who has never been compelled to fight any battles with his evil and sinful inclinations, is not the triumphant and exulting warrior who sings: "I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." No; it is through much tribulation that we enter into the kingdom. The most spotless robes among the immortal saved will be those worn by those who have been washed in the blood of the Redeemer, and been made "perfect through suffering." Oh, the alleluiahs that martyrs will raise, and the glory of the shining crowns that they will wear! Starry crowns will they be, for through their steadfastness men will be led to trust like them, and to conquer.

And oh, the joys and the blessedness of immortality! They are without measure and without end! Heaven is forever. No storms can sweep its skies; no doubt cloud its sunshine; no fear disturb its gladness. Face to face with the Redeemer walk the redeemed, "into green pastures and beside the still waters," as through the streets of the city of the new Jerusalem. The love of Christ is like a river, which "maketh glad the city of our God." It sweeps onward, like a glorious anthem filling our ears. The melody of heaven would be soundless without it.

The Christian life is not a sad life, for it is full of hope —it is full of riches. Everything which we behold is our Father's. We are rich in all that His hand has made. The gates of pearl and the gold of heaven are ours. The streets of Paradise were paved for our feet. Eternity without end, filled with all its joys, is for us. Into the mysteries of our redemption, so full of wondrous love, so crowned with divine pity, the angels desire to look but are not able. Higher seats than theirs are those kept for redeemed man. The God incarnate is his brother as well as his Redeemer and Creator. Oh, wonderful mystery! Oh, ecstatic joy! Let the sorrows of earth slip by us, while we "fight the good fight of faith and finish our course. At the end is the crown, and the robes of Christ's righteousness, and the welcome plaudit. Well done, good and faithful servants; enter ye into the joy of your Lord." How then shall our souls be satisfied when we awake in His likeness.

VII.

LIFE IS INDEED WORTH LIVING.

We sometimes hear the question asked, "Is life worth living?" In answering this inquiry, there is still another question of overwhelming importance to be considered in connection with it. It is this: For what purpose is life given us? It is the *end* to be attained which makes existence valuable or otherwise. If this be all of life—these shadowy, fleeting days, into almost every one of which some sorrow creeps, and into all of which some shade of disappointment must enter—we well may hesitate before we reply.

If we look, too, at the number of wasted lives, given over to dissipation and folly, and, worse still, to crime, the question comes home to us with more potency than ever.

If we consider, also, the butterfly existence of many, living simply for pleasure, having no delight in anything beyond social display and idle gayety, the question again recurs to us, "Is life worth living?" If we look at the world of business, and see men whose every energy is devoted to securing wealth, who have no thought nor ambition beyond their business pursuits, yet who battle bravely with disappointment, and evince an unconquerable heroism in overcoming the obstacles in the way to their success, and ultimately win all that they have struggled for, so that in the evening of their days they can sit down in the enjoyment of what they have achieved, can we, if this be all—if beyond the evening of old age, with the infirmities and the failing strength, and the weakening faculties, there be no glad morning for the spirit—assert that life is worth living?

But there is a mistake in this question. Men have not framed it aright. The question for us to consider is simply this: Shall I so shape my life, so mold its purposes, so direct its aims, so spiritualize its hopes as to *make* it worth living?

A human life! In its broadest sense what does it mean? An eternity of existence, either for joy or for sorrow. No little today can bound it. All the yesterdays and all the tomorrows of time are not vast enough for its circumference. It is a force projected into all the eternal future. Nothing can hinder its being felt, nothing can annihilate its individuality.

It is not those who contemplate life with a large spiritual vision, who recognize their obligations to a divine power, and bear about them a continued sense of responsibility who raise the sad interrogation which voices the spirit of skepticism, "Is life worth living?" They are like the brook which runs always, singing to the sea. Over them always are the bending skies of Infinite Love. Faith reveals to them the silver lining to every cloud. In the misfortunes, disappointments, trials and sorrows of life they recognize their needed discipline. No doubt overwhelms them, and beyond life's vexing cares they are assured that there is peace and rest. They have the spirit of the warrior, and they do brave battling with wrong. Though wounded sometimes, their eyes are fixed upon the glorious banner of Christ's Righteousness. Beyond the battlements of time is the crown which their Great Captain—the Lord of Hosts—has in reserve for them—and there are the glorious uniforms—the robes of the redeemed in the chambers of the skies. And what is more, there is eternal life, eternal progress, eternal joy. Ah, is not life worth living with all these at the end?

But, as night falls upon the world, so does night sometimes fall upon the soul—a night of doubt, of blind questioning and unbelief. Human lips could scarcely frame a sadder petition than the one said to have been offered by a poor, trembling soldier upon the eve of battle:

"O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul."

It was the lack of faith which lent piteousness and pathos to this cry to the Infinite Father. It was no voice of trusting prayer poured into the ear of the Helper by the Helpless; it was the despairing cry of one who felt the need of that infinite tenderness and pity which God has for his children, but who in the darkness of doubt trembled upon the brink of the unknown.

Look at a soul like that, fronting the life to come, and all the dread mystery of death, with no ray of faith to shed its light upon the darkness, and you need not wonder if from the lips of such a one you hear the mournful interrogation, "Is life worth living?"

But to those who believe in a Supreme Presence overruling all things for the good of His children, and whose Omnipotent Hand is upon the helm of the universe, there is a spirit of rejoicing even in sorrow; the soul is triumphant over the weakness of the flesh, and nothing can bar them out from God's protecting love; nothing can quench their faith or destroy the sweetness of their trust. Life is worth living, for it is a sure stepping-stone to immortality; it is their field of labor wherein they lay up treasures for a life to come, and about them everywhere are the visible tokens of God's love. The starry skies and the flooding sunshine; the beauty of tree and flower; the majesty of the mountains and the loneliness of the plains; the swelling of tides and the infinite deeps of ether are but the visible signs of that Infinite Presence in which all Nature rejoices, and whose glorious and sure rewards of trusting obedience and intelligent faith make life, beyond all doubt, worth living.

VIII.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

There are men who say that the Bible is no more to them than any other book. That its grand truths are like so many myths; its wise teachings and beautiful parables are not the utterances of inspiration, but of well-regulated philosophy which it is well enough for us to heed so far as it is promotive of our happiness.

But take all the books that have ever been written by the wise men of all ages and all lands, and where do we find one that so fully answers to every human need as does the Christian Bible? What other book goes back to "the beginning" and gives to us a rational story of the Creation, and of the redemption of the race? From what other source did man ever draw such wisdom; such knowledge of himself; such pleas for the right and such condemnation of the wong as from His living word? Through what other source is borne to human ears the song of the morning stars as they sang together while all the sons of God shouted for joy, as the work of creation was complete? Who like the prophets of old, who spake through these pages, has been able to look down through the long vistas of time and foretell what was to be? Where else can we find a Cross and a Redeemer, bearing our sins, and opening for us the doors of an eternal Paradise? What book is there in all the wide realms of the world's literature that so answers every yearning of the human heart, that is so pure and ennobling in its tendencies? On the pages of what other volume can we find a philosophy which will enable men to triumph over death and to rejoice amid the flames of martyrdom? Where else such glorious hopes and such triumphant assurances? Even a Cicero, in speaking of the hopes of the future, was compelled to exclaim, "All things are involved in deep obscurity," and the last and highest effort of Grecian philosophy reached no further than to erect an altar "to the Unknown God?"

Equally ignorant were all the heathen ancients in regard to creation. The great First Cause—the Divine Creator, was beyond their conception. Sages and philosophers of antiquity believed matter to be eternal. Their most brilliant fancy could conceive of no gods mighty enough to form something out of nothing. Creative power was a thing undreamed of. "Out of nothing nothing could be made," they held to be an incontrovertible axiom. But how numerous the gods they worshiped, and how full of human passions and human frailties were they all. How blindly men groped after a knowledge of the will of these gods, and how constant the fear of their displeasure. The gods of the people were a great multitude, and their so-called religious life was a burden of vows and sacrifices. Rome's deities were those of all lands, which she had conquered, and corrupt Egypt worshiped with shameful rites her Osiris, Serapis, Isis and others. Brahminism had its three principal gods—Brahma, Vishnu and Siva—and in its essence is nothing but polytheism, or rather pantheism, teaching that at the end of every calpa, or formation, "all things are absorbed in the Deity," and that "at a stated time the creative power will again be called into action."

China and Eastern Asia followed Buddhism, which in effect is little less than sheer atheism.

Socrates, great and wise as he was, yet believed in many gods, and declared that "a wise and good man ought to worship the gods recognized by the country to which he belonged," while the able Seneca affirmed, "whatever that be which has determined our lives and our deaths, it binds the gods also by the same necessity; human and divine things alike are carried along an irrevocable course."

And the learned Aristotle declared: "The chief deity resides in the celestial sphere and observes nothing and cares for nothing beyond himself."

How unlike is this hopeless loneliness of the soul to the faith which the Bible gives us in Our Father's divine tenderness when it says: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth those who fear Him." "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." Listen yet farther to the cheerful utterances of the Book upon which we build our faith. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

"He upholdeth all things by the word of His power, and by Him all things consist."

"He maketh His sun to rise upon the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust."

"He feedeth the fowls of the air; He arrays the lilies of the field as was not Solomon in all his glory."

"He is the God and Father of us all; in Him all live and move and have their being."

There is no doubt here. The soul has found its blessed anchor of hope. Contrast this assurance of Christian faith with the world wisdom of the past. "The aim of all philosophy," says Seneca, "is to despise life. Seest thou yon steep height? Thence is the descent to freedom. Seest thou yon sea, yon river, yon well? Freedom sits there in the depths. Seest thou yon low withered tree? There freedom hangs. Seest thou thy neck, thy throat, thy heart? They are the ways of escape from bondage."

Again, mournfully sings Anacreon, the devotee of pleasure: "My temples are gray, and white my head; beautiful youth is gone. Not much remains of sweet life. Therefore I often sigh, fearing Tartarus, dreadful abyss of Hades. Full of horror is the descent thither, and whoever has once gone down there never returns."

Could but some voice have whispered to these despairing souls the promises of revealed truth, how would their spirits have been comforted! How would their hopes have kindled could they have turned to the Book which

brings life and immortality to light upon its pages. No more upon the tombs of their dead loved ones would have been traced such inscriptions as these: "I was not and became; I was and am no more." "We all, whom death has laid low, are decaying bones and ashes; nothing else," but rather the triumphant, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord?" "O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?"

O the immeasurable pricelessness of the book which dispels the hopelessness and the despair of heathen darkness and unfolds to the soul visions like these:

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away." . . . "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." . . . "And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the Tree of Life, which have twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

"And there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and the Lamb shall be in it, and his servants shall serve him. And they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads.

"And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever."

IX.

THE DIVINE COMING.

The sun is the center of light, of life and beauty to the solar system. Blot it from the heavens and the planets would go out in darkness, and the swinging constellations tremble.

And what of the round earth should the sun die? The blackness of darkness and eternal death. No more would come the gentle and balmy breezes from the south, bearing the breath of sweetness and delicious fragrance. No more the blossoming brightness and the beauty of the flowers, for there would be no living rays of light to paint their colors, no warmth to nurture their delicate or spicy odors. Nevermore the seed-time and harvest, the golden splendors of the dawn and the crimson glories of the sunset hour. No more through the deeps of air would soar the pinion of bird. No more through its glad pathway of light would flash the gay butterfly, like a wingéd blossom of beauty, nor would the rainbow-hued wing of the fly stir in the silence of the ether. The song of feathered singers would be hushed and their happy carol be heard no more forever.

The sun is the source of light and life. Darken it, and through all the great solar system destruction would push its mighty plowshares, and there would be heard the crash of worlds and the falling of spheres. Through all the illimitable vastness of the universe would be discerned the thrill of such dire calamity, and multitudinous stars would

> "Wander darkling in eternal space,
> Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
> Swing blind and black'ning in the moonless air."

The grand poise of the heavens would be broken. With what infinite skill has the Divine Creator held the scales in which He has weighed the circling suns and planets of this created universe! Not a grain of sand too much does a planet hold. Not an unneeded drop of water in all the mighty seas. In the balances of Omnipotence each world is weighed, and each sphere adjusted in its relation to all other spheres. Through all the trackless and untrodden universe of God's creation this law of delicate adjustment exists. Eternal fitness and harmony is the law of eternal space. System within system; millions of suns and millions of circling worlds, but for them all one law, one Creator, one mighty undiscovered center around which they forever revolve.

So it is in the spiritual world. Take from it the "Sun of Righteousness" and what spiritual darkness would result! Take from Christianity its divine Christ, and where, O soul, is the center of thy hope, where the light of thine immortality? Out into the darkness of eternal doubt would the spirit swing—into the midnight of utter hopelessness and despair. For man has sinned. He has broken divine law. He has outraged justice. How, then, is he to escape? If he begins today to do the right, he does no more than he should have done from the beginning. He can by so doing wipe out no past transgression, atone never for the long, long years of violated law, and of opposition to the divine requirements. If we take the life of a human being today, and then henceforth live uprightly, honestly, justly, do we thus pay for the awful crime we have committed, and can we look forward through our after good deeds to stand acquitted of our guilt? In the day that thou sinnest thou shalt surely die, is the decree of eternal justice. And God is not a man that He should die. Death is the unfailing penalty of sin unless there be found for the sinner a Redeemer and a Savior.

The Bible is old. It is the Book upon which all Christendom leans, and upon its sure basis it builds its spiritual hopes. Its pages were written before the light of Science dawned. But though not intended to demonstrate scientific truth, it made no mistakes in that then unknown domain. The richness of Bible truth is immeasurable, and everywhere does it teach us that "the universe is God's name writ large." Ages of thought and study have given to us the science of geology, but the germ of its sublime lessons the Bible gave us ages ago. Modern geology tells us that the strata of the earth were produced by the action of water, and that once over the mountains rolled the mighty billows of the deep. And what does this ancient book declare? "Thou coverest the earth with the deep as with a garment. The waters stood above the mountains. At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away. The mountains ascend, the valleys descend into the place thou hast founded for them."

And still in that dim old past, when men of learning knew nothing of the story which geology traces upon the rocks, is the brief and comprehensive utterance: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." Afterward came the work of molding, shaping and stratifying it through the long formative ages when it was being made ready for habitation.

And how blindly did ancient heathen philosophers search for reasons by which to account for the earth being upheld in its place. Gigantic elephants, serpents and turtles were devised by their imagination as the foundations upon which our earthly sphere rested; yet plainly did Job declare that "God stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing."

If, then, even as regards material things, the teachings of the Bible are beyond question, and far, far wiser than the generation in which they were written, shall we accept its religious teachings but in part, because, forsooth, our finite minds cannot grasp all their mysteries? Shall we blot out the one great shining light

that gilds its pages and that imparts hope and salvation to the race? Love, infinite love is the keynote to the New Testament. Christianity is of itself a kind of miracle, as it appears in its pages, in that it reveals to us a perfect character—a divine, sinless man. With the testimony of the ages to sustain it, and the influence of His life upon believers of all succeeding generations, shall we decline to accept the gospel teachings concerning Him?

From the beginning of Time prophecy pointed to Christ's coming. His is the central figure of all revealed truth. He is "The Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." As portrayed in the New Testament, His character was one of innocence without weakness, a superhuman manhood, sublime in its dignity, yet devoid of vanity; poor and lowly, yet filled with a moral grandeur before which the lordly and self-righteous Pharisee shrank in self-conscious abasement.

Human repentance begins with sorrow for sin, but while the righteousness and goodness of Christ's character are above question, never do we know of His expressing sorrow for a word spoken or an act performed. Nowhere is there an admission of human fallibility or wrong, but when accused He boldly responds: "Which of you convinces me of sin?"

Look at Him again, "despised and rejected of men;" homeless, with not where to lay His head, with calm and dignified utterance He confronts the great and powerful with the words: "I came forth from the Father." "Ye are from beneath, I am from above," and then with the wisdom of the Nation before Him, "Behold a greater than Solomon is here." "I am the light of the world—the way, the truth and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by me." We read these sayings of His, but in our hearts do we question His right to make these declarations—does not rather His whole life justify such utterances?

O "man of sorrows acquainted with grief!" O "God made manifest in the flesh!" O Redeemer, saying unto us, "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Shall we crucify Thee afresh, and trample upon the blood of the cross? Out of the poverty of our own good works shall we hope for redemption, while "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son that whosover believeth in Him shall receive everlasting life?"

X.

"WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?"

It is not bigness alone that makes people great; not vast extent of territory; richness of soil; wealth of climate; unlimited resources; varied productions; abundance of gold and silver; populous cities; advanced culture and learning; extensive navies and mighty standing armies. A nation may have all these, with a glory as great as that of ancient Babylon; a splendor like that of Greece in her palmiest days; with power and supremacy that might overshadow even that of imperial Rome, and yet not be, in the broadest sense of the term, truly great.

The greatest and grandest events of the world's history occurred in the little nation occupying a strip of territory but 145 miles in length and with but an average breadth of forty-five miles. The small land of Palestine, whose shores are washed upon the west by the waters of the Mediterranean, and whose eastern borders are the valley of the Jordan, and which on the north is guarded by the mountains of Lebanon and at whose foot stretches out the desert of Sinai, is the parent of the hopes of the race. Within its limits the most profound truths have been enunciated; the grandest laws promulgated, and the sublimest teachings known to men were set forth. In comparison with what has transpired among that people, all the greatness and grandeur of human achievements elsewhere dwindle into insignificance. Modern civilization has been made possible only through Jewish inspiration. The Ten Commandments are the basis of all civilized law. In them are found the elements of all justice and mercy, and by them we regulate law and the relations of men to men; justice determines what is equitable and right. How sublime, yet simple, the enunciation: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself."

And what was it that constituted the greatness of this Jewish people and that enabled them to make laws wise enough for all ages? What was it that set their poets and singers far above those of all preceding and all coming centuries? That lifted them above heathen nations and made of them a peculiar people in whose debt mankind will forever remain? It is simply that they were the exponents of undying truths, truths upon which all nations must build or perish.

How rich in prosperity were they when they adhered to those truths! How fell their enemies before them! How mighty their throne and their conquest! How immortal their poets and lawgivers! Just so long as truth triumphed they were invincible. As the cloud fleeth before the wind, so fled their foes before the march of their armies. "And the fear of the people was upon the nations round about."

And is not truth always the same in its results? If adherence to the immutable principles of divine law made Israel great, will it not also make great the nations of today? Can a nation any more than the individual violate divine law and yet prosper? We talk about the great and grand future of this free republic, yet what right have we to expect that future if we do not regard the right?

A nation is made up of individuals, and so it is with the individual that reformation must begin. It is for the individual to set his face unchangingly against the wrong, to live a life that shall be a constant rebuke to the evildoer. We want men of whom it can be said, "I believe in that man, because his everyday life is in accordance with what he preaches." We need men who are incorruptible and unpurchasable; who set the right above everything; who never parley; never excuse evildoing or indulge in specious sophistry.

It is the man who adheres to the right for right's sake that makes his influence felt—who has the spirit of martyrdom for the truth. We do not want to sit down and deplore the wrong and yet not lift a hand to rectify it. We cannot convert others until we ourselves are right. Let the mote in our brother's eye alone until we have disposed of the beam in our own eye, and when we have done that, then we may lift up strong hands and clean in the work which we would do for those about us.

What a power was Moses among his people! Before him the idolatrous tribes trembled. His word was law, which they dare not disobey or ignore. This man, beloved of God, was pre-eminently the statesman of the ages, and the secret of his strength and his wisdom lay in his goodness.

All the lessons of history teach the same truth—*goodness is strength*. It also assures the march of progress along one grand highway. There are no devious byways of expediency to be pursued, no Sloughs of Despond to engulf the feet, for *straight on* does the right lead to the uplands of prosperity and happiness.

We hear a great deal about the evils of the present age; the greed for wealth; the purchase of power; the laxity of principles; the desecration of the Sabbath and all the multitudinous wrongs which characterize us as

a people. They are to be most deeply deplored, and most earnestly should we seek a remedy for them. But let every one of us who cries out against them look first into his own life and see if it is right—see if there is nothing to be found requiring cleansing.

Philanthropy is grand and noble and high, but grander is it to first set ourselves right, to destroy within ourselves all that which offends goodness, and make ourselves what we would have the world be.

There is no limit to the grandeur which this American republic may attain if it become in the truest sense of the term a Christian republic; if we take the religion of our churches into our everyday life, and carry its devotion and live its professions through the week. Let Americans embody the teachings and the precepts of the noble men who are the "beacon lights of history"—the grand, illustrious and heroic men whose names and whose lives have lent a fadeless luster to that little country whose shores are washed by the Mediterranean and the Jordan, and the splendor of national power and strength and glory shall shine as effulgently in these later days of the world as they did in its dawn. Let us be in the fullest sense of the term a Christian people, and we shall wax stronger and stronger, and with us shall culminate the glory of the race. Peace and progress and safety will be in all our gates.

XI.

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE!"

How swiftly the days and weeks pass! Time never rests. We are all of us a week nearer Life's ending than we were last Sunday. A week nearer to our Father's House. And with this remembrance should come home to us the inquiry: Are we in thought, in devotion to His work, in love to Him and His cause, nearer to our Father than we were then? Has this past week been a week of service? Have we opened the doors of our hearts to our King and bid Him enter? Have we sought to correct any of the faults of which we are conscious? Have we striven to live upon a higher plane? Have we kept in view the mountain peaks of faith and of hope, or have we lived only upon the dead levels of worldly purpose?

We believe in an ever-present Father. In a God who walks beside us in His Providence and abiding love; in a God whose hand is always outstretched to lead us, and whose spirit—the blessed Comforter—is ever ready to take up His abode with us.

People say sometimes, "Oh, God is so great and so infinite that I never can think of Him as taking note of the *little* things of this life. He is so high above us that I do not believe that he ever condescends to trouble Himself about the small affairs of this world."

But the very vastness and infinitude of God's greatness is manifested not alone in His care of suns and planets and rolling spheres, but in the fact that while "He holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand," directs the course of every star as it circles through boundless space, not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice, and every hair upon the heads of earth's uncounted millions are all numbered. There never fell a tear of human sorrow that His pitying eye did not behold it; there was never a human heart rent with grief with which the Divine heart did not throb in sympathy. There was never an earnest prayer for help uttered but what His ear heard and His hand was outstretched to succor. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth those that fear Him."

Down through the long centuries, breaking the awful silence of doubt and despair, comes the voice of our Maker, "The Lord loveth whom He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son and daughter whom He receiveth." O blessed baptism of sorrow; through it we are purified and cleansed and brought into more intimate and tender relations with God. If we are weak we "have not an high priest who is not touched with the feelings of our infirmities, but one who was in *all* points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

Then, O child of God! what courage should we have in our work, what joy, what hope! The love of God which we share we should seek to impart a knowledge of to others. In every act of our lives should we *live* Christ and embody His spirit. It is the *little* acts that breathe of His love, that proclaim us as His children. They are the leaven which leavens the whole lump.

If we but cherish this divine love in our hearts for those about us it will break down the barriers of silence between our lives and other lives. It will fill our hearts with sympathy such as will be strong to discern the needs of others, and it will make our hands swift to help where help is needed.

The noblest life that was ever lived was that of our Divine Master, but it was a life of constant work and sacrifice. Let us emulate that life, making our lives lives of service, then as each week brings us nearer our Father's House, which is to be our home, we shall march on with our hands full of gathered sheaves.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

How much force there is in this *inasmuch*. It means God's acceptance of us; it implies satisfaction with us, and pardon, and that infinite delight in us which will bring us into the household of the Infinite Father—into one of the "Many Mansions."

Look at it closely and you will discover that there is nothing in God's great universe so divine, so supreme as love, and that the more of love there is in us the more are we like the Infinite.

Love is grander than intellect, stronger than strength and as enduring as the eternal years.

XII.

THE ETERNAL MORNING.

We stand under the blue skies in the soft, warm splendor of the sunset. Beyond us is the glorious uplift of mountains, voiceful of Omnipotent Power. Around us are the leaf-crowned trees; the brightness and fragrance of blossoming plants. How wide and far stretch the billowy plains. With what splendors do they gleam in the sunset lights, and how radiant grow the flaming mountain tops above the whiteness of their crests of snow!

But slowly the sun sinks from sight and all this manifold beauty fades into darkness. Where light shone but a short space since is now shadow and deepening night, and later the cold, gray fog creeps in, leaving to the sight but a dead, dark blank, as if the world had been wiped out, the mountains swept from their foundations, and the beauty of flower and tree had perished. But, though our eyes cannot longer behold them, we know that, abiding as Time, they are still there; that above the clouds, touching the stars, are lifted yet the eternal fronts of the hills, and when at dawn the morning stars shall sing together, the darkness and the cloud will vanish, and again our eyes shall behold them bathed in the effulgence of the sunrise, and that out from the shadow and dimness of night will again appear, more fragrant for the dew, more glorious for the night of rest, the tender flower and the leaf-crowned tree.

So it is with man when the night of death comes. The beloved ones slip from our sight, and we lay their bodies away in the silence and darkness of the grave. We stand there while the rain of sorrow sweeps over us; while our hearts are darkened by our night of woe, and lay them away, "ashes to ashes and dust unto dust." But above the clouds of grief the stars of hope are shining, and upon the freed spirit breaks the dawn of immortality. A new day has come, a new sun has arisen, even the Sun of Righteousness, whose brightness shall soon dissolve the darkness of the grave, and that which was "sown in corruption shall be raised in incorruption, and death shall be swallowed up in life."

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," so "O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?" The night of death is but for a little space, and after it cometh the morning. And what a morning!

Have you not seen the mountains sometimes at sunrise wrapped in luminous mists of pearly whiteness, glowing and gleaming as if the beams of ten thousand suns had been melted into a translucent veil which floated round them, while they seemed to be lifted up to vaster heights and more abounding greatness? Thus, after the night of Time breaks upon the redeemed, the glory of eternal gladness. Oh, the luminous brightness of eternal day! Oh, the transcendent heights of redeeming grace! Oh, the waking from the shadows of earth—from night to the morning of eternity! Friends who are standing with the sunset lights of time about you, when the darkness of earth envelops you, we shall know that ye are no more lost than are the mountains that fade from our sight in the deepening twilight; than are the trees, and the sweet and tender blossoms that are buried in the night. Ye have not slipped from your places in God's great universe. After the night shall come the morning, and then our eyes shall behold the triumphs of redeeming love. Then with the new morning shall come the eternal day. No more night. No more silence with folded hands upon our pulseless breasts. We shall wake with the dew of divine grace upon our souls and the fragrance of undying love upon our spirits. Up to vaster heights shall we be lifted, to the melody of new spheres, and the purer atmosphere of diviner knowledge. Life, illimitable life, will break upon us like the sunrise splendor upon the mountain tops. The vast plains of eternal being shall unfold before our vision and the blossoms of eternal truth shall make them fragrant and beautiful for our immortal feet. Then indeed shall we be satisfied.

"Strange words for earth! Through all we dream and do
We go down to the grave with hope denied!
Earth has her triumphs and her crowns, but who
Was ever satisfied?

"There are few sweet fountains in the wilderness,
And flowers by the loneliest wayside,
And joys come often, yet the happiest
Are never satisfied.

"What voice the yearning first interpreted?
What soundless, shoreless ocean spreading wide
Rose clear and calm before his sight who said
'I shall be satisfied.'

"Before the thought our restlessness is stilled,
As once again the veil is drawn aside—
Oh, land where every void earth leaves is filled
And all are satisfied.

"A heaven worth winning! Tho' that land is fair,
With beauty to our sight and thought denied,
One thought surpasses all the visions—
There I shall be satisfied.

"There all the shadows past—all secrets plain,
If not in vain I shall have lived and died,
If loss at last may turn to bitter gain,
I shall be satisfied.

"If I may look upon the Face, whose calm
Within the glory dims all else beside,
It were enough without the crown and palm,
I shall be satisfied.

"If I may drink and never thirst again,
And in that rest forevermore abide;
If in Thy likeness I awake—Oh, then
I shall be satisfied."

XIII.

WHAT OF THE BOY?

We will take as our text today the following: "The boy is the father of the man."

You may look your Bibles all through and you will not find it, but you cannot turn over a single page of human experience where you will not see it written. Everywhere in the history of the human race do we discover that it has held true, and that it is a fact beyond all question or refutation.

"The boy is the father of the man."

This proposition being accepted, the question naturally arises, what shall we do with the boy?

The civilization of the Nineteenth Century is beginning to awake to the importance of this question. Public intelligence, thoughtful philanthropy and benevolent Christianity have all arrived at this conclusion, that the greatest amount of good is accomplished for the race in working for the rising generation.

That trite and homely old adage, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," is coming home to the world with tremendous meaning. It is full of untold wisdom, and indirectly it answers the problem, "What shall we do with the boy?"

"As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." Make a just estimate of the character of the boys in any community today, and you can easily determine what the character of that community will be when they shall have grown to manhood, and the control of its affairs is placed in their hands. Let the boys grow up without restraint, without the influence of refinement and culture; without education; with no law of action but the gratification of their own desires, no pursuit but that of selfish pleasure, and where would be the development of their manhood, where their respect for law and the rights of others?

It is time that the Church as an organization, and the Christian as an individual, began to ponder the question more seriously: What shall we do with the boy?

It is not so much the boy who has a Christian home where he is carefully trained and educated, and made acquainted with his duties and obligations to his Creator and his fellow-men, to whom the attention of the church and the individual needs to be given, as to the poor little homeless waifs and outcasts that abound in every city—the boys whose education is confined to the streets, to the low saloons and grog-shop; who are familiar early with intemperance and sin; with theft and falsehood, and the infamy of immorality; whose heads have never felt the caressing touch of a loving mother's hand, and whose lips have never been taught to say "Our Father"—the poor little wandering Arabs of our streets, who are kicked here and there, and whose ears are familiar with curses; the boys whose parents are low and ignorant and degraded, who give them no teachings but those

of sin, and whose example, if followed, would lead their children to our inebriate asylums, our houses of correction, and to our jails and State prisons. Have our churches nothing to do with these? Does the individual Christian owe them no debt of obligation?

Let the churches of Los Angeles as a whole, and every single individual member of them, ask themselves this question: Are we doing our whole duty when we are making liberal contributions to our foreign missionary societies, and are giving nothing for the little, untaught souls in our midst?

Take, for instance, the two or three hundred newsboys in this community, many of them without homes, ofttimes going hungry and poorly clad; finding their associates upon the street, sometimes among men hardened in sin; sleeping ofttimes in open hallways, or in empty boxes under the pavements, or in back yards, with only the sky and stars above their heads—bright boys; quick to learn; easily won by kindness, but readily yielding to the influences around them; boys who with proper training would become some of the noblest men of the future, but who, if left to themselves, will be found years hence among the criminals in our penitentiaries and State prisons, and then answer to your own conscience where your duty lies, and tell us, what shall we do with the boy?

The church is rich enough to support all its missionaries in foreign fields, and to care for all who need its help among the rising generation in our own land, but if it is ready to care for but one, which class shall it be?

True Christian benevolence implies sacrifice. When we give that which we do not miss there is no real benevolence in it. We are simply parting with what is not necessary to us. Have we ever solved the richness of the widow's mite? "For she of her penury hath cast in all her living." How many of us have ever approached to such giving? When our so-called benevolence brings with it some self-denial, some spirit of self-sacrifice, then shall we really begin to give in the right spirit, and then will there be some hope of the world's evangelization. Then shall we begin to look about us and see the work that is to be done in our Lord's vineyard, and the little waifs of our streets will be gathered in and trained for good citizenship and usefulness in all the different walks of life. Our Newsboys' Home will not have to be abandoned because there are no funds for its support, while the comfortable Christians of our churches sit about their own firesides enjoying the luxuries of life and all its ease and pleasures, unmindful of the boys that are homeless and whose feet are tending downward in the paths of temptation and sin.

Can we shut our eyes to their needs and let the doors of their home be closed, and go to church with sanctimonious faces and thank God for all the privileges of a Christian land, and believe we have done our whole duty, and dwell at peace with our own consciences?

What humanity needs, what the church needs, is a larger spirit of self-denial; a more open-eyed benevolence; hearts more Christ-like—large enough and warm enough to take in the needs of the whole world. When we have that, then shall we answer as we should the question that now confronts us: What shall we do with the boy?

XIV.

THE MYSTERIOUS SEPULCHER.

"And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor; but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day."

We all admire whatever is grand and beautiful in Nature. The stupenduous vastness of great mountain ranges excites our wonder. The broad and illimitable sea, with its mighty billows beating against the land, brings to us a sense of hidden power. How are our souls moved, too, by the beauty of field and meadow when clothed in greenness and starred with many blossoms, and how reverently do we lift our eyes when night comes, and the sun, retiring from his place in the heavens, all the grandeur of shining planets and of circling suns is revealed; and how, then, are we tempted, like the psalmist, to exclaim, "When I consider the heavens, which are the work of Thy fingers, the moon and stars, which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

The psalmist must have been a close student of Nature. When he kept his father's sheep, his heart went out to Nature as to a mother. It was then that he learned her secrets and her wisdom. She was to him like a well of living water, from which he drank deep and continuously. He slept upon her breast in times of danger and amid her serrated rocks and riverless deserts she still spoke to him of the God in whom he trusted. The grandest of poets, he penned the psalmody for all the ages, but how many of its most delightful strains did Nature inspire? Speaking of the good man, he bursts forth triumphantly, "And he shall be like a tree planted by the river of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." He was a great man—this warrior king—and Nature was one of his wisest teachers.

Surveying this wide realm of Nature, it is but natural that we be inspired with a sense of insignificance. These starry skies; these worlds innumerable; this boundless planet, with its mighty seas and majestic mountains; the vastness of its continents and its innumerable islands are suggestive of the immensity of being, and again we exclaim, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

But we do not hesitate to assert that a good man is the crowning glory of all the created universe of God. There is nothing else that equals him in grandeur, and nothing which, in the divine estimation, exceeds him in value.

As a representative of the noblest Christian manhood, let us take that inspired prophet, the determined liberator and heroic leader of the Jewish people, Moses, the son of a Hebrew bondswoman.

Driven from his place of power and glory in Egypt, he retires to the desert of Midian and becomes a humble shepherd—a keeper of flocks. Surrounded by barren sands, by dreary and desolate mountain ranges and vast pyramid-like peaks, red and glowing, as if touched by fire, he gives himself to meditation. For forty years he communed with Nature and with God in this lonely wilderness. All the learning and the lore of Egypt are his. He has been the companion of priests and of kings. But from his mother, the humble daughter of Levi, he received that which he holds higher than all things else—the knowledge of the one true and living God. And this lonely desert solitude is to Moses the temple of the living God. It is here that he worships Him and studies His purposes.

> "And never earth's philosopher
> Traced with his golden pen
> On the deathless page truths half so sage
> As he wrote down for men"

amid the loneliness of this Midian desert, for it was here, it is supposed, that he wrote the book of Genesis, with its sublime history of creation and of patriarchal life. Ah, what a story is that of his after life, from the time that he appeared before the haughty Egyptian King

and demanded the release of his people, till with dying eyes, from the summit of Pisgah, he surveyed the Promised Land. Is there anything upon the earth or amid the stars that so stirs our souls as does the faithful story of this man's life? Has Nature anywhere a voice like this life—so resonant with meekness; so tender with pity; so accented with mercy; so strong with faith; so fearless with justice and so eloquent with hope? Swing, O ye stars! on your mighty courses; lift up your heads into the very deeps of the skies, O ye everlasting mountains! break with your resounding billows upon all earthly shores, O mighty sea! spread out wide as the vast continents, O bending skies! Yet ye all are nothing, *nothing* in God's sight in comparison with one of His redeemed. It was not for you, O earth! swinging in the boundless ether; it was not for you, O ever-shining suns and circling planets or sweeping comets! not for you, O star-built constellations in the infinitude of space, that Christ died. But it was for Man—the child of yesterday, today and tomorrow. It was for him, because his soul was priceless; because for him heaven waits and the thrones of glory are prepared. Take all the suns and all the planetary spheres of God's great universe and put in the scale beside them a human soul and its worth would outweigh them all. Suns may go out in darkness and stars may wander from their places, and Time may throw the pall of death over them all, but radiant with immortality, rejoicing forever in God's eternity of gladness, the redeemed soul lives on forever more. Oh, eloquent of God's love and of His tender remembrance is the fact that God's own hand prepared for this faithful follower his final earthly resting-place.

And with what joyful visions of the future of his people did Moses make ready for that secret burial. What voice of triumph and exultation in his final song: "Who is like unto thee, O people saved by Jehovah, the shield of thy help and the sword of thy excellency?" "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." And with those "everlasting arms underneath" him, Moses, the prophet and leader of Israel, ascended the lonely hill. To the far heights of Pisgah he climbed, and beside him God stood. And there He showed him all the Land of Promise—the land of beauty and fullness, "flowing with milk and honey." And then from mortal sight passed the great Jewish lawgiver, and God's own hand buried all that was left to earth.

"That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth,
But no one heard the tramping
Or saw the train go forth—
None but the bald old eagle
On gray Bethpeor's height,
Which from his lonely eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight.

"And had he not high honor—
The hillside for his pall—
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave.

"O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Bethpeor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep like the sweet sleep,
Of him he loved so well."

XV.

PENITENT PETER.

It was a mournful commentary on the weakness and moral cowardice of human nature that was presented to the world when Peter denied his Master—the Master with whom he had lived for nearly three years, and to whose divine teachings he had listened; whose love he had shared, and the marvels of whose miracles he had witnessed. Even with the memory of the Mount of Transfiguration before him; of the dead called back from their rocky sepulchers; of the tossed and stormy sea stilled at His voice; of devils cast out; of lepers healed; and of those born blind who were made to see; in the presence of danger his faith faltered, and he made haste to deny his Lord.

From the Garden of Gethsemane Christ had been brought by the mob and delivered up. A prisoner in the palace of the high priest, He stood before His accusers. His disciples had forsaken Him and fled as He was led away from the garden by the emissaries of the chief priests and elders. But as the steps of the multitude tended toward the palace, Peter and another disciple had followed Him afar off. There was no bold and outspoken adherence to Him, but behind the crowd they walked with quaking hearts, fearful for their own safety. Peter could not quite forget Him. His heart was troubled for His Lord. But he did not say, "I am His disciple. I believe in Him and wherever He goes there shall I be found with Him." But with anxious face and hesitating step he enters the priest's palace and sits with the servants in the great hall to see the end of this hasty trial. He sees his Lord buffeted and spat upon. He notes the majesty and calmness of His demeanor, he hears the charges brought against Him by false witnesses, and the voice of the high priest saying, "I adjure thee by the living God that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ the Son of God," and the solemn, responsive declaration: "Thou hast said. Nevertheless, I say unto you, hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven."

Yet Peter makes no sign of loyalty. To the Jewish maid-servant and the accusing officers he returns the same cold, deliberate response, "I know Him not."

But one glance of the Master's eye was enough to touch his heart. That tender, sorrowful, rebuking look of Jesus was like Moses' rod smiting the rock and from his flinty heart gushed the warm tides of penitential sorrow, and Peter "went out and wept bitterly." The strong man was bowed and prostrate with his sense of guilt. He had no reproaches left for the crowd that mocked and jeered at the Son of God; no word of condemnation for those who cried "Away with Him! Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" In his abhorrence of his own faithlessness and sinful denial he saw himself a sinner above all others.

Alone, amid tears and terrible self-reproaches, was the fearless, unfaltering Christian manhood of Peter born. No more faltering for him after this experience. No more trusting to his own strength; no more disloyalty or shrinking from persecution. Peter became the typical rock of enduring faith, the bold apostle bearing the messages of divine love to a perishing world.

And this story of Peter has a wonderful power to help the weak in these days. It shows us that if, when weak and tempted, we sometimes fall, there is hope for us still. Even should we deny our Savior, if we turn to Him, He is ready to forgive and welcome us. Though we fall into sin we need not be discouraged. We cannot sink so low but that the hand of our Redeemer is stretched out still. Like Peter, we may arise to nobler life and more enduring faith and courage. The waters of repentance are bitter, but they are cleansing. Moral

courage and spiritual strength are what we most need in our warfare with sin. We must put self behind us and lay hold upon the Cross. We must not be strangers to the valley of humiliation. In that valley we can best discern what we are. There will our faults be perceived by us, and there shall we be ready to lay hold upon the promises.

XVI.

THE ETERNAL ROCK.

Above us, looking down upon the valley's busy life—above its dust and turmoil, its clouds and its storms—is lifted the mighty snow-clad front of our loftiest Sierra peak. Calm and immovable amid the tempests and the earthquake shock, it stands, a monument of power and an emblem of endurance. Time's old centuries make no impress upon it in passing. It stands today as it stood when the first human eye was lifted to behold it—grand, impressive, majestic, strong—the rocky rampart of the world.

How like is it to the mighty Rock of our Salvation, the enduring and eternal strength of our Redeemer. Persecution has assailed that rock; skepticism, with its mighty floods, has sought to drown it; the earthquakes of infidel revolutions have endeavored to destroy its foundations, but eternal and changeless as the stars, the Rock of Divine Truth stands firm and enduring.

Christianity is today the mightiest force in the universe of men; it is the power which lifts us from the low levels of wantonness and wrong to the shining hills of righteousness. Truth gives steadfastness, strength. It is memorable as the mountain, clear, white, shining in its purity as its snow-clad crest. The world, ever since man's fall, has been the battleground between Right and Wrong, Truth and Error. The hosts of Error have been mighty. The blood of martyrs has flowed since Time was young. How does the infidel hate the name of Jesus, although the name is but a synonym of love and redemption—the one name given among men through which we may hope to be saved. "I want no Christ," says one, "I do not believe in Him. A being both divine and human I cannot understand, and so I cannot accept of Him." But if that be your plea, O unbeliever! how can you accept of God, your Maker? Can you comprehend the eternity of His being? Can your finite mind grasp His omnipotence and His infinity? Tell me what God is so that I may understand Him. Show me the hiding places of His power. Explain to me how in obedience to His fiat the world stood forth—how "He spake and it was done." Is there, O man! *no* truth beyond what you can think? Cannot the Infinite outreach beyond the feeble limits of your thought? Can you measure His ways and His purposes? May there be no law beyond the realm of law of which you are cognizant, no being beyond that which you are able to compass?

O man! treading the narrow bridge of doubt, wandering in the darkness of unbelief, strike in your blindness and doubt, but your puny arm lets fall its blows upon the mighty Rock to which Ages cling. Strike! but high upon that Rock we climb, and all of Time's stormy billows roll beneath us. Strike! but He who conquered death and the grave proclaims that "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." Strike! and proclaim that there is no Christ, no Redeemer of Men, the tempest of your unbelief cannot shut out that still small voice that is heard above its roaring billows, "He that denieth me denieth the Father also."

O world deluged with sin! the ark of thy Redemption is this Christ whom thou scornest. The "God made manifest in the flesh" to whom "every knee shall bow and whom every tongue shall confess."

To that mountain of holiness look up. Climb to its heights of faith. The "Rock of Ages" is the hope of the race. No storm of earth can sweep you from it. No billows of doubt or of sorrow can overwhelm you there.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth." He is the Rock of our Salvation—like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

XVII.

CHRISTIANITY MEANS ACTION.

Christianity is not merely, as some suppose, a certain definable condition of feeling, a fixed attitude of faith, but it is *life*, a life that implies action and which holds and embodies the mightiest forces of the universe.

The Christian's life is illimitable in its correspondences. His regenerate nature, with all its higher faculties, is in close correspondence with the Infinite. His life becomes fuller and his gladness richer as it is brought into wider correspondence with the Heavenly Father. This correspondence we call communion with God, or sometimes it is spoken of as faith or love which goes out from the human heart toward the Divine.

But "faith without works is dead." And it is just here that the Christian Scientist makes his mistake. Faith and prayer he expects to do the work that God intended to be accomplished, or hoped, through human instrumentalities. Prayer is a good thing and is essential to Christian growth—it is the vital breath of Christian life—but if the intelligent Christian has a very sick friend he will supplement his progress with the best medical skill to be obtained, and then when he has done his part, used the means which God has provided for healing and asked the blessing of God upon their use, he may wait with some degree of confidence for the answer to his petitions.

There must be something more than passivity in the Christian life; there are times when *action* must be the watchword and the human and divine forces must cooperate. We cannot stand with folded hands when God bids us work—idlers in His vineyard.

> "Act, *act* in the living present,
> Heart within and God o'erhead."

That is our mission here—that is duty. Then when sorrow and darkness and deceit come we can lift up our hearts and our hands unto God, and we shall find that it is the upstretched hand of ours that meets with the downstretched hand of the Divine Father.

Not until we positively set out upon the path which Christ has marked out for us, do we become disciples. Obedience to God can alone convince us of the love of God. Oneness with God is the strongest desire of the Christian's heart, for life separated from its causative life is not true life. The earnest Christian is alive in every fiber to all that is pure and lovely and high and beautiful and holy. He not only wishes to be blessed but he longs to bless others. To bring men into sympathy with and to a knowledge of the truth is the principle which actuates him. To have men know God and Jesus Christ, whom He has sent—it is that for which he labors.

And what does such knowledge bring? Eternal life. "He that hath the Son of God hath life, and he that hath not the Son, hath not life." "This, as we take it," says Drummond, "defines the correspondence which is to bridge the grave. This is the clew to the nature of the life that lies at the back of the spiritual organism. And this is the true solution of the mystery of Eternal

Life. . . . The fact to note at present is that this is not an organic correspondence, but a spiritual correspondence. It comes not from generation but from regeneration. The relation between the spiritual man and his environment is, in theological language, a filial relation. With the new spirit, the filial correspondence, he knows the Father—and this is Life Eternal. This is not only the real relation, but the only possible relation. 'Neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son, and he to whomsover the Son will reveal Him.' And this on purely natural grounds. It takes the Divine to know the Divine—but in no more mysterious sense than it takes the human to understand the human."

But sometimes even the brightest faith is clouded. But if we read our Bibles as we should we shall find there a rebuke for every doubt. Listen to the triumphant voice of faith in Romans viii: 35-39: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Jesus Christ our Lord."

Oh, glorious hope to the Christian believer! One with God through all the eternal ages. Living in His presence, sharing His life, drinking from the fountains of His knowledge and growing continually with fuller correspondence with all the perfections of the Divine character. This is the direction in which true Christianity tends. It is no mere selfish desire for personal safety, but it is love to God and love to the race. And it means labor and sacrifice. It means that the Christian shall be instant in season and out of season in his labor for the salvation of souls. It is faith and works combined that constitute Christian manhood. No idle vaporings, no ecstatic faith unaccompanied by works, no proclamations of personal sinlessness, will you hear from him who is fighting "the good fight of faith." But you will find the Christian warrior, battling continuously with sin, clinging with one hand to his sword by which he resists besetting temptations, and laying hold with the other hand upon the cross of Christ where his redemption has been wrought and the hope of salvation secured. It is in the cross of Christ alone that he glories and at that cross he lays all his triumphs down.

XVIII.

STEADFASTNESS.

The world is full of themes from which we may draw instruction. We may find sermons alike "in trees and running brooks;" in flowers and starry worlds; in the mighty and resistless ocean, and in the mountains whose lofty heads are familiar with the skies. From these and numberless other sources in Nature may we gather inspiration.

But none of these themes will we contemplate today, but we will turn over the pages of sacred history and study there some of the characters set forth. We will take for our theme Christian Manhood, and glance at the influence which it has exerted upon the race.

First, let us go down into Egypt, the ancient land of wealth and learning; the cradle of the arts and sciences; the land from whose priestly teachings and religious mysticism Grecian philosophy formulated some of its wisest teachings, and from which Plato perhaps borrowed his idea of the soul's immortality.

Surrounded by the pagan superstition of the masses, among whom almost every animal had its worshipers, while the sun and stars and all the passions which control men were represented by some deity, we find a young man named Joseph, the great grandson of Abraham the "Father of the Faithful"—exalted, after some of the most trying vicissitudes and painful experiences, to kingly power and dignity, the favorite of a pagan sovereign, and second only to him in authority. Within the splendid palaces of Egypt he was an honored guest. Gifted intellectually beyond most men of his age; possessing rare personal beauty and charm of manner, he was the most popular man in social as well as political spheres among those ancient, pleasure-loving Egyptians.

Cleopatra was not the only siren of ancient Egypt. The dark and liquid-eyed sorceresses of the Nile were about him in palace hall and in all the mazes of pleasure that he was obliged to tread. He was no stranger to the bright smiles of Egypt's loveliest daughters. Like the melody of softly-falling waters were the voices of these enchantresses. Like the sun shining on the faces of the flowers were their smiles. The worship of Isis and Osiris was the popular worship. Monotheism was but a single thread in the religion of the Egyptian. Alone amid superstition and the unnumbered gods of Egypt, Joseph stood in his reverence for the one true God. Think of the temptations that assailed him on every hand; of the pleasures that were spread as nets for his feet; of the enticements of wealth; the luring voice of flattery; of the winning tones of pagan enchantresses; of the pomp and pageantry that filled his life, and remember that amid all this splendor of power; amid all this popular adulation; amid all these temptations to worldliness and greed for greatness, he still kept his simple faith in the God of his fathers and remained strong in his integrity, spotless in his morality, mighty in his trust in Jehovah.

How grand the work which he accomplished as the instrument under Providence, for the preservation of the Hebrew people. He nourished and fed them while they were yet small, and planted them in a fertile land, and here they increased and multiplied, while Joseph walked before them in his uprightness, loyal at all times to the God of Israel. Take his name from the early history of the Hebrew people in Egypt and how would it darken! The name of Joseph is an honored name, not alone for his rank and power, but as the noblest exemplar of Christian manhood of the age in which he lived.

And now we will turn backward a few pages in sacred history to the time when the world was young, and many peoples dwelt in tents, leading a wandering, pastoral life, simple in their habits, and drifting here and there according to the necessities of their flocks and herds. At this period, in the pagan city of Ur, in the land of the Chaldeans, was born Abram, the son of Terah, a descendant of Shem. This city, even in that early morning of civilization, was one of the proudest of ancient days. Here were nurtured commerce and the arts and sciences; here poets sang, and the astronomers studied the mysteries of the stars. But the Christianity inculcated by the earlier patriarchs had become almost a dead letter. Idolatry flourished, and the knowledge of the true God had gradually faded from the minds of men. The demoralizing effects of superstitious worship had its influence upon the people by whom this early follower of Jehovah was surrounded. So out from their midst God called him, and at the first intimation of the divine will he made ready to depart. Ur of the Chaldeans faded from his vision, with all its pride of civilization, and all the intimate associations of his childhood and earlier and later manhood. Distinctly recognizing the personality of the God who bids him forth, a solitary Christian among an idolatrous people, he departs unquestioningly, at the divine command, into unknown lands.

Follow him in all his journeyings, go with him where he rears his altars for worship underneath the blue of the bending skies—the roof of man's first temple. See him sitting in the door of his tent at Mamre. Venerable and white-haired, yet with the dignity of a majestic manhood, look at him as he goes out in the heat of the day, and, standing upon the plain with his face turned toward Sodom, hear him as he pleads for the doomed city. Follow him as at the age of 120 years he goes out at the command of God to offer as a sacrifice his young and tenderly loved son Isaac, in whom was centered all his hopes for the fulfillment of God's promise that he should become the father of a great people. Fancy the anguish with which his heart was rent, as taking the wood of the burnt offering and laying it upon Isaac's shoulders, and then with the fire and knife in his own hand they set out together, and Isaac turning to him the face that he so loved, said: "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" How wisely must Isaac have been trained, how implicit must have been his trust, not only in his father, but in that unseen God whom he worshiped! There was no struggle to escape, no outcry, no resistance; but like a lamb he was laid upon the altar for sacrifice.

How sublime the faith that could stand a test like this and not falter! What wonder that his name is crowned with immortality! No more earthly trials for his faith, for over this greatest one he had risen supreme. It was that religious faith of his which exalted him above his age, and sent the story of his life ringing down to us through all the intervening centuries. The proudest title that earth can give is his, "The Father of the Faithful." This fidelity to duty is the crowning glory of his Christian manhood; it is the beacon light of his history.

One of his grandest characteristics was consistency. He believed in God, and he exalted Him above all his earthly desires. Whatever God commanded he was ready to perform. Implicit faith sprang from his acceptance of God. There was no half-way devotion in the love which he gave his Maker. There was no question of expediency in his worship.

Do the annals of the race furnish a sublimer exemplar of loyalty? What the church wants today is this same exalted Christian manhood; this unswerving devotion to duty; this sublime heroism of purpose which lent to the name of the patriarch Abraham a luster which the lapse of four thousand years has not been able to dim—a refulgence which shall not wane with the latest of time's centuries.

XIX.

"RING OUT, O EASTER BELLS!"

Our thoughts naturally go back this morning—"back through the tangled thicket of years"—to a quiet garden, not far from Jerusalem, in which was a rock-hewn sepulcher. Sentinel soldiers, stern Romans, had been placed beside its closed doors to guard it and keep it. For three days had the still sleeper lain in hushed and breathless silence behind that sealed entrance. During that time there had been no stir of life within. There was no question but what the mystery of death was there. It had succeeded the agony of the cross. It had followed swift upon the dying utterance of Calvary: "It is finished."

The shadows of night still lingered in the East. But a single faint thread of light told of the coming dawn. Yet Jerusalem slept. Bethany was hushed in rest. Even to those who had lingered longest at the cross in tears and sorrow, sleep had come at last. But as the dawn approached, Mary awoke; her heart heavy with its woe. She could not rest and so she arose, and with quiet haste made ready to wend her way to the garden where her Lord was laid. On Moab's peak there was a faint, rosy gleam, and Olivet was brightening, and on the pools of Hinnom fell a flush of light, while the Temple's spires gleamed goldenly against the sky. The birds twittered softly in the trees, and everywhere were sounds that told another morning had come. In Mary's hands were spices, and precious ointment, and odorous frankincense, which she was bearing to make sweeter the rest of Him she had loved and worshiped. Faithful Mary! She did not understand, but still she believed and loved. Christ, though dead, was still her Christ, her Savior. Underneath all this mystery of His death she must have felt the stirring of some undefined hope.

The dawn grew brighter as she entered the garden place and drew nearer to the tomb. Where were the sentinels? Where the stone? What meant that open door? Not yet does she comprehend, but with tearful eyes she and the other faithful women who have joined her draw nearer and look within. They see not the body of their Lord, but two men stood by them in shining raiment, saying, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, He is risen."

Sing, sing, O Earth! and break forth into gladness ye rocks and trees! Pour, ye waters, richer tides of melody, and ye everlasting hills break forth into rejoicing, for the Lord has risen!

But still Jerusalem and the world sleeps; sleeps while angels tune their harps to higher notes of praise at redemption accomplished and immortality made sure for man. That first Easter dawn was unnoted but by few among men, but heaven rang with alleluias and the song of the Lamb that was slain. Easter is especially suggestive to us of three things—love, hope, and immortality. First of all is the infinite love of Christ for man. His death was the seal of that love. It was the purchase price of man's pardon. It is the gospel of love that Christ brings to us. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." This is the foundation of all that Christ taught us. It is a simple creed—this gospel of love to God and love to man. And this divine teacher tells us that we should love God because He first loved us.

Take the beautiful Easter Day, then, and let it be love-crowned. Pause over it—the fullness and sweetness, the joy and the completeness of divine compassion. Let it breathe of immortal hopes and undying faith. Fill it with songs of victory and of triumph; shout aloud: "O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?" for on this day the risen Christ did conquer death and gave immortal life to man. Now, as our friends pass from us, we know that, while Death keeps the key on this side of the door through which they pass, *Love keeps it upon the other*—the Love that is mighty to save. So good-by to fear; good-by to doubt and sorrow; since the tomb is but the pathway to heavenly life and immortality. Hope! What do we hope for? Ring out again your peals, O Easter bells, and let the sweet, glad air thrill with the music of hope. Listen: "As in Adam all died, so in Christ shall all be made alive." "The Lord is risen." O endless life to come! That is the melody that the hills ring of today. The risen Christ is our Redeemer. Through Him we have all things—not the hope of this life only, but that which is to come. He hath conquered death for us. His arm hath vanquished our foe.

Immortality! "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also."

Ring out, O Easter bells! again ring, not only of eternal life, but of *home*. Those many mansions are *ours*, and are they not significant of *home?* Oh, there, in the life to come, we shall be no restless wanderers upon untried shores. The *home* is there, the blessed resting place; the mansion furnished and prepared by Him who has risen, and there sometimes He may come and sit with us

while He unfolds to us all the mystery of His providence and the fullness of His love; and there, in those heavenly chambers, may we entertain the loved of earth, who may sit with us there, not only with the Master, but with angel and archangel, while we study with them the wonders of the created universe, and the marvels of infinite love.

So ring once more, O bells of Easter! ring of Love, of Hope, and Immortality; ring of mansions celestial, of joys divine. Ring of the lowly sepulcher in the lonely garden, and of Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life,"—the Christ, the Lord of Life and of Glory.

XX.

THE BLACK MAN.

There is nothing in life that makes us so cheerful as unfailing faith in the Heavenly Father. Such faith is strong; it is bold; it is sustaining. No matter what may befall us, if behind it all we are able to recognize the hand of Our Father, we do not shrink. We say, God knows, and I will trust Him. It looks dark to me now, but I know that by-and-by all this darkness will be illuminated, and the mysteries of Providence will be revealed. Time does not exist for God, for to Him "a thousand years are as one day," and shall we seek to fix limitations for Him—shall we fail to trust Him because He does not fly to our rescue speedily, as soon as we cry out to Him?

Down the long track of eternal years God sees. The past and the present are all open to His sight. Not only the beginning of things, but all the ten thousand influences which surge in upon them, and which shape and mould and determine results. Not a thread in all the web of human destiny but He holds in His hand. Not a result but what He determined all the infinite causes which brought it about.

History is a wonderful revealer of the ways in which God deals with men. Very clearly are we enabled, oftimes, to trace the wisdom of His purposes, and the lines of His beneficence through the darkness of the centuries.

Take, for instance, the history of American slavery, and the condition of the black man in the wilds of Africa. No well-established national life and policy existed among these black men who were brought as slaves to this country. They knew nothing beyond tribal relations, and recognized no law save that of blind devotion to their chiefs. Through that was evolved in their dull minds the idea of obedience, and submission to some form of authority. But still they were wild and untutored barbarians, far beyond the realm of civilization, and in the midst of environments that were hostile to all the advance of civilizing forces. But cupidity and the lust for gain were the missionaries in disguise which reached them. They did not come of their own free will and plant their colonies in the wild wastes of America's then uninhabited wilderness, thus grafting upon this New World the savagery of the Old, but they came as slaves, confronting civilization, set down at once upon the plantation and in the homes where they were brought daily into association with the higher life of the most cultured people. In the majority of cases they were, without doubt, well treated and comfortably housed and fed. Their masters were men accustomed to being obeyed, men of character, of culture, and with qualities commanding respect. This long period of slavery was in many respects just what the black man needed; it was the lever by which he was to be lifted out from his savagery higher and higher toward the plane of civilization. It was an education for him, for the negro is imitative and always anxious to adopt the habits and the language of his superiors. In the old days there were many "Uncle Toms" among the slaves, men of great, tender hearts, with natures redeemed from every trace of barbarism, and inspired by an immeasurable love for Christ.

And now we have millions of these children of the "Dark Continent" in our midst, large numbers of whom are acting well their part as citizens of this great Republic. It is marvelous to note the advance that the race has made in America in the past 200 years. There are men of brilliant minds among them; scholarly men; there are men who, since the war, have acquired fortunes which are estimated by hundreds of thousands of dollars; they are, considering how recent their emancipation from slavery, industrious and thrifty; they do not fall below the white race in their aptness for acquiring knowledge, and for the black man we admit that a bright era has been ushered in, with large possibilities for his future.

In all this we cannot be blind to the workings of an overruling providence, and we are not slow to see the methods by which He has wrought out these grand results; yet a century ago no person whose sympathies were with the enslaved would have thought of advancing the idea that southern slavery was the best school that could have been provided for the education of colored freemen. But in no other way would they have been so naturally brought into such an educational relationship with the white man. A few missionaries in the interior of Africa, laboring never so faithfully, could not have hoped for or realized such large results from their labors as have been brought about through the providence of God, in the transplanting of these millions from Africa to the homes and cotton-fields of the South.

Still these results do by no means excuse the sin and wrong of slavery; it is God alone who has overruled it for good. But it teaches us that God's hand is still at the helm of human affairs, although His ways are not always man's ways.

So let our faith be firm, our trust unfaltering in the providence of God. Let us never forget that there are no chance happenings in this universe; that law is as dominant in the spiritual as in the natural world. God is everywhere sovereign ruler of this vast universe. Nothing can occur that He does not permit for some wise purpose, and all that is evil He will overrule for good.

With this faith in Him we may have the trust and the feeling of safety possessed by the little child who believes that its father is able and its mother is willing to give it all it needs and asks for, and so is secure from anxiety and dread, its little life full of the sunshine of peace and rest. "Underneath thee are the Everlasting Arms," and God's love shall bear them up as an eagle's wings far above the storms of life, overshadowed by His protecting providence and enveloped by the sunshine of His abiding presence. Cradled in our Father's care, the storms of Time may blow about us, but they cannot narm. Joy and safety shall be ours forever.

XXI.

SABBATH-BREAKING.

The American republic is built upon Christianity. It is the very foundation stone upon which it is laid. From over the pathless seas our pilgrim fathers came to the wilderness of this New World for freedom, to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, to a land where they might reverence the Sabbath and rear their humble church-spires; where, independent of the dictation of the State, they might worship as they saw fit, unawed by priests or prelates or the powers that be. In their Declaration of Independence all human rights were recognized as God-given, and as they met

in convention to frame that noblest of human instruments, the Constitution of these United States, not a step was taken until prayer was offered for the divine blessing upon the work before them. We have inscribed also upon some of the coin of the country that noble declaration, "In God we trust." The Bible is the book upon which our most solemn oaths of office are taken, and witnesses in our courts are sworn to tell the truth in the name of the God of this Christian people. Everywhere we meet with evidence of the universal recognition of a divine, overruling power, to whom we owe allegiance. All over this broad land, from ocean to ocean, the church spires are lifted with fingers pointed to the skies. The Sabbath bells ring out the call to worship, and the sacred hush of the day is felt as traffic ceases and business generally is laid aside, and Christian people rejoice in this day of blessed hope.

But there are many things that make us tremble for the future of this nation, for how can we remain a Christian people and yet perpetually trample upon divine law?

Even to the least observing among us it must be apparent that Christian America is in danger of having the American Sabbath supplanted by the continental Sabbath of Europe, where God's holy day becomes a holiday and the highest needs of man are unrecognized.

The Sabbath day was given us for rest, for moral and spiritual culture, as a something to answer our sense of those diviner needs of men which the merely material cannot satisfy. But the continental Sabbath thrusts all those higher needs aside. It calls simply for pleasure, as if all that man needed on this God-given seventh day of rest was to be idle and to be amused. The spiritual needs of the race it utterly ignores. Hence our Sunday theaters, Sunday excursions, Sunday baseball games, Sunday concerts, and the like—all innovations that have crept in upon our American Sabbath, which was originally one of worship and delightful family communion. The baseball game, balloon ascension, pleasure excursions and Sunday theatricals are no more in keeping with the spirit of our American Sabbath than are the Chinese temples in our midst or the heathen worship of idols. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." That is God's law, and if we would be His people we must obey it.

A Sabbath independent of worship is not a Christian Sabbath, and take away all worship and the American Sabbath could not be perpetuated. Take the veriest infidel in search of a home, and he would feel far more secure to build his home in a place where there were Christian churches and recognized Sabbaths than in one where none existed. His feelings, though he may not give them expression, are in keeping with those of a party of African explorers who were lost in the midst of the Dark Continent and feared that they might lose their lives by the hands of the relentless savages. Climbing a slight elevation, they looked down in the valley below them and espied the spire of a Christian church. With that sight all their fears fled and they exclaimed, "We are safe! We are safe!"

The Christian Sabbath is the only thing that stands between our workingmen and incessant toil. Take from it the recognized sacredness of the day, and the civil enactments that hedge it in from labor, and it would soon disappear. Make it simply a holiday and traffic would quickly encroach upon it, greed would seize upon it, and toil would become a relentless task-master, exacting service through seven days instead of six. Sin always brings its penalty, and trample upon the Sabbath and punishment will as surely follow as the night succeeds the day. We cannot be a Christian people and a Sabbathless people. We cannot continue free and enlightened and prosperous and yet disregard this one sacred day which is given us for rest and worship, for moral culture and improvement. Ignore the claims of the Sabbath upon us as a people and we drift out into lawlessness, to oppression, and the denial of the spiritual and moral rights of man.

Count Montalembert, one of the greatest French statesmen, once wrote: "Men are surprised sometimes by the ease with which the immense city of London is kept in order by a garrison of three small battalions and two squadrons, while to control the capital of France, which is half the size, 40,000 troops of the line and 60,000 national guards are necessary. But the stranger who arrives in London on Sunday morning, when he sees everything of commerce suspended in that gigantic capital in obedience to God; when in the center of that colossal business he finds silence and repose, scarcely interrupted by the bells which call to prayer, and the immense crowds on their way to church, then his astonishment ceases. He understands that there is another curb for a Christian people besides that of bayonets, and that where the law of God is fulfilled with such a solemn submissiveness, God himself, if I dare use the words, charges himself with the police arrangements."

But what is the continental Sunday? O laboring man, toiling through six days of the week, bearing your heavy burdens unrestingly, take one look at it as portrayed by those who have lived where it exists. Bremmer, in his work entitled "Excursions in Russia," thus portrays the continental Sabbath in that empire: "People are everywhere busy at work in the fields and the market places, in all the provincial towns are crowded the peasants, selling potatoes, mushrooms, apples, turnips, cucumbers, etc., just as on ordinary week days." The only difference, he informs us, is that "there is more trading, by far, on the Sabbath than on any other day, as it is the favorite shopping day with all classes."

Ah! what a picture of that blessed day of rest does this afford us! Does America long for such a Sabbath as this? Are we blind to the fact that our Sunday baseball games, our picnics and excursions, our Sunday theatricals and balloon ascensions, and all things else that strike at the sacredness of the day, are but the entering wedge of the continental Sabbath, that would take from us our American Sabbath, with its hours of sacred rest, its release from all toil, its opportunity for moral culture and enlightenment, and its privileges, which place the humblest laborer on the same level with the richest capitalist as a worshiper of the one God and Father of us all in His house.

America cannot give up her Sabbath and hope for continued freedom. Out of it springs our sense of universal brotherhood, and the universal need of divine help. In it the patient toiler finds his best time for moral and intellectual culture. In it he can answer the demands of his higher manhood, enjoy his home, and be blessed by the uplifting influence of his little ones. They appeal to his nobler manhood, and as he listens to their loving prattle he feels the best that there is within him arise and demand recognition.

"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," says the divine Master, and it does not serve its best purpose when it is given to idle pleasure. The "blue Monday" follows the Sabbath excursion and the various kinds of Sunday amusements, but where it is consecrated as a day of rest and worship, Monday finds those who have properly regarded the day refreshed and cheerful and ready for renewed toil, looking out upon life more hopefully and better fitted for its duties.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy!" Well would it be for America if that command were engraved upon each heart of this great people. To what a glorious future might this nation then look forward; to what a surcease from crime; to what decrease in poverty; to what higher morality and better public character. And

in addition to all these earthly blessings, with what confidence might we look forward to that eternal Sabbath in God's kingdom into which toil and hardship and sorrow shall never enter, but where the greatness of immortal being shall be unfolded and our life be filled with God's life and the eternity of knowledge and gladness. Oh, let us "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

XXII.

DAUGHTERS OF THE KING.

The work of the Redeemer was nearly done. The great scheme of man's redemption was almost finished. The agony of Gethsemane and the death upon Calvary were near at hand. In an upper chamber at Jerusalem Jesus had gathered his disciples to eat the Last Supper, and when that was ended, "He put water into a basin and began to wash His disciples' feet." But Simon Peter, His ardent yet impulsive follower, protested against His Lord's performing such menial service for him, saying, "Lord dost *Thou* wash *my* feet?" Jesus answered and said unto him, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Peter saith unto Him: "Thou shall never wash my feet." Jesus answered him, "If I wash thee not, thou shalt have no part with me."

This incident in the life of our King has its lesson for us, and the great truth to be drawn from it is that the Christian's life is a life of service—one of thoughtfulness and care for the needs of others.

To be a Christian is to be like Christ; to be filled with His spirit, and to do the works that He did; to live as He lived; and if we study His life we shall find that its whole grand story is told in the simple sentence, "He went about doing good."

Studying His life, we find that it was one of ceaseless activity and of unresting service. There was nothing which appealed to Him so strongly as human need. It always impelled Him to action; it was, and is, the mainspring of divine helpfulness. When human helplessness confronted our King He never rested until He had met it with divine helpfulness.

We can fancy Him as He journeyed through Palestine, after the fame of His marvelous works had gone abroad among the people. What a panorama of human suffering there was in the great crowds that thronged Him. And did He ever turn one away unhelped? The lame, the blind, the maimed, the leprous, whosoever suffered from human ill or spiritual hunger had but to tell their needs and they were all relieved. The voice of human suffering our King was quick to hear, and that He might the better help us He became our burden-bearer.

Christ's test of discipleship is this: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if you have love one to another." This spirit of earnest Christian love will very quickly place us in touch with humanity everywhere, and there is nothing that will so quicken us to see the work that we should do as this spirit of love for the race which possessed Christ, for love is never indifferent, never blind; it never forgets. Self is very small in love's eyes, for love always makes the needs of others paramount to its own. If we would always put Christ between us and self how quickly would the chains of selfishness be loosed and our hands always be ready to help others. Looking upon Him who so loves us, we should forget all selfish ends and our one great thought would be how we might best serve Him through helping others, and like Him we should go about doing good.

And one of the first truths that Christ inculcated was the forgiving love of God. I am confident that never a day passed during all the years of Christ's earthly ministry when men did not hear from His lips the invitations of His love and the assurance of God's readiness to forgive, or when the hand of our King was not outstretched to help the suffering and the needy, His pity and His all-comprehending love were as infinite as His Godhood. It embraced all sorrow, all frailty, all human want and weakness, and its language ever was, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Therefore the fact that we are the children of a King does not imply that we shall be served and yet withhold ourselves from serving. Instead of this, such relationship brings with it responsibility. If God has freely given us all things, as His children, does that gift impose upon us no duty but that of the selfish enjoyment of our own glorious hopes and anticipations of future blessedness? "Heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ to a heavenly inheritance," shall we leave our Redeemer to bear alone the burden of man's sins, and to carry on, with no active, living sympathy from His children, the work of the world's salvation?

We should ever bear in mind that the more earnest and active we are in the service of the King the nearer we shall come to Him, and the more shall we grow into his image.

As King's Daughters we are a "sisterhood of service," and that is our privilege of honor. And the more we serve the greater will our love be. I am filled every day with the sense of our need of greater consecration and willingness for sacrifice. Here are souls perishing all about us. What shall we do to awaken them to a sense of their need—these souls that Christ loves and for whom He died? Is it enough that the hope of a glorious immortality is ours? The King was willing to die for these souls. Shall we not be willing to ever tell them of His love and seek to lead them to Him?

We should never be willing to let a day pass without doing some special earnest work for our Father. And let us always remember that it is not the *greatness* of the work we do, but the *spirit* in which it is done, that He considers. The story of the widow's mite is for us. The proud and the rich who saw her cast her offering into the Lord's treasury doubtless looked with scorn upon her humble gift, it was such a small pittance, but Christ said, "She hath cast in more than they all." So He will accept whatever we have to bring if we give it in His name and for the love of souls. "Whosoever giveth a cup of water in my name shall not lose his reward."

Let us ever have that cup of water in readiness for thirsty souls, and cry aloud to them, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."

O the overflowing springs of God's love! Let us drink more freely of them, and as we drink consecrate ourselves anew to this life of service, remembering that the work our King began He has left for us to finish. No matter how slight the threads of duty may seem, we must not let any one of them drop. No duty is small; no work for the Master ends with today; but down the pathway of the eternal years the influence of duty faithfully performed is felt forever, and its story will never end. This eternity of thought and of action is what makes life so vast, so solemn, for neglected duty will not alone confront us here, but it will take a whole eternity to unfold the results arising from duty undone. Time can never measure the extent of our influence. Faithfulness to every duty, then, is what we most need to emulate in the example of the Master.

Daughters of the King, let us always wear the white raiment of charity; let us wrap ourselves in the mantle of unselfish devotion; let our feet be shod with the sandals of good will, and our hands ever be ready to give, "in His name," the cup of cold water to thirsty souls.

XXIII.

THE DEFIANT MOTHER.

If a person with no experimental knowledge of Christianity desires an example of its sustaining power in times of affliction, let him read the book of Job. Nowhere in human history will he find the record of more enduring heroism born of faith in God than he may find here. Earthly possessions all swept away; bereaved of his children; tempted by his wife "to curse God and die;" smitten with disease and tortured by suffering, he could yet exclaim, "What! shall we receive good at the hand of God, and not receive evil? The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord. . . . Yea, though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

O faith sublime! O trust that failed not nor questioned the righteousness and the goodness of God! There was no spiritual darkness there; no doubt of the divine beneficence; no selfish complaining; no plea for humanity from evil on account of his own uprightness, but a faith born of spiritual knowledge, that God would do right, and though the dealings of His providence were dark, yet he would not question His right to do with him as He pleased. He looked beyond the darkness of time to that eternal day when, standing face to face with his Maker, he would know and understand what the divine purpose had been, and he believed that when that was made fully manifest he could rejoice and triumph in the love of God.

Men sometimes need to be taught just such lessons of trust in their Heavenly Father. What virtue is there in trusting God when all is serene, and life moves on with nothing to mar our hopes or to try our faith? Is a faith that is never tested apt to grow strong? Is a love that is never tried as likely to grow perfect as that which is and yet endures?

There are many ways in which the trials and sorrows of life are made blessings to the children of God. First of all, they bring us into closer relationship with Him. When His hand is heavy upon us, then we feel the need of His help and the insufficiency of earthly things. And if we call upon Him then, He draws near to us by His spirit. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." There is not a sorrowing Christian but has felt the *fullness* of that comfort and the richness of sustaining grace.

"The Lord *loveth* whom He chasteneth," and He reveals that love in times of affliction, when life seems dark and its burdens too heavy to be borne. It is like the sunlight which breaks through the rifts in the dark clouds, full of warmth and brightness, telling of the glory that shall come when the storm has passed and the clouds all rolled away.

How near Christ came to Mary and to Martha at the grave of Lazarus! What joy there must have been in the sense of His tender and compassionate love when "Jesus wept!" What a sense of His divine power and goodness when the stone was rolled away and His voice was heard, saying, "Lazarus, come forth!"

And we need sorrow sometimes, so that the great stone of unbelief may be rolled away from our hearts, and that the voice of His love may reach our dull ears, bidding us to come forth from our worldliness into the light of duty and faith and worship. We need to be made to sit at His feet and learn of Him that we may find rest.

Once there was a mother who had a little son full of winning ways and happy laughter, who was the delight of her eyes and the idol of her heart. He was amiable and affectionate unless his strong will was crossed, and then he rebelled and yielded to an unbridled temper. But the mother saw no fault in him and was ready to yield to his most unreasonable demands. At last the little boy fell sick, and to all appearances lay dying in his mother's arms. Then all the rebellious spirit in that mother's heart was aroused, and she said to the physician: "My darling must die, you say? I tell you he shall not die. God shall not take him from me. He shall live. He shall live!"

To the surprise of every one the dying boy rallied and his feet came up from the banks of the river, and health returned. He grew to manhood, but it was a dishonest manhood, stained by crime, and he met his end upon the gallows. "Oh," said the poor mother, "Oh, that he had died when he was an innocent child in my arms! But I rebelled against God's will, and He gave me my will. Oh, my son, my son! your blood is upon my head. God would have taken you from the evil to come, but I would not give you up. I defied Him, and now my sorrow is greater than I can bear."

Ah! God's ways are best! Let us ever bear this in mind, and let us ever yield our wills to His will. He does not willingly grieve or afflict us, but He sees the end from the beginning, and when His providences are dark, let us remember that behind them "He hides a smiling face." Then will our trust grow and our faith in God be strong. Life's burdens will never be too heavy for us to bear, for the Lord, even our God, will be our comforter.

XXIV.

"REJOICE! REJOICE!"

Does it not strike you as something very strange that there may be found in God's kingdom such a personality as an unhappy Christian? And yet there are hundreds of them. Where does the fault lie? Is it with us or with God? What is our Heavenly Father's word to us? "Rejoice, again I say unto you, rejoice." Does He mean this when He commands it, or is He laying upon us a command that it is utterly impossible for us to fulfill? That is not like our Heavenly Father. His commands are always given with a purpose, and with the promise of grace sufficient to enable us to obey them. Where does the trouble lie, then? If not with God, then it must be with ourselves. If we look into our own hearts we shall find it there, and it is wrapped up and hidden in the napkin of distrust. Not that the earnest Christian conscientiously distrusts his Heavenly Father! It would shock him if you should tell him that he did, but still he does it.

Let us look at the case very carefully. Here is a Christian who loves God. There is no doubt of that. He would not be tempted to give up his love for Christ for the whole universe. But there is something in the past, perhaps, that he cannot forget. His whole language is, "Oh, if I could undo that past; could blot out the memory of the wrong that I did, then I could be happy." And all the while the tender voice of the Redeemer is saying, "I have put thy transgressions behind me, and thy sins are covered; rejoice always, and again I say unto thee, rejoice!"

These mistakes and shortcomings of ours teach us many lessons which we need to learn. First of all, they bring to us a sense of our dependence upon God's grace. They teach us how vain it is to rely upon our own strength, our own righteousness, and while we sorrow that we have erred, we should be filled with rejoicing that we have One who is mighty to save and ready to forgive. Oh, if we could only learn to put all our past behind us, as God does when we turn to Him, and to remember

only that He pardons and covers all of our transgressions, how easy would it be for us to "rejoice in the Lord always," and losing sight of the things which are behind, press forward and onward and upward to a higher life.

Then another reason for Christian rejoicing is this: "we are heirs, joint heirs with Christ, to a heavenly inheritance," and if we have not so very much of this world's goods, we have that "heavenly inheritance" awaiting us which includes all good, all glory and fullness and happiness.

"Joint heirs with Christ;" how can such a one be poor? Are not those eternal riches far better than the decaying wealth of time? Should we not rejoice forevermore at the assurance of that heavenly inheritance?

Then another thing in which the Christian should rejoice is the assurance that when he enters into that heavenly inheritance he will leave behind him his sinful nature, all the dross of earth, all his tendency to err. That is the great beauty of salvation—our escape from sin. It is not escape from danger that the Christian considers so much as escape from sin. That is the one awful and appalling reality that confronts us here, and it is only through God's grace that we find any escape from it. But that opens a path all luminous with His love, all bright with mercy, through which we may walk and be saved.

And heaven may come to us here in doing God's will, in following in the footsteps of the Master who "went about doing good." What we want is a vitalized Christianity, one instinct with love to humanity, such as springs from love to God. Let us put Christ between us and all the sorrows and the burdens of our life, cling to His promises, walk in His footsteps, minister to the needs of others, and forever keep our ears open to that blessed assurance that "all things shall work together for the good of those who love God;" and then shall we be able to obey the command that Christ, our elder brother, has laid upon us, "Rejoice; again I say unto you, rejoice!"

XXV.

EASTER MORN.

The centuries move onward down the path of time, nations rise and fall, and the memory of great men grows dim as the ages slip into the dead past which engulfs all things human. But as precious to the world today as it was almost nineteen hundred years ago is that immortal morning when the Conqueror of Death rose from His stone-hewn sepulcher as the first Easter dawned upon the world.

The great city of Jerusalem slept. Its busy streets were still silent. The high priest and the members of the Sanhedrim were hushed in slumber, and Pontius Pilate lay undreaming of the gladness of that resurrection morning which was breaking upon the surrounding hilltops, upon the temple's spires and the whole sleeping world. Perhaps in his troubled dreams Pilate might still have seen the noble and untroubled face of the Christ whom he had delivered, even against his better judgment, to be crucified, for the sense of wrong must have continually haunted him. "I find no fault in him," was the language of Pilate, yet he gave him over to the rabble, to the Cross—to cruel crucifixion. O day of shame! well might the sun hide its head in darkness and the trembling earth quake in that moment of horror; and yet there were redeeming features to that hour, such as lifted humanity nearer God than ever it had risen before. Have we ever considered how marvelous was the faith of the thief upon the Cross? There was one who claimed to be divine and infinite in heaven, yet dying at the hands of a merciless rabble, suffering the same condemnation as the sinful malefactor. Yet such was his bearing that faith blossomed like a flower in the breast of the dying thief, and there amid the agonies of death his lifted eyes were fixed upon the Christ and his lips gave utterance to his dying prayer: "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." O dying thief! a faith like thine is sufficient unto salvation. Christ's heart must have been comforted with love like this. The faith of the Disciples did not die, though He whom they worshiped was laid away in the tomb. The doubting Thomas was there, it is true, but Peter and Mary were early at the sepulcher. His life had left its divine impress upon them, and the blessed Master, they believed, was mightier than Death and would yet prove to the world that He had made no false claims.

But still the awful silence when He was laid away in that new-made sepulcher with the great stone rolled against its mouth. How heavily upon their hearts fell the measured tread of the sleepless sentinels! How long the hours of day and night as they passed in weary succession! Day and night, day and night! Oh, anxious, listening ears, is there no sound to be heard in the tomb of the Crucified—no movement where He sleeps? Day and night pass and the city goes about its duties and its pleasures unmindful of the late tragedy upon Calvary. Men laugh in careless mirth, and imperial Romans think only of power, and dream of an even grander future. The sentinel's tread is ceaseless at the tomb. The unbelieving Jew would guard against deception and would make sure that none of Christ's many disciples steal the body and proclaim to the world that their Lord had risen. But a mightier power than that of imperial Rome or Jewish people is there. The dawn neared slowly in the purple east on that first day of the week after the Lord had died. The sun had not yet risen when from the blue of heaven the angels came, and with their own hands rolled back the great stone from the door of the tomb. Back swung its heavy weight, and into the still morning walked the risen Lord. Then, fairer than the glory of the approaching sun, shone man's hope of immortality. Despair died when redemption was wrought. Mightier than death or sin was He who died to save a sinful world. No longer is human hope clouded, for the risen Christ brings life and immortality to light. Well may we greet the day with joy and thanksgiving, for no longer is death the king of terrors; no longer the grave a pathway of darkness and despair, but the highway through whose portals the Redeemer passed before us, lighting all the way with the sun of His love.

Then welcome the beauty of the Easter dawn. Let Faith gather new strength and Hope spread her pinions for a nobler flight. Life blossoms into larger meaning and time leads on to an eternity of joy. Through Christ eternal life is made glorious. All the long, eternal years are crowned with the brightness of immortality. In the "green pastures beside the still waters" with this living, risen Christ may His children walk while He unfolds to them Creation's wonders and the immensity of infinite love.

"O Easter dawn! the glory of thy light
Through ages streams; the gladdened earth
Rejoices in hope of the immortal birth,
And heaven's celestial shores burst on our sight."

XXVI.

THE GRAND ILIAD OF TIME.

Nature is, in many ways, a powerful preacher, far more eloquent than human lips. If our ears are properly attuned we recognize in its various language the voice of God speaking to us from tree and flower, from the blade of grass, as well as from the mighty ocean and majestic uplift of mountains. There are certain phases of Nature which reveal to us not only the grandeur of divine character, but its benevolence as well. They bring us face to face with the manifestation of God's care for us, His thoughtfulness for the higher needs of man's nature. He might have made the world bare of loveliness, and furnished it in such a way as to have answered only the requirements of our actual necessities. But He did not do that. He implanted within the human soul the love of beauty, and then with His own hand He supplied that which answers to that love and is thrilled and gladdened by it. When Moses, the servant of God, standing amid the awful silence of the desert, in the vicinity of Mount Horeb, saw the burning bush, and that it was not consumed, he felt that God was in that place. So we feel the presence of an almighty power in the sublime grandeur of lofty mountains, in the voice of the mighty cataract or the greatness of earth's encircling seas.

There are many chapters in the volume of Nature, each of which teaches us a different lesson. The chapter on beauty is marvelous, and is written in the warm colors of the sunset, in the alphabet of the flowers, in the perfection of each blade of grass, the different leaf of each shrub and tree, the gleam of the shining waterfall; in rounded hills and sleeping vales, and in the kaleidoscopic glory of ever-shifting lights and shadows. But the chapter on God's omnipotence is the grand Iliad of time. In this State we find it written with an alphabet of sky-towering Sierras; of great cataracts leaping thousands of feet through the shining air; in a Yosemite which is the wonder of the world, with its granite domes, its cathedral spires, and its carved granite walls which rise upward like a rocky firmament. No intelligent person can look upon the wonders of that valley, cradled amid that wilderness of mountains, and yet believe that it is the work of blind Chance, for the power of God is graven upon that eternal granite, and the voice of Deity echoes unceasingly in those waterfalls that seem dropping from the skies.

Look on those granite domes, lifted a mile upward into the bending heavens, the far skies resting upon their crests, and the clouds mantled about their shoulders when the storm draws near. They do not speak to us of a blind and soulless chance, but of omnipotent power. They are the eloquent priests of Nature, whose voices are never silenced, proclaiming the infinite and immutable God. The summer lightnings play about their crests with forkéd tongues of flame, gleaming like the burning bush of Horeb. The pillar of cloud is above them, and thunders like those of Sinai sometimes make the wilderness to tremble.

But in the midst of all this sublimity God's benevolence and love for us is seen, for He has mingled beauty such as gladdens the heart with this awe-inspiring grandeur. He has spanned the waterfalls with rainbows; sown the valley with wonderful wild-flowers; carpeted it with the richest emerald and filled it with the melody of innumerable birds. Millions of bright-winged butterflies sport in the sunlit air, and the full-rhythmed voice of the crystal river is never hushed. Fed by the eternal snows of the vast heights above it, its melodious flow is unceasing, and it pours a full-voiced anthem resounding with strength and power. At sunset and sunrise those granite walls look as if paved with gold and precious stones. They flash back the golden sunbeams and look like vast altars of flame. Like modern Sinais or lofty Horebs, they shine with the light of God's presence, and it would not seem strange to hear the command of old: "Take thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

This omnipresent, omnipotent God who rules the universe is shadowed forth and revealed in all things. Even the poor Indian sees His smile in the sunlight and feels His breath in the welcome summer breeze. He dreams of the happy hunting-grounds beyond the shadows of Time, and lifts hopeful eyes to the shining sun, which shall light his footsteps thither. How much more should we, in the clear light of Faith, look forward to that rest which remaineth for the people of God, beholding in all things, as we may, an ever-present Father, the God of Nature and the God of man, who so cares for us that even the very hairs of our heads are all numbered, and not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His knowledge.

XXVII.

WHEN HARPS WERE HUNG UPON THE WILLOWS.

"By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For they that carried us away captive required of us a song, and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, 'Sing us one of the songs of Zion.' How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land."

Is there anywhere in the English language a more pathetic and forcible expression of homesickness than is found in the words above quoted? God's captive people were strangers in a strange land, and their hearts, as they sat by these foreign streams, heard no melody in flowing waters. Their tinkling drops, as they swept on in silvery cadences, were to them but an undertone of sorrow, reminding them of the distance lying between them and their beloved Zion. Oh, for the deep, full anthem of Jordan's waters, or the melody of the brook Kedron, whose clear waters flowed between the holy city and the base of Olivet. The blue skies of the Holy Land gleamed fair within their memories. Their hearts held the fragrance of its blossoming fields and the glory of its summer beauty, and their harps were untouched and hung upon the bending willows, as they said one to another: "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

And we are strangers in a strange land, and are journeying to that better country, if we are Christians, where Our Father dwells, where are our houses not made with hands, to that city which "hath no need of the sun, nor of the moon, for the glory of God doth lighten it."

That better country! do our hearts ever go out in longing for its rest and peace and sinlessness? Do we wish more of that divine presence to illumine and brighten our spiritual lives, and make us ready to see Our Father face to face in the land where we may dwell forever in His presence?

The Christian should not be content with this earth life alone. He should not regard this world as his home, but he should forever keep in his heart that love for heaven that shall actuate all his desires and kindle his most blessed hopes. The glory of the ancient Zion and the grandeur of its sacred temple have all departed, but our Zion will not fade, nor its beauty vanish. If we are led captive by sin, let us turn our faces toward that

New Jerusalem, and tune our hearts to fresh praise. Then will the glory of that land be wafted into our lives here. Then may we journey in gladness while the airs of heaven are borne to us, and the clear vision of faith enables us to behold its walls and towers, and its streets of gold. Then may our hearts be filled with singing and our lips with praise. "Homeward Bound," is the song which we may sing, while the chains of sinful captivity slip downward, and our hearts are made free by the love of God.

XXVIII.

HUMILITY, HOPE AND DUTY.

I have been looking today at the beauty of the sunshine as it touches the earth, gilding with its golden light the waving grass, the fragrant flowers and the swaying leaves. The world is made very beautiful by it, and all its charms are revealed. So is it with God's love in our hearts. Life is illuminated by it, our natures expand under its influence, life broadens and deepens, and through it we take hold upon infinity. What is worthless drops away from us and what is noble and grand becomes a part of our very being. There is nothing worthless that is born of love. There is nothing unholy that springs from it. It is the regenerating power of the universe, the spring of all excellence and purity, the source of all good.

Love is without limitations, without self-seeking, always exalting that which it loves. As the sun sweeps from the earth its vile miasmas, so love sweeps from our hearts all the vileness of human depravity, and the poisonous mists of sin. It lifts us out from self into the atmosphere that God breathes, and is the great key that unlocks the door of human progress. Without it we grovel; with it we take wings and tend upward, and heavenward.

It is love which is the soul of life; without it we may exist, but we do not live. And what is being worth unless it broadens? Is that life worth living which embraces nothing more than mere existence, without one intelligent heart-beat, one throb of the soul? Is that life worth living which does not make the world better because it has been lived, and God himself richer in the sum of human goodness? Ah, but you say, dear reader, "I am poor and humble, the world will not take note of what I do." But do you not remember that God will take note of it, and that all of right living helps to swell His treasury of human remembrances? We have read in His word of the poor widow who cast into His treasure the "two mites," which God held to be worth more than all the offerings of the rich, because they were sanctified by love. The great world was dear to her heart and she longed to do what she could for its uplifting, and the "two mites" were "all her living." What a grand, unselfish nature was hers, and the story will be told to all the ages. Love, infinite love, holds her higher than the monarch upon his throne, and all the eons of eternal years will be sweeter for the incense of her sacrifice.

Ah, the greatest thing in the world is love, for it leads us to give the best that we have and are to God and the world.

It was love to God, and love for holiness that led to the self-abasement of the publican, and led him as he stood alone in the temple to smite upon his breast and cry aloud, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." And out of that humility, that love for the right, a noble manhood was born, and a grander spirituality evolved, and that man went down from the temple to the daily duties and cares of life "justified" with God.

This justification by faith is another of the fruits of love, for there can be no faith without love, no taking hold of God's promises, which are like supports thrown across every abyss of life, every hard place which our wayward feet have to tread.

If love is the atmosphere that we breathe, how life brightens for us! When we think of self alone, life seems hard and sorrowful, for there is nothing that makes one feel so lonely as to stand face to face with self and dwell upon its needs and longings. But if we consider God's love for us we do not feel lonely, for it is great enough to fill our hearts, to satisfy all of our desires. Human love is sweet, but still we must have something more than that to fully satisfy. The immortal within us calls out for the immortal. It is not earth, but heaven, that can satisfy.

But the beautiful thought comes home to us that the path of duty, however hard, leads straight to love and happiness. The road is white and shining at the end, even if it be dark and thorny at the outset. The lions in our way are like those which Christian saw before the door of the Interpreter's house, without power to hurt us. Love has chained them and will not let them harm us. Even here we may have visions of the Delectable Mountains which lie onward in our paths and the Beulah Land we may yet reach. Let us believe that God is good, and infinite, and loving, and ready to give us all things if we but trust Him. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth those that fear Him." And God's pity is tender and it will make every hard place smooth if we but trust in its infinite fullness.

"I may not draw aside the mystic veil
That hides the unknown future from my sight,
Nor know if for me waits the dark or light,
But I can trust.

"I have no power to look across the tide,
To know while here the land beyond the river;
But this I know, I shall be God's forever,
So I can trust."

XXIX.

WEALTH AND BEAUTY EVERYWHERE.

Life is full of wealth, and greatness and beauty, if we only take it in its largeness and perceive all that it holds for us. First, and highest of all things, is God's love for us, reaching out into all of our experiences if we are His children. Can you imagine God forgetting for one moment the children of His love? Did He forget, the thread of life would snap and somewhere into the vastness of the universe we should slip, being blotted out forever. But there is not a moment of our existence that does not hold God's thought for us, and that is not vital with His love.

And that love of God is more than all things else. It holds for us joy and peace and the perfection of being. Heaven may be here upon earth if we have God's presence and that communion with Him which is the birthright of His children. "Nearer, My God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!" this should forever be our prayer, and the strength of our desire. And no such longing will be unanswered, for with it God's presence will envelop us like the atmosphere, and His spirit will overshadow us, and make the sunlight of our souls.

Then how much of natural beauty there is in the world about us, and can that soul grow sordid whose eyes are open to behold it? How many tongues it finds in trees, how many voices amid the flowers. The little blades of grass, swaying in the soft summer breezes, seem to whisper, "God is here;" the bird-song is full of melody that tells of heaven. There is nothing sordid in Nature. She is large-hearted and she is continually giving of her largess to those who love her. The sun shines not for

the earth alone, but for you and me. It shines that our eyes may behold beauty and our lives feel its nurturing warmth and light. The stars twinkle in the firmament and reveal to us the infinity of creative power, and from these pages of nature we learn lessons of humility and of love. "When I consider the heavens, which are the work of Thy fingers, the moon and stars, which Thou has ordained, what is man that Thou are mindful of him, and the Son of Man, that Thou visitest him?" Then, pondering this, hear the final and triumphant assurance of the Psalmist: "Thou hast made him [man] a little lower than the angels, and crowned him with glory and honor." But, remember, all these starry worlds shall perish, but he shall still endure. There is no death for his soul if he is Thine. O Father, Thy love crowns him with immortality; limitless life stretches before him, and no power can take from his lips the cup of knowledge. There is forever the rich unfoldment of God's power and goodness for him to study. He is not a thing apart from nature but he stands at the head of the long line of created things, the crown and glory of them all, the intelligent link between the divine and the universe, which He has created.

Situated thus, is not life worth living? Is it not full of grandeur, and may it not be made rich in all things to be desired? If life is a failure is not the fault ours? But can any life be a failure that is hid in Christ, that is inspired by love to Him and blessed by His mercy? O Christian! never despair. Cling to the cross of Christ, where all earth's burdens slip from us. Fight the good fight of faith, and finish your course with rejoicing. Life is good with the love of God to cheer us and with His promises for our rest. Do your part and God will do His, and through him you shall triumph over all evil, and the blessedness of eternal being and eternal peace and gladness shall be yours. Live near to Him here, and there you shall see Him face to face and your life shall be without a cloud, forever bright in the sunlight of His forgiving mercy.

XXX.

LEND A HAND.

Grander than any book that has ever been written, mightier in its influence for good, is noble, well-rounded character. The man who possesses such a character is a man who opens his eyes to the needs of the age in which he lives, and who is earnest in his efforts to help answer those needs. One of the most decisive duties required of us is that we should serve our own generation. We read of David, in Acts xiii, 36: "For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." He did the required work of the time in which he lived. He did much for his country and for his people. He was a man of intellectual and spiritual strength, and he was called to the throne at a time when the nation was waking up to a sense of its unnumbered deficiencies. Intellectually and spiritually what vast strides forward it made while he was upon the throne! What an uplifting of literature and poetry! The sweetest psalms the ages have ever heard were penned by him, and from the influence of his example and teachings came to the Jewish people a richer manhood and a better government.

And the duty of every one of us is "to serve his own generation." And how can we do this? Not alone by giving of our wealth to the church and the state, and to philanthropic purposes, but, first and greater than this, we must give ourselves. It has been truly said that "the most valuable thing a man can bestow upon his age or his native land is himself, provided always he is good for anything. And the best service a man can render his church, or city, or town is to throw the light of a fresh, God-inspired personality upon it."

Who of us has ever proved to the uttermost his powers? Who of us has tested the limits of his possibilities, or measured the extent of influence? Or who of us considers continually the fact that we shall be held responsible not only for what we do, but for that which we might do and yet do not?

How many of us realize the solemnity of living? We talk of the solemnity of death, but there is nothing to be dreaded in dying if we have lived right. It is right living that determines for us a happy future, and death is but the open door for us then to a better tomorrow. What our life here is for, is to serve God and humanity. We want to serve our own generation, and through it all coming ones. We must strive to help others climb the lofty Pisgahs of high purposes and of earnest devotion to duty. The work of our lives is not done when we have made ourselves comfortable, improved the opportunities for our own advancement and won for ourselves high place and position, if meanwhile we have kept ourselves aloof from others' needs, and failed in helping to benefit society and the world. No one can live unto himself and yet be true to himself and his obligations.

The cry of this age, as of every age, is for men, earnest, Christ-like men and women ready for the Cross, ready for self sacrifice, and full of brotherly good-will. We stand face to face today with a sorrowing, care-burdened world. Persecution is abroad; want and need and destitution confront us, tyranny has laid its iron heel upon the necks of thousands, and shall we sit supinely down, caring only for our own pleasure and indifferent to the work which we might do for others.

What the world needs today is more earnest consecration and stronger purposes. God wants every one of us to "serve his generation," and He will help us to do it if we are ready. What the age requires today is an army of cheerful, willing Christians.

Said an earnest, thoughtful Christian to me once, "I don't believe that sad men can aid in converting this world, and I don't believe that frivolous men can do it. I think some persons have a sort of gayety because they don't think, because they have never grasped life's mighty issues, nor heard sounding in the chambers of thought the solemn peals of time." What we do need is a cheerfulness like the apostles in their prison cell at Philippi, born of trust in God, of faith in His purposes and of strong Christian courage and determination. A divine cheerfulness, the outgrowth of holy purpose, and the sense of Christ's nearness.

With such trust and faith in God this generation would come off conquerors and more than conquerors through Him who hath loved us. Let every child of God do his whole duty in serving his generation, and so powerful would be the influence of such lives that wars would cease, persecutions would have an end, and God's kingdom would speedily come.

Let no one, however humble, refuse to serve his generation, and excuse himself by saying, "I have nothing that I can do."

> "'Nothing to do,' thou Christian soul!
> Wrapping thee round in thy selfish state,
> Off with the garments of sloth and sin;
> Christ, thy Lord, hath a kingdom to win.
> 'Nothing to do!' There are prayers to lay
> On the altar of incense day by day;
> There are foes to meet within and without;

There is error to conquer strong and stout.
'Nothing to do!' There are minds to teach
The simplest forms of Christian speech;
There are hearts to lure with loving wiles,
From the grimmest haunts of sin's defile.
'Nothing to do!' and thy Savior said
'Follow thou me in the path I tread!'
Lord lend Thy help the journey through
Lest faint we cry, 'so much to do!'"

XXXI.

THE TRIALS OF LIFE.

Why is it that the future life—that endless life of the soul—takes so little hold upon our thoughts and affections? The life which we now live is merely preliminary to the great hereafter that is to roll on through the eternal years, grand in its infinity, great and joyous, if we are Christ's because through it all we shall be growing into His image, with an ever-enlarging capacity for happiness.

Life here has its trials and its limitations. It embraces more of the human than of the divine in its characteristics, but the divine is slumbering within, lying dormant and wakened sometimes only through sorrow. I always look now for the shining garments which sorrow wears underneath her black robes, and when I see them then how quickly does her frowning visage change to one of tender smiles and pity. Sorrow is God's most faithful messenger to us, and she holds the key to His tenderest love and care for us, and behind her I ever hear His gracious voice saying, "My child has wandered from me down the paths of pleasure and of sin, and Sorrow only can bring him to feel his need of me, and so I send her that she may bring back my wanderers into the fold."

Are you grievously afflicted, and can you see no brightness for your tears, hear the voice of the Pitying One saying, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

"The way is dark, my child, but leads to light;
I would not always have thee walk by sight;
My dealings now thou canst not understand,
I meant it so, but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child!

"The path is rough, my child! But, oh, how sweet
Will be the rest for weary pilgrims' feet,
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,
And safe and blest
With me shall rest,
My child!

"The cross is heavy, child! Yet there was One
Who bore a heavier one for thee; My Son,
My Well Beloved. For Him bear thine, and stand
With Him at last, and from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down,
Receive a crown,
My child!"

Our Father! It is that thought which helps us to walk trustingly on through the hard places of life, knowing that He is with us, and that all our burdens He gives us to bear, that we grow stronger in our faith in Him, and feel more deeply our need of being led by His hand. Earthly pleasure never leads us to look up; it never leads to that grand development of the soul which makes the child of God Christlike and strong, heroic in his purposes, and unselfish in his aims. The diamond has to be ground and cut and polished before its true beauty appears, and so God has to work with His children before the genuine beauty of Christian character is made manifest, and all our burdens are but tokens of that love which would bring us nearer to itself and make us meet for our heavenly inheritance, and beautiful in His sight. Let us dwell more upon the life to come—that life free from sin, from sorrow, and which is one of constant expansion and growth. All the fullness of infinite life will be open to us there, and the companionship of our Father and Redeemer. That life will be love with all its sacred fervor and its unselfish delights. It will be constant advancement and the unfoldment of all the powers of the soul. All the wide realms of knowledge will be open to us; all the blessed companionship of saints and angels; all fear of sin and of death will have forever vanished, and we shall drink of the fullness of joy.

With all this before the Christian, may he not well be patient for a little time with the ills of earth. Let us put Christ between us and our sorrows, and the shining of His face will rob them of their gloom. Let us listen to His voice as He says:

"The day goes fast, my child! But is the night
Darker to me than day? In me is light!
Keep close to me and every spectral band
Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand,
And through the night
Lead up to light,
My child.

"The way is long, my child! But it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee;
And thou shalt know, at last, when thou shalt stand
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand
And quick and straight
Lead to heaven's gate,
My child!"

XXXII.

CLOSER TO CHRIST.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life." Down the long ages, wrapped in the silence of the past, do these glorious words come to us from the lips of our Redeemer, our loving and waiting Savior, to cheer us when we shrink from the thought of death and the grave, and then we feel that if we love Him, as surely as He lives shall we live, and that He will clothe us with immortal gladness and beauty. Then it is that death loses its terrors; for we do not look upon it as the end of life, but rather as the entrance way to a better life that shall have no end.

How much there is in the glad gospel of Christ that brings Him near to us, that makes our souls feel in fullest touch with Him, and feel assured that He does not stand apart from us. We feel, as we read His words, that we have His sympathy, His tender and comprehending love, and that He never forgets us. The sense of loneliness slips from our lives, and we never feel that we walk alone.

Thus knowing Christ and loving Him, the feeling of strangeness and unreality, which many have, of the life beyond, slips from us, and we look forward to death as to a home-going, where we shall find our best friend—He who has redeemed us from sin, and made us heirs with Him to a heavenly inheritance.

How many there are who pray to God as to some one afar off. I heard a poor soul say the other day, "Oh, I want to be saved, I want to live for Christ, but He

seems so far away I cannot realize that He hears me; I cannot form any conception of God such as enables me to pray to Him understandingly."

Dear friend, take home to your heart just this one truth, and do not try to go any further just now: "God is Love." Isn't that enough? Is not love always ready to hear, always ready to bless? Is not love tender and forgiving? Is not love always ready to take us to its great heart and wrap our lives round with joy, and hope, and blessings? Need we ever be afraid of love, or shrink from it? With our lives filled with it, how can they be other than glad? This is the God we want—the God who is love. We need not try to comprehend anything more of the character than this when we go to Him, but in our daily companionship with Him, He will reveal Himself more fully to us as a God of justice and of mercy, and of infinite power. Blest is that soul who sees in Him. "Our Father." Where our Father is we do not hesitate to go, for it is home.

It is death that takes us home into His immediate, visible presence, but we may be at home with Him here, for He is ready to dwell in our hearts, and though our earthly eyes may not behold Him, we may feel His presence and know that He is near, and at all times, in the midst of sorrow and of trial, and all the changing scenes of life, we may hear His voice saying, "It is I; be not afraid."

Walking with Christ—this it is which makes life beautiful and glad, which takes away the sting of death and fills us with undying hope and joy. Read your Bibles and you will find Christ there revealed in characters of light. Always ready to help the needy; never turning from the sinner, and often raising the dead, bringing joy again to houses of mourning and sorrow, and forgiving sins. And, remember, dear reader, that this Christ is our Christ, "the same yesterday, today and forever." Accept Him and you will find joy even in sorrow, and in death, life everlasting.

"We cannot see our Lord unless we die;
This mortal must take immortality.
To his own heaven He has gone away,
But bade us follow thither day by day.

"One moment! then shall I be changed and see
My Lord, turning with love to look on me?
Now sinful, all afraid, with vision dim.
Shall I awake in heaven beholding him?

"Ye angels! roll for me the stone away,
My sepulcher hath light and joy today.
His spirit softly whispers, passing by,
Ye cannot see your Lord unless ye die."

THE SAUNTERER.

WE have had a touch of hot summer weather, and —yes, I must confess it—Los Angeleños have been guilty of the undignified act of perspiring just like the common herd of humanity. But before we forgot what was ours by right of climatic inheritance, the hot wave drew off, fans were relegated to their proper places among our unused relics of the past, and smiles and refreshing coolness took the place of frowns and anathemas at the unusual state of things, and Southern California was herself again.

* * *

But there is one thing, O army of now defunct grumblers! that I wish to call your attention to. There was mercy mingled with our discomfort, for even on those days when the noonday sun blazed hottest the heat could not hold the land in its hot grasp throughout the night. At 4 o'clock the quivering heat died. Cool, delicious breezes began to creep in from the sea, and the whole heated world felt the thrill of their coming. The mercury clambered down swiftly from the highest nail on which the thermometer was hung to a point that we could reach with the easiest, softest breathing, and it clasped hands with rest and comfort. And the nights—how full of balm and fragrance, of soft, unheated, delicious air! Slumber found us without trouble. There was no weary tossing, no perspiring restlessness, no oven-like rooms filled with burnt-out air, but our chambers were cool, the night air purified in Nature's vast alembic and made fit to minister to our comfort.

* * *

With such a state of things we are inexcusable if we permit ourselves to grumble at a few hours of midday heat, such as has recently visited us, when the thermometer dared to climb up amid the nineties, and toy with them as if they were really at home at such an unnatural elevation and with such figures. Like everything else that rears itself above its proper sphere, it had to have a fall, and now it is down, down where the cool little sea breezes linger and men are ready to talk of the "best climate that God ever made," and let their hearts bubble over with thankfulness that their lot is cast in a land like this, where the climate generally lets you alone and you feel that simply to be is bliss.

* * *

Nature had a little bit of by-play all her own way on Monday evening, and so unusual was it with us here that we enjoyed it like some grand drama, marvelous and strange, in which is the soul of some great master mind which seeks expression through it in words of fire. As night drew on, light, filmy clouds gathered in the north and east above the high mountain crests. Then all at once came flashes of fire. Heat lightning stirred the soft waves, and from north to south flashed the bright radiance. It was like an ethereal pulse-beat, and little children all unused to the lightning flash looked on in strange surprise. "Oh, mamma," exclaimed one little tot as she sat, clasped in her mother's arms, upon the wide veranda, "Oh, mamma, did God wink his eyes?"

* * *

The Chamber of Commerce rooms are a good place for us to take our visitors, for there we find a full epitome of Southern California productions. It is gratifying to our pride to witness the number of exclamation points our eastern visitors require in order to give vent to their surprise at what confronts them there.

"Why," exclaimed one of them on Monday who was "doing" the rooms, "you can grow anything here that is grown anywhere in the world, can't you? And I never dreamed that oranges and pears grew so big, and olives—black olives—I never saw any before, and such pumpkins! I'll believe now the story of 'Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,' for surely any woman could hide away in a pumpkin as big as that. It's a revelation to come in here, not only of this productive upper world, but of that great under world beneath the water. What beautiful shells—they are from Catalina, you say—can I buy any of these anywhere to take home with me? Such wonderful colors—I must have some, for we find nothing like them at home. And the palms—how beautiful they are! Oh, Southern California is a lovely land, and I want to come back and make my home here, some time." Thus talked one of the ladies of Chairman Hooker's party. California was so novel to her. "I can hardly realize that I am in my own country," she said, "everything here is so different."

"Yes, but the greatest glory of it all," said The Saunterer, "is that over us, as over you, waves the Stars and Stripes, the glorious banner of the free."

* * *

The city is donning its fiesta colors, and we shall soon be ready for our grand yearly carnival. Life wakens afresh and pulses along our streets, and throbs tumultuously along the pave. Everything is awhirl, and our hearts are in keeping with the brightness of the season, and bud and blossom are in league with us to make all things lovely.

* * *

What a cosmopolitan city we are! Pass along our streets and you would think that the world had emptied itself into them. Never a chance is there for us to be provincial, for we touch shoulders with people from every land and from every quarter of the globe.

I could but notice, as I was out one day last week, how true it is that extremes meet in this world of ours. I saw a daintily-dressed little girl, clad in soft and silken stuffs, frilled with choice laces and bright-colored ribbons, herself as dainty as the opening rose. She was a child of fortune, and costly was the pretty ring that flashed in the sunlight from her white and dimpled finger. But she was a willful daughter of fortune, and was full of discontent and waywardness, if her will was crossed.

That same afternoon I sauntered out into the fields, where I saw four happy boys in an old wagon, the bottom of which was covered with sweet-smelling grass, which they had plucked from the hillside. They were dressed in cotton trousers, which came only to their knees. Feet and limbs were bare below them, and the sun had browned them, and their clothes were old and worn, but never a happier group did my eyes light upon. Their laughter was in tune with the running stream, and their happy faces were as bright as the mellow sunshine. It did me good to see them, and to read the content which was written upon their faces.

HOUSE AND HOME.

THERE is nothing more suggestive of the "whited sepulcher" than houses with unbroken, white walls, every room spotless and staring at its inmates with that dead, blank whiteness that chills, while it is suggestive of loneliness and vacancy. I am glad that the furore for hard finish and kalsomined walls is giving place to the beautiful decorative work, which, of itself, is a picture that pleases the eye and delights our esthetic sense. I have, now and then, seen walls which were as attractive as paintings—which were really works of fine art, never trying to the eye, and against which pictures stood out with all their several points made prominent by the fitting and appropriate background. When it is possible, those whose lives are largely spent at home should have the most attractive surroundings. The little home-world should be made to expand into beauty, and it should have the charm of variety. With the story of every work of real art within its walls, the child should be made familiar. Through the Madonnas he should become acquainted with Raphael and Leonardo, with Perugino and Bernardino Luini. Through statuary should be taught to the child the history of sculpture. The names of the great masters should be familiar to him.

The history of the ages of art is told in stone. What vast distance lies between the period when a Graeco-Roman school of sculpture was founded and the age when Michael Angelo lived and wrought into marble the suggestion of the Infinite; between the rude paintings of primitive art and the glorious conceptions of the great masters; between the humble alphabet of art and the grand forms, the tragedies and the histories traced by the brush in the hands of the world's renowned painters! Every noble statue, every truthful painting has an educating power over the mind of the child who is trained to interpret its meaning. Of the roof of the Sistine Chapel at Rome one of the most learned men in Europe said: "I have spent thirty years in studying it." The figures painted there are not mere outline and color, but the "mothers of ideas, the embodiment of eternal beings." They are voiceful of intelligence, and seem ready to cry out with human lips.

Among the fine statuary of today which we find in many homes is the well-known "Rogers statuary." In many of these you find, told in the mute yet powerful eloquence of attitude and expression, some of the most pathetic stories of the War of the Rebellion. No intelligent child looking at these but would imagine their meaning. They would be to him a most interesting text-book of history. How freely in these, too, are told the idyll of Rip Van Winkle's long slumber and the wonder of his waking! Would the child forget that story after reading it, not only in written words, but from the historic marble?

A person in these days, when really fine works of art are multiplied by so many processes, can gather together, without a very extravagant outlay, a choice collection of pictures for the home. Photography has done much for art lovers, and one can look upon the world as it is, and upon the duplicates of the masterpieces of sculpture and architecture through the eye of the stereoscope. Steel engravings and chromos supply pictures that are secondary only to the best productions of the easel, and our walls may be made attractive with these, and full of the lessons of beauty and of story. I have a picture—a fine, large engraving—that speaks to me as eloquently as the simple story in the gospel of the great tragedy of the Crucifixion. It is a copy of Dante's work, "Christ Leaving the Praetorium." The whole story of the mockery of that trial before Pilate, of the triumph of his accusers, of the divine forbearance and pity of the godlike sufferer, stands out in the picture like a living reality of today. You forget the ages that have rolled away since the scenes were enacted; forget that perhaps today the winds of the Orient are busy with the ashes of the great throng who witnessed the expiring agonies of Calvary, and you face them as if you were of and with them, waiting for the end.

Into your homes, then, where your children's lives are to be moulded, where they are to be educated and trained for a life of usefulness, bring the beautiful in art, in poetry and song. Let the home-life broaden until within its atmosphere whatever is best, purest and most sacred shall enter to glorify it.

* * *

Outside of pictures there are a thousand simple ways suggested by an educated taste in which the home may be embellished and beautified. Beauty is not always expensive, and often costs hardly more than the free sunshine or the glory of the flower and tree. Let me suggest a few simple ornaments for the home that cost but little, yet add to its attractiveness.

An ingenious way to make a pair of vases appear to be larger than they really are is to get two blocks of wood, in size and shape about like a quart bowl, leaving a space large enough to set the vase in and have a little margin; cover them with plush and put one at each end of the mantle. Curious vases of bronze and brass show to good advantage on these little pedestals. The vase must be large enough to give an impression of strength and safety. A round piece of plush may be used to cover them, laying it in plaits where it is necessary.

A handsome umbrella-stand can be made from three feet of terra-cotta pipe, eight to twelve inches in diameter. This should be set upon a turned wooden stand, which is to be painted the same color, or on a brass plate. The latter would, perhaps, be more effective. The stand should be painted with varnish, in colors to suit the taste of the decorator. A stork and a palm tree, a marsh or water scene with a frog leaping across, or a duck flying through the reeds on a river bank, are suggestions.

A silk handkerchief can be so arranged as to make one of the daintiest of work bags for holding crochet or knitting. One of pale blue or pink brocade is the prettiest for the purpose. Lay the handkerchief out flat, turn over to the inside a small portion of each corner, and hem each one down with silk to match. About two inches from the edge, all the way round, sew, as a casting, a ribbon half an inch wide, and through this run drawing strings of narrower ribbon, the same color. Trim the edge all round with a fine lace two or three inches wide. The work is placed in the middle of the bag and the strings drawn to gather the bag, thus making the lace ruffle at the top. It will be found much more convenient than any other bag, and remarkably pretty.

An open grate adds nothing to the attractiveness of the sitting-room in the summer, and it is a positive annoyance if it is closed by the unsightly, black cover; it may have instead of this a pretty Japanese parasol for a cover, or a small screen made of a large round fan, with the handle cut off, with the exception of an inch or two, which should be glued into an opening in a small block of wood. This block may be bronzed or painted. If you care to make a very handsome screen the fan may be used for a foundation simply, and it may have a silk and velvet cover upon which a great deal of effective ornamentation may be lavished. If you choose, some other shape rather than round may be used.

Panels that are very effective may be made out of the delicately tinted pictures, which are something of the nature of decalcomaine, transferred onto crepe. A beautiful panel recently seen has two outside pieces of blue plush ten inches long and three wide, with lower ends pointed and finished by a gilt horse-shoe with hanging bells of chenille. The center of the panel is a piece of rose-colored crepe four inches wide, headed at the top by a piece of plush like the outer strips. Upon the crepe a suitable picture has been carefully transferred. The lining is stiff, white muslin, and the lower

edge is finished by a row of silver fringe. A similar panel with a decorated center replaced by a strip of satin harmonizing with the plush, can be made upon millinet, or even thin cardboard foundation, and made to serve a useful as well as ornamental purpose by securing at the back three or four sheets of blotting paper, which must be several inches shorter and narrower than the outside.

* * *

II.

The condition of a housekeeper's linen closet is held by many to be the test of her housekeeping. And there is surely no one thing that tends so much to a sense of comfort and completeness and pleasant living as a full supply of napery and bed linen. Of course there are many people who have not been trained to appreciate the value of such things. What money they have to spend, if the supply is not large, they prefer to invest in something that will make more display. They do not appreciate the inherent beauty there is in fine linen, nor its educating influence in matters of taste and of beauty. There is a suggestion of easy competency and of cleanliness in the abundance of the linen closet. What is more inviting, when one is weary, than the clean bed made up with fresh linen with just the faintest tint of perfume lingering about it—the odor of lavender or violet? It awakens a certain sense of delicate refinement and purity such as is not apt to be associated with coarse and illy-laundered cotton bedding. Of course we all know that the finest and best linens come from Ireland, but there are excellent articles in German linen, the weight and quality of which is superior to anything found in the Irish linens for the same money. For table linen a very popular article just now among those who cannot afford the finest Irish damask for daily use, is the half-bleached Scotch linen, which is very durable and comes in pretty patterns and designs. This linen is from fifty to sixty inches in width, and at our best houses may be bought for fifty cents per yard, a wonderfully satisfactory price when we take into consideration its width and good quality.

I chanced in at a friend's house the other day just at lunch time. The table was spread with the daintiest damask, white French china lay like snowflakes on the linen, the glass was of the best, and sparkled like frost-work. There was no display of silver, aside from knives, forks and spoons, yet the table, with its pure linen damask cover, glass and china, was charmingly inviting and appetizing. One could not fail of having a good appetite to sit down at such a table if possessed of any degree of health at all. The manner in which food is placed before us, as we are all aware, has a vast bearing both upon appetite and digestion.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

DID you ever wonder, like me, what the birds are saying when they sing? I have often wished that I could understand their language. Their song is so full of sweetness that I think it must be full of love and gladness.

Shall I tell you the story of a little humming-bird who once built his nest so near that I could look down into it from my chamber window? He was a beautiful bird with a coat of dazzling color, and I could hear him humming about in the early morning sunshine. One day there came up a heavy shower. The raindrops fell, the bird seized a leaf in his bill and flew with it to his nest. Then he spread it over its top and in some way fastened it down. After the shower I reached out and looked into the nest, and there it was as dry and snug as my own chamber, for not a drop of rain had fallen into it. Don't you wish we could slip a roof onto our houses as quickly as the bird did?

* * *

I was thinking this morning of the little babies that I used to see way up in the Pribylov Isles of the Bering Sea. They were queer little black-eyed babies, with high cheek-bones, and eyes that seemed to have been tipped up edgewise. All the little babies there have wonderfully big names. There are no little Gracies nor Marys, no little Doras nor Mabels in those islands, but there are little Paraskeevies, Faoklas and Oosteenies among the girls, and Osceps, Alexayes and Lukayleans among the boys.

But the way the natives fix up those little babies would make you very sorry for them. For six months they are swathed in wide bandages, which are wound round and round their little bodies and their legs till they feel like small logs of wood when you lift them. They cannot crow and toss their feet in delight as our pretty babies do, for they are bound up so tight they can scarcely move at all. This is done to make them straight, but they are no straighter than the boy and girl babies we see in our own homes and who are left free to grow and toss their little limbs about just as they please. Those people had no cradles for their babies, but when they cried or were sleepy I have seen their mothers sit down on the floor, stretch out their limbs straight before them and lay their babies upon their knees, and by a slight motion, which somewhat resembled rocking, roll their babies back and forth until they fell asleep. I have seen as many as half a dozen mothers sit down on the church floor at one time to "rock" their crying infants. Poor little ones! I used to feel sorry for them, for the church was cold and there were no seats for mother or baby. The mothers used to stand through the long service with their children in their arms if they did not cry, but if they did, down mother and baby would go on the floor, and generally the little one would go to sleep.

That is better than babies are treated away up in Swedish and Norwegian Lapland. There the poor little swaddled things are put into a hole just outside of church and buried in the snow, in which only a little opening is left, one large enough to give them air to breathe, while their parents go inside the cold church to worship. The babies are warm and comfortable enough here, and they are bound up so stiffly that they cannot wiggle about and get lost in the snow. But I am sure American babies would object very loudly to being treated in this way, and I think that their parents would not hear much of the sermon on account of their cries.

What a difference there is in the people who live in different countries. And how different they look, too. Some are white, some black, some brown, and some are yellow. Some have long, straight black hair; others are almost all of them light and flaxen haired, while the poor negro has woolly locks, twisted into tight curls. All the causes which produce this difference we do not understand, though I suppose that climate, food and modes of life have much to do with it.

It is pleasant to visit different lands and to study different people. We can learn much in this way, but I am sure when we return to our own country, if we should go abroad, we should feel that no land was fairer, and none more to be desired than this land over which the Stars and Stripes wave as the glorious banner of Freedom.

* * *

I was out in the woods one day when I came across a charming house-builder. His house was done and he was near by, looking at it with what I regarded as a most contented air. He was a handsome fellow, dressed in the gayest of suits, and as clean and trim as if he had never done an hour's work in his life. His coat was of green and gold, and his vest of the loveliest crimson. He was humming a happy song, and gliding about as if he was too happy to be still. Pretty soon I saw him taking his breakfast, and such a breakfast as it was—I am sure it was fit for a king, and he ate it with all the grace that a king could have used. I sat and watched him and thought that I should like to get a taste of his sweets, but he did not seem to be aware of my presence, and so his breakfast was taken alone. But he appeared to be perfectly content without company, and I really do not think that he knew what it was to be lonely.

Do you wonder who my happy house-builder was, who looked so gay about his work? He was not a dude with all of his finery, for his dress, bright as it was, seemed the most proper thing for him to wear, and I am not sure that I should have known him in any other dress.

Well, I will tell you his name. It was Master Humming-Bird, who lives on the flowers. One would think he never was still when he is not in his nest. It is very rarely that you see him sitting quietly on a branch like other birds. He does not even rest while he is taking his breakfast, but he puts his long bill into a flower and supports himself by his fluttering wings. He hardly seems to fly like other birds, but shoots like an arrow with a sudden start from blossom to blossom.

Well, as I told you, I came across his nest one morning. I had never seen one before, and I looked at it very curiously. It is the very smallest nest that is made by any bird. Mr. Humming-Bird is not ambitious to have a bigger house than he needs, and he is content to build it just as his grandfather did before him. No bay-windows or verandas does he deem necessary for these modern days, but he builds his round nest and makes it soft and warm inside with down and other things. The outside he generally covers with moss which he gathers from the trees or fences. I wonder if he has any fear that the boys may discover his nest? What made me think that he might have is that he is very careful to make it of nearly the same color as the bark of the branch on which it is built, so that unless you look closely you would hardly be likely to observe it at all.

It distresses me to see boys who are fond of robbing birds' nests. The birds do so much to gladden the world with their beauty and their song, we ought never to molest them.

LIGHTS AND FLASHES.

IF it were not for the darkness we should know nothing of the stars. Night reveals immensity of space, while day curtains it from our sight.

Never teach anything which you fail to practice. Precept without example is the cart before the horse.

There is not another such inveterate bugbear and mischief-maker in the whole social world as irresponsible, unreliable "They Say."

There is nothing so destructive to true dignity and self-respect as the habit of constantly watching for slights, and the indulgence of petty resentments for trifling impertinences.

Human hopes are like wild-flowers, God-given and free. They redeem life from barrenness, and glorify its darkness of sorrow as do night's moon and stars earth's sunless dark.

Sunlight at the East fills the air on its cloudless days, but it does not flood it as it does here. It seems as if the very earth were gladder here than on our far Atlantic borders.

It is well, if possible, to form the habit of courageous battling with whatever is adverse to our hopes, aims and pursuits. Look at obstacles only long enough to properly estimate them, then give attention to the devising of some method to surmount them.

"Isn't that God a-coming down?" inquired a little tot the other day as she heard the thunder reverberating among the distant mountains. How near to God is the child's thought, and in the mysteries of earth it sees Him.

A man will work as hard to obtain office as a woman will to get a new shirt waist.

The evils of life grow as we dwell upon them. What really are slight obstacles, easily surmounted with a determined will to back us, grow into gigantic barriers if we look at them shrinkingly and with fear. There is no force in Nature more potent than will force. It is the power that moves the universe.

Self is a terrible idol to worship, for stunted affections and neglect of the needs of others are the sure result of such idolatry.

Aim always to do right and then never trouble yourself about what the world says of you.

It is the earth's resurrection time here in California, and the springing grasses are an emerald song writ by the fingers of the sun and rain, and there is added a perfumed interlude of flowers.

People about us take their color a good deal from the thoughts which we cherish regarding them. If we are always suspicious of evil in them we shall always find more or less in our intercourse with the world for these suspicions to feed upon.

Our weather croakers are learning that it does not pay to take the anxious seat too early. It is a great deal better to cultivate hopefulness and learn to wait. Nature is not prone to disappoint us here in this land of rich soil and sunshine. The rains have not forgotten to fall, nor the grasses failed to remember how to weave their garments of green. So let us be glad.

There is no power that is so able to aid us to win success in this life as the spirit of dogged determination. It is unresting, earnest, sure, and nothing but death can come between it and the goal of our ambition.

"Oh," exclaimed a precious darling the other day as she stood delightedly by a bed of glowing pansies, "I do think there is a little girl in this flower, for don't you see her smile?" Beautiful flower, she found in it a soul.

Life is about what we make it. Man is the carver of his own destiny, and Providence is always ready to help those who strive to help themselves. It is only the idle and worthless who lay blame for what they are upon society.

Nature with us here lies now in a state of expectancy, waiting, not as at the East, for death, but for life—a royal springtime in the heart of winter.

It is not years alone which make old age. It is the letting of life's burdens press upon you. He who fights manfully is never weak. He who is buoyant with hope and inspired by a strong, steady purpose, is never feeble, never old. There need be no old age for the spirit, no infirmity of years for the heart.

We cannot step into greatness or perfect happiness all at once. Discipline comes first, and patient struggles, and unceasing endeavor. Always, all through life, the Cross before the Crown.

In the lesson taught by contrasts there is an infinity of meaning, and from them we may learn to subdue, as well as much to impel us to nobler efforts.

Human nature is everywhere the same, and the children of enlightened peoples are, in their natural tendencies, but "whitewashed savages."

"Give me the Bible and Shakespeare," some one has said, "and you give me a valuable library." These two contain an epitome of all the most valuable knowledge the world possesses. There is no height nor no depth that is not touched by them. They are the keys which unlock the mysteries of all being and which enable us to probe the profoundest depths of human feeling.

America has begun to be, what she yet will be in the future in a larger, fuller sense, the teacher of the race. She has taught the world the lesson which monarchs tremble to have to learn—the invincible power of a nation whose people are its king, and she has only to show that she knows how to use the grand triumph which she has achieved over a foreign foe to give to republicanism a prestige among the nations that a century of prolonged peace and prosperity alone would never have secured.

There is no philosophy like that of a good, consistent life. It is more powerful for conviction than logic; more forcible and persuasive than eloquence, and more harmonious than song. Doubt never voices itself in its presence, and the world never questions its truth.

I wonder if we do not all have a God, who is in some measure the creation of our own minds? How far can we form the idea of the infinite and incomprehensible without in some measure ascribing to Him attributes which spring alone from our own individual mentality?

Mrs. Eliza A. Otis.

THE AUTHOR.

HER CHARACTER, PERSONALITY, CAREER, LIFE WORK AND DEATH.—NOTES ON THIS VOLUME.

IT is a proud and a grateful task that I have undertaken — joyous, albeit sad — this work of assembling, grouping and editing the contents of the present volume.

From the great mass of rich material produced by Mrs. Otis in the course of her long and active literary life, covering well-nigh the third of a century, the poems and prose appearing between these covers have been chosen. During that period she impressed herself deeply, through her facile pen, upon the public mind, heart and conscience.

A loving and conscientious effort has been made by the compiler and the publishers to clothe these writings in a dress worthy of them. The result is before a critical public. But even had these children of her immortal thought been clothed in typographical rags, they would still be glorious in their strength and beauty. The real honor belongs to the author — to her from whose brain and heart and soul came the nobly-expressed and uplifting thoughts now spread anew upon these pages. She reared with her own brain and hands a noble monument to herself. The most that the compiler has been able to do is to reverently perform his part of the delicate task with what judgment, skill and care he could command.

The versatile quality and wide range of the writings of Mrs. Otis are indicated in some degree by the table of contents, even though it gives only the main divisions, or groupings, under which the matter is presented. Following the several division heads will be found the particular titles of the poems or prose articles.

The illustrations are not numerous, but are designed to be appropriate, and in some degree historic, rather than merely new.

The scope of the author's broad mind is notably shown in this book. Her work ranges from noble verse descriptive of fruitful plains, vast forests, mighty mountain gorges and forbidding deserts, to sweet songs in lighter vein, telling of rippling waters, bird-song, lilting grasses and the laughter of innocent children, whom she loved so much; from luminous word-pictures describing wild scenes in frost-bound Arctic regions to flowing stanzas on the climatic allurements of the sensuous South; from gentle child-verse, repeating those old, familiar stories, ever sweet, ever new, which so delight the hearts of the young, to the discussion of practical domestic topics treated over the *nom de plume* of "Susan Sunshine," and the cheering up of tired housewives and the faint-hearted in all places; from majestic lines, radiant with patriotic ardor, paying lofty tribute to valor and greatness, and reciting the splendid story of the Nation and the Flag in the strenuous times of war, to the gentle lays of peace; from dignified editorials and impressive lay sermons to melodious snatches of song; from graphic narrative in prose and poetry, describing the all-compelling march of Westward Empire, to the unique story of old Mission days in California; from unnumbered patriotic memories clustering about the Nation's Capital to mystic Memnon and historic Mexico; from illuminated Cloud's Rest in our own Yosemite Valley to sky-reaching Mount San Antonio and far-famed Popocatepetl; from New England's childhood days to the verge of the Great Beyond, seen at last through waiting eyes from these sunset shores.

Her style was her own; it was not an imitative style in any sense. She wrote almost invariably in an optimistic vein. Her strong and gentle heart was animated by high courage, hope and faith, buoyed up, even under the stress of environment, fatigue and illness, by a perennial cheerfulness — by supreme endurance, by a beautiful devotion to family, home and country, and by a spirit of unselfish sacrifice to duty as she saw it, at all times and everywhere. She was the incarnation of love and loyalty. She had a gracious personality and a joyous nature.

She loved the Master and followed His footsteps throughout her long and useful life with such trust and steadfastness as made her a woman among women. And yet she loved the things of earth in a healthful and rational way, and

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was wont to exclaim, with enthusiasm, "This is a beautiful world!" always regarding her brief earth-life as but the beginning of that life which knows neither years, centuries nor eons of time.

With all her literary industry — her devotion to books, to history and literature, to poetry, art and music — Mrs. Otis showed in her daily life, first of all, the essential qualities of a good wife, mother, friend, companion and neighbor She was all of these, and more. She was a patriot, an ardent lover of her great country, and of California, her chosen home for twenty-eight years. She knew the Republic when it was passing through the fiery crucible of Civil War, and saw it emerge triumphant. She was no stranger to camp, battlefield or army hospital; and I, her husband, who had the honor to march under the Nation's flag in those pregnant and puissant days, and thirty-three years later under the same standard in the Orient, proudly and gratefully acknowledge her quick sympathy and priceless support.

By a host of citizens, including elders, juniors and all who knew her in life, and many who knew her only through her prolific pen, is her death deplored. I cannot even undertake here to give expression to my own personal loss, or to the loss of the surviving members of my family.*

After a long, sweet, useful life, punctuated by countless good deeds, she lay down in the sun-swathed "Bivouac"— the home she loved so well — and died. Her bier was flower-crowned and beautiful; her speaking face looked as in life; scores of tear-flooded eyes looked upon it for the last time; and she was laid under the sweet sod of Hollywood, where she rests well.

It is not inappropriate for me to quote here what I said of the lost one to my journalistic and business associates upon the occasion of our recent annual meeting in October, 1905:

> A sad duty falls upon me. Death has made a gap in The Times phalanx. I must record here the passing, during the year covered by this report, of one of our choicest spirits. The last call from the mysterious realms came to Mrs. Eliza A. Otis on the 12th day of November, 1904. She passed over to the Other Shore after a long life marked by good deeds, gracious acts and endearing relationships, deeply mourned by her family and friends, by her associates in this journal, and by thousands of its readers, many of whom never knew her in her lifetime, but admired her because of the superb pen-work that she did. For twenty-two years she had stood with us in the line of love and duty. She wrought arduously for the upbuilding of The Times, which she loved for itself and served with affectionate enthusiasm — served faithfully, ably and well, and for its distinct benefit. She was an owner, and had been a director in the Company, and a member of the editorial staff from the beginning. A writer of recognized grace and power, she dealt masterfully with great questions — questions of home, country, patriotism and humanity. She was also a well-known descriptive prose writer, wielding a facile pen and commanding a graphic and luminous style. Mrs. Otis was perhaps best known as a writer of noble verse, widely recognized as of a high order. She possessed the soul of a poet, and loved to sing the songs which, as a faithful servant of the Master and an ardent lover of Nature, she could not help singing. She knew and loved California, and delighted to describe with an ever-ready pen her unique and manifold charms; and this she did with peculiar accuracy in countless beautiful lines. She knew California's sun and sky; her blithsome airs, her mountains, cañons, hills and dales; her trees, grasses and flowers, and her perennial summer-time. She possessed a large, lofty, splendid conception of California, of her possibilities, and of her manifest destiny; and she gave telling expression to that conception on numberless occasions. Possessing a polished mind, a rare intellect, a high soul and an all-embracing human sympathy, she was a rare woman. She bore in her responsive breast a true and tender heart, loving her friends, comrades and compatriots with a deep and abiding affection. She was a noble example of the true woman, wife and mother; and we who survive her, no longer working by her side, may well cherish her sweet memory and gracious deeds as a priceless, an imperishable legacy to those whom she was compelled by the Great Reaper to leave behind when she set sail on her mysterious voyage to the Undiscovered Country.
>
> She has gone to bivouac on the shining plains of God; her unfettered soul dwells with the immortals. Peace be to her precious dust! Sweet be her final rest! Forever green be the turf above her honored grave! Joyous, let us believe, was her waking on the eternal morning!

* The children of Mrs. Otis are: Mrs. Lillian Otis-McPherron of Hollywood; Mrs. Marian Otis-Chandler and Mrs. Mabel Otis-Booth of Los Angeles.

This volume may be appropriately closed with some account of the dedication of the touching memorial — a chime of twelve bells — recently erected in honor of her who has gone before. The bells are hung in the tower of the chapel at Hollywood Cemetery, where reposes her honored dust. This memorial was created through the reverent and thoughtful efforts of the Eliza A. Otis Memorial Association, seconded, to the best of their ability, by her husband, family, friends and associates of the Los Angeles Times. This association is composed of good men, women and children (nearly three hundred in number) living far and near, who united in thus paying tribute to the noble life, high character and deathless name of one who did what she could to make the world better by living in it, and who wore worthily the white flower of a blameless life.*

HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

The Bivouac,
November 12, 1905.

* The unique idea of the Memorial Chimes was the conception of a member of the Executive Committee, which is composed of the following named ladies and gentlemen, all of whom were friends and admirers: Mrs. Jefferson D. Gibbs, chairman; Rev. Wm. Horace Day, vice-chairman; Hon. Russell J. Waters, treasurer; Mr. John Freeman, auditor; Mrs. Albert C. Rogers, recording secretary; Mrs Will Thilenius, corresponding secretary, and Mrs. D. G. Stephens. They have earned the deep thanks of myself and family by their successful efforts.

The bells are the product of the long-established Buckeye Bell Foundry of Cincinnati, being the skillful work of many months. Each has a suitable inscription cut into its brazen face—to stand while Time endures—perpetuating, in telling verse, high thoughts uttered by her in whose honor these melodious chimes will be often rung through the years to come.

APPENDIX.

THE MEMORIAL BELLS.

"THE BELLS OF HOLLYWOOD."

BEAUTIFUL CEREMONY OF THE DEDICATION OF THE MEMORIAL CHIMES.

NO more appropriate and touching could have been the exercises that were held at Hollywood Cemetery on the first anniversary of the death of Mrs. Otis, when the Memorial Chimes erected in her honor were formally dedicated. The account below follows, substantially, the lines of the report published in the Los Angeles Times on the succeeding morning, November 16, 1905, though it has been elaborated and perfected in some particulars:

THE EVENT AND THE SCENE.

Prologue.

Bells are for a poet's memory, their music the echoes of the poet's songs. For the soldier, bronze; for the statesman, tablet of brass; for the artificer, the sculptured stone; and for whoever else, whate'er you will. But for the poet—bells.

One year ago it was that we looked upon our own dear poet in the first day's sleep of death. One year ago, when upon her lips of song the first hush fell. Then stood we beside her bier, too blind with tears to see beyond the grief-wrung hour, too dumb with heartache to understand. But yesterday it was not so. Again we stood beside her grave, again we spoke her name. And a year is not long. It is only one little undertone in a lifetime of sighs. Yet it is enough to clear the vision and to school the soul. A year ago we stood with the Angel of Grief. Yesterday the Angel of Joy smiled down upon us from eyes serene with glory, while songs of victory were lifted to the skies, and the bells chimed from the swaying tower the deathless music of love and faith.

In memory of Eliza A. Otis there was yesterday [November 15, 1905,] dedicated in Hollywood Cemetery a chime of twelve bells. They were made in a great bell foundry of the Buckeye State, upon the order of the Eliza A. Otis Memorial Association, representing many people of California, who by popular subscription defrayed the expense of their manufacture. It was the public's recognition of a quarter of a century's unselfish labor in its behalf by Mrs. Otis as a journalist, and as a woman whose broad charities reached into all the walks of life. It was also, and perhaps more particularly so, a tribute of loving friends and admirers, a tribute to the genius of Mrs. Otis as a poet and a writer of rare and exquisite prose. Withal, it stands as an expression of a people's gratitude so beautiful in its conception and so unique in its character as to be quite without parallel. The only other public testimonial to a literary woman that at all approaches it in significance is the placing of a tablet in the walls of a house in Florence by the grateful Florentines in honor of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The Eliza A. Otis Memorial Association, formed for the especial purpose of perpetuating in some befitting manner the memory of a gifted and noble woman, could not have been so happily inspired in any other conception as it was in this idea of the bells. The work, now done, will remain forever to the credit of those who undertook it so gladly and prosecuted it to so splendid a conclusion. In all the history of California there was never a celebration like the one held yesterday in Hollywood Cemetery. The day will live in the recollections of those who witnessed it while remembrance lasts, and it will go down into the annals of the future ineffaceable in its historic beauty and importance.

The day was ideal and the scene peerless. At the appointed hour, 2 o'clock in the afternoon, more than two thousand people were gathered on the spot. The sky was dappled with a canopy of fleece-rolled clouds, as though Nature had especially prearranged for the comfort of those who came to witness the ceremonies or to take part in them. There was no glare of sun, while, at the same time, the air was as warm as the perfect day of Lowell's June. The hills of Hollywood stood silhouetted against the soft, vague outlines of the tender skies, and up from the sea to the southwest blew the gentle breeze. In the clear distance old Mt. San Antonio rose majestically in its hood of snow, with the white cap of Telegraph Peak for neighbor. From the gates of the City of the Dead stretched dream-kissed highways, flame hedged with flowers and reaching away to east and west through orchards of olive and groves of towering eucalypti. Southward lay the wrapt and listening plain, against which, in hazy distance, crept the white sweep of the Sunset Ocean. Now and then we heard the plaintive note of the lark and a burst of song from the throat of many a wingéd wanderer of the air. The hour was holy, and it seemed as though the spirits of the unseen dead were hovering with loving eagerness about the scene.

In all that was said and done throughout the whole afternoon there ran one strong, unceasing and deathless note of joy. This was as it should be, and as she would have had it in whose memory the day had been set apart. Silent, it is true, lay her dust in the grave around which the concourse of her friends and lovers gathered. But that was not all. She was not dead, but living in a world beyond, whither she had gone at the summons of the Master whom she adored. She was not dead—we could not feel it to be so. And when one golden-voiced speaker called to her for himself and for every one there, dull indeed was the soul that did not feel the very presence of her spirit near. There comes not often such a time on this earth as that thrilling moment when Dr. McIntyre wrung from his own soul and from ours that cry that brought down from her shining company—listening overhead—the soul of our lost Singer to stand once more in the midst of those who breathed her name from a full and tender faith.

It was all as it should have been; indeed, she herself would not have had it otherwise, as well we knew. Music and song and the voice of lofty thought, the high ideal,

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In 1856

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and the call to the purer life—these were the things that were done and said, and such were the things she loved. Under the bells, swung aloft in the belfry tower, were banked the fair and sweet-voiced singers of the Treble Clef Club, gowned brightly for the joyous event. Schubert and Mendelssohn they sang, sweet and clear with ravishing melody. Twice they sang; first, "The Lord is My Shepherd," and next, "Lift Thine Eyes." The Rev. Robert J. Burdette delivered the memorial oration as only he might deliver it, friend of the dead that he was, lover of her songs and intimate acquaintance of her lovely life. "Poet she was," said he, "and priestess and prophetess—akin to all her kind." More he said, and much more, but it was all summed in those words. Then Rev. William Horace Day dedicated the bells, christening each with its name, and touching with simple eloquence on their mission and the messages they brought. Mrs. W. D. Turner read, with clearness and appreciation, "California," a noble poem, selected from among the best of Mrs. Otis's verse.* The Rabbi Voorsanger, coming specially from San Francisco to pay the tribute of the North, spoke with magnificent fervor of the services that Mrs. Otis had rendered her State and her country and all mankind. Afterward the people went to the grave, where Dr. Robert McIntyre spoke, as before referred to, and Rabbi Hecht pronounced the benediction.

THE EXERCISES.

As early as noon friends and admirers of the late Mrs. Otis began to wend their way to Hollywood Cemetery to witness the dedication of the noble chime of bells erected in honor of her memory. The exercises began promptly at 2 o'clock, and at that hour a great assemblage of people—more than two thousand—was massed around the chapel at the entrance to the cemetery. The gathering embraced people of all stations in life, coming from many parts. It was not idle curiosity, but reverent love and respect for one who made the world better by living in it, that prompted them to fare thither.

A little to the westward of the chapel was erected a commodious platform for the speakers and others participating in the exercises. Against the west wall of the chapel was a stand with terraced seats for the accommodation of the Treble Clef Club, which furnished vocal music. Before the hour for the opening of the programme, every seat was occupied, and people stood in solid ranks for a considerable distance beyond the seated area. It was a notable audience that was assembled there under the vaulted dome of heaven. The sky was overcast with a curtain of clouds, just thick enough to soften the glare of the sun without shutting off the glorious autumn light, of which Mrs. Otis had so often sung. It was, in short, an ideal day for such an outdoor gathering.

Introductory Address.

At 2 o'clock p.m. Mrs. Jefferson D. Gibbs, chairman of the Eliza A. Otis Memorial Association, graciously called the assemblage to order and stated the object of the gathering, briefly, as follows:

"*Members of the Memorial Association and Friends*: Our work of love is ended. From this chapel tower swing deep-throated bells, whose silver tongues shall tell, long after we have crumbled into dust, the story of our love and loyalty to her whose law of life was love to every living thing; shall tell throughout the changing years the sweeter story of her changeless trust in God and faith in man. Across, into the world invisible, love seeks the way and finds it. Speaking in her name, these chiming bells shall voice her messages; in morning song and evening hymn give comfort to the sorrowing, hope to the discouraged and strength to every listening soul to bear the daily grind of common duty. So shall the sweet influence of her noble life forever live to bless the world and make it better.

"For months we have looked forward to the full fruition of our hopes. The hour has come, and now, in the name of the Executive Committee, I thank the members of this association for their cordial co-operation and assistance in perfecting and carrying to completion the plan for this unique and beautiful memorial which has been erected in honor of the precious memory of Mrs. Eliza A. Otis."

Vice-Chairman Day.

Mrs. Gibbs then gave way to the vice-chairman of the association, Rev. William Horace Day, as director of ceremonies. Mr. Day in turn introduced Rev. Dr. Hugh K. Walker, pastor of Immanuel Presbyterian Church, who delivered an eloquent invocation.

Rev. Mr. Walker's Prayer.

Almighty God and Gracious Heavenly Father: Thou who art the source of all light and life and beauty—the inspirer of all harmony, the dispenser of all good—we give Thee heart-felt thanks for the lives of all Thy saints, who, having finished their labors, find everlasting rest and felicity in Thee.

Especially do we praise Thee at this time for the life and service of the one who was so dear to all our hearts and whose memory is to all of us a precious heritage. We thank Thee for the love which she ever manifested toward her fellow-men and for her unswerving loyalty to Thee and to all the interests of Thy Kingdom. We thank Thee for the Heavenly harmonies that she brought into this earth-world of ours, and for this golden land which she glorified with her pen and made more beautiful by the gracious deeds of her loving and loyal life.

We rejoice in the fact that hearts touched by her blessed ministry devised this beautiful and permanent memorial—this chime of bells, a fitting symbol of a life which poured forth such rich harmonies.

We invoke Thy blessing upon all who are gathered here—these friends and neighbors who come to show honor to their dear dead friend; and yet we know she is not dead, but will ever live in myriads of hearts made better by her presence.

We especially remember those to whom she was most dear—the charmed home-circle where her loss is even more keenly felt as the days go by. Wilt Thou comfort them and cause them to rejoice in the thought that her influence has so blessed and glorified the world!

We ask that Thy blessing may rest upon all the exercises of this hour, and upon these bells, that they may, through all the coming years, chime out their message of faith and hope and love. And unto Thee, our God and Father, we would render all the praise, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

*The poem will be found on page 2, numbered III.

Inspiring Music.

At the conclusion of the invocation the Los Angeles Treble Clef Club, composed of more than two score of finely-trained women's voices, sang with exquisite effect the Twenty-third Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd" (Schubert.) Miss Blanche Rogers played the accompaniment and W. H. Lott was the leader. The musical programme was under the direction of Mrs. William John Scholl, chairman of the Committee on Music and former president of the Treble Clef Club. Many other leading musical women besides Mrs. Scholl and Mrs. Schallert, president of the club, are members of the Treble Clef Club and took part in the programme.

THE MEMORIAL ORATION

By Rev. Robert J. Burdette.

This famous man—humorist, journalist, soldier, orator and pastor of Temple Baptist Church—was at his best, and spoke from the heart as one who knew Mrs. Otis intimately and appreciated her genius and goodness. His oration was both strong and tender. Taking for his subject, "The Poetess of Life," Mr. Burdette said:

She loved the things she saw and heard. Life—of the flower and the bird, of Man and the sky—appealed to her. Like the Master at Cana, her loving fancy transmuted earth's common things into wine.

Eliza A. Otis—Poet of the things that are: If I could find one word to express the theme of her many-stanza'd song, it would be, Life. It might have been with her as with Susan Coolidge,

> "Thank God for Life; Life is not sweet always,
> Hands may be weary laden, hearts care full,
> Unwelcome nights follow unwelcome days,
> And dreams divine end in awakenings dull,
> Still, it is Life, and Life is cause for praise."

But this singer made life seem always sweet to us—always good.

"I am come," said the Great Teacher, "that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." This woman held out her heart, like a crystal chalice, and the Lord of Life filled it from celestial springs with an overflowing abundance of the love of life. This made her a poet—anointed her as one of "God's prophets of the beautiful." Always she ministered before the white altar of Truth, a priestess of the great sodality of the poets who look ever Godward for their sublimest inspirations; who can sing no false note, because their souls are ever attuned to the universal key of Nature's voice, sounded in a thousand tongues, what men call the dead languages of buried yesterdays, in the ringing speech of the men of today, in the unborn intonation projected into the living soul of tomorrow by the prophets and singers of yesterday. She was "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love." She walked hand in hand with Nature and life, and was of a kin with all her singing kind. She looked up at the peaks in the western mountains, so dear and beautiful to her, and lo! while snow-capped San Antonio filled her eyes, she walked upon the singing slopes of "double-headed Parnassus," and twined its mrytle about her brows. Here in this dark cañon she sees the Corycian cavern and hears the voices of the Muses and the faint echoes of Apollo's harp. This fountain bubbling up in the thicket of California laurel—this is the Castalian spring at which she stoops to drink, and the trail that reaches away down the mountain slopes—surely this is the sacred road to Delphi. "Echo Mountain" was her Helicon, and the spring with the Spanish name was Hippocrene, and the drifting cloud of snow-white mist carried before her eyes the mounting figure of the wingéd steed. Dryad of the wood, and Naiad of the brook, and Nereid of the restless sea whispered their fancies to her listening heart. She saw the laughing faces of the Oceanides in the curling waves, and in the thunder of the surf she heard "Old Triton breathe his wreathéd horn." All things lived, to her, with articulate life, sentient and warm and throbbing with the life that touched her own. She was one of the blessed ones who

> "are first to mark
> Through earth's dull mist the coming of the dawn,
> Who see in twilight's gloom the first pale spark,
> While others only note that day is gone."

Her muse was buoyant. Her song was joyous. Tender her sympathy always, and ready. Her lightest song knew the deep octave of sorrow, but it was never sorrow without hope. Times there were when the clear-seeing eyes were dimmed with tears, when the singing lips quivered with pain, and the sweetness of the song trembled with the breaking sob. But never was there a note of despair. Always, when she sang, "The Night cometh"—then followed the exultant prophecy—"also the Morning!" God led her down shaded paths into the valley of silence—into the world of quiet, and shut out from her the sounds of strife and the sweet voices of friends. But her living soul heard on more clearly than ever, for she listened with heart and eyes, and the voices of poesy were never silenced, and the song grew clearer and higher. We thought, as she made her affliction light by her joyous faith, of the voice of another poet—

> "Bird of the broken wing,
> Hurt beyond power to bind—
> How hast thou heart to sing
> When Heaven is so unkind?
>
> "Woe for my ruined flight!
> Joy for my Heart of Song!
> I sing for the Song's delight,
> And Heaven hath done no wrong!"

She sang of the Good, the Beautiful, the True. Of the Good, for she believed in the best. Hers was not a blind optimism, that calls the midnight noonday. It was the optimism of faith that sees the coming of the dawn in the very motion of the midnight stars.

She sang of Beauty. The "flower in the crannied wall" drew her lips to it with a kiss, as the violet hidden in the lowly grasses draws the caresses of the sun. The wild-flowers charmed her even as the conservatory could wake her harp to strains of praise. The daintiness of the mountain pink and the splendor of the rose alike appealed to her.

And Truth she sang. She believed well of God's fair world. Good in the worst she found, and better in the good. Truth was the center and soul of her songs. So beautiful appeared the world to her that she might have said with Miranda:

> "There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple;
> If the ill-spirit have so fair a house,
> Good things will strive to dwell with it."

Truth was the light and music of her world, because it was the most beautiful thing in that world. For its own sake she loved it. She believed with George MacDonald, "There is no veil like light—no adamantine armor against hurt like Truth." She worshiped it, as it came into the world with Jesus—Truth incarnate, who looked

unrecognized into the eyes of the questioning Pilate. This was to her the germ of every good. To hate a lie; to distrust an ungenerous thought; to despise a mean action; to draw back from the frank-sounding phrase with the double meaning; to shrink from the false glitter of deceit as the bird trembles with fear before the cruel beauty of the serpent's eyes—these things were natural to her. She loved the Truth, and worshiped it for its nobility through all the thousands of years. She stood before it, and saw the beauty and majesty of its figure, the grace of its untroubled brow, the calm of its mirror-clear eyes. She saw its white robes stained with blood of the martyrs in all ages, women and men and little children. To some she had stood in the schools of paganism; to this man she had beckoned in the tortuous paths of politics; and he lived for her. This one, she pointed to the wreathing flames at the stake, and he died for her. For herself, she laid a finger on her lips, and all her woman's life she sang for Truth.

She sang the State she loved so well, where "the year is one long summer;" she praised its beauties and splendors, and, with a lover's endearing possessives, made California exclaim: "My hills and vales"—"my skies"—"my clime"—"the gold that fills the bosom of my skies"—"a cloudless pathway for the sun." Her first song of the State, a quarter of a century gone by, closes with California's glad, prophetic exultation:

"Swing wide, O Golden Gate of mine, swing wide!
Door of the world art thou, where men may come
And see my glory—see, and enter in!"

More than two score of her songs are of her State dearly loved: "A Wondrous Land,' she calls it; "Our Summer Land," "The Land of Sunshine." She sings of her home city, "Angelena;" of Westlake, of the bees and the flowers in the parterres of "The Bivouac;" of a "Hollywood Hilltop;" a vision of Berkeley in "Under the Oaks;" a dream of "Catalina;" and songs of "Santa Barbara." She bent above the flowers of "The Fair, Sweet Land We Love," and poppy and orange blossom, flaming hibiscus, rose and abutilon and snowy water lilies, rocking on the ripples of the pond, called to her muse until she lifted her eyes from the dainty wild pink, "playing at hide and seek amid the blades of green alfileria," up to the majesty of "The Great Sequoias"—"children of centuries," "deathless monarchs of the mighty hills and woods;" and her song changes to the majestic cadences of a march. She walked among the silences of the crumbling cloisters of the Missions, old and gray, and she clasped the brown hands of "dusky children of the sun" back in the

"Day of Time's Days,
When on these sunlit shores there softly fell
The waking echoes of the Mission bell,
Stirring the silent air
With call to praise and prayer."

In love with life and all its changing moods and moments, she sang of every month that circled the calendar, each with its own peculiar charm from the time

"Morn with her soft rosy fingers
Flung open the gates of the East,
And the New Year looked out from its chambers
With a smile and a blessing of peace—"

through "rose-lipped May" and "June-bright skies" to the "sun-crowned days" of Christmas tide, "riotous in joyance," than whom "June's self were not more fair." Morning, and noon, and evening, and night, with "the glory that is hid by the clear shining of the noonday sun"—each passing hour had for her poetic soul sweet "voices of its own, like whispers from some far-off world outblown." The clouds called to her even as the sun, and she mingled her prayer with "the low-voiced and perfumed pleading of the flowers, the brown and sighing grasses, and mute plains," and she chanted their gratitude in her own prophetic strains, seeing in the slanting rain-lines "blossoms sweet of many colored dyes," "and summer dreaming in December's arms." Always the mother heart throbbed in her thoughts, and she whispered, in the soft crooning of a lullaby, of "Little Children" "like flowers that blossom on the slopes of time, and make a holy Eden in our hearts;" a hymn of welcome to the little one, born, a lily bud of peace, in the home with love for its threshold and the martial name of "The Bivouac" on its crest—a baby girl, "daughter of this bright clime," "sweet as the fragrance that the roses yield, pure as the perfect lily's bloom." A soldier's wife, her white hands knew how to clasp the shining eagles of the sword belt, and she bore her part in the wars that made more glorious its story and kept unstained from dishonor the flag of her country—a woman's hard part in war—the lofty courage and pure patriotism of patient waiting—the long agony of suspense and heart-ache, when the soul is always on sentry duty—always watching, and hoping, and praying. Always her country was greater in her soul of true patriotism than was her State, even as it is greater on the map of the world, and she sang of its glories and splendor and triumphs like a Deborah—"Hear, O ye kings; give ear, O ye princes!"

Higher than the mountains she looked, and beyond the stars her soul caught visions of "the Undiscovered Country" when in her "Lazarus" she draws a picture of surpassing beauty and tenderness of the blessed home in Bethany. She voiced, as only a woman's soul can do, the sad reiterated plaint of the "gentle Mary"—"Why cometh not the Master?" and the joyous message—"The Master is come, and calleth for thee!" and then the climax to the scene of awe and glory—"Death hath found its Conqueror!" Woman and home she sang; man and his conquests she celebrated, guiding, pilot-like, Columbus, the Dreaming Admiral, from the "red-tiled roof of blessed Rabida, loved by the morning sun," until he "saw a new world rise upon far western waters, where, sleeping, lay the whole world's hopes, broad'ning the round sweet earth!" and "all the waiting years were crowned."

O friends! if I only read to you the titles of her poems, sweet perfumed buds that crown the vines which bear them, they would tell the story of her dreams and life-work, inwrought and interwoven, dream and task, hope and duty, purpose and performance, like the warp and woof of a silken web, holding a rainbow of all hues of thought within its meshes of brain and soul—thought and inspiration; insight and revelation. From star to firefly ranged her eyes and thought; from the tiny shell and the seaweed stranded on the beach, to the "deep, unfathomed caves of ocean" ranged her muse. This was the "abundance of her life"—a life that loved so well and so purely, "all things, both great and small."

While through all range of time and world space roved her thoughts, yet always this land was her theme. To her it held all the world. "The Old Adobe," where "the winds have dropped asleep amid the palms, breathing but lightly, as if dreaming sweet of fragrant silence and of tropic calms"—this was her crumbling palace of the Caesars; "its sunburnt bricks hoary with old age, its red-tiled roof, breathing of the past," was to her "Romance's wide, unlettered page"—deep in its mystery as some white ruin in old Egypt; from its old walls the stony lips of Memnon woke for her in song. If all the world of Romance and story and song was hers, yet was her California all the world. And the nearer that California clustered about her own dear home and the

loved ones who made it home to her, the sweeter and the truer rose her song. So sweet was life, so true was life to her, that Mrs. Barbauld sang her "Farewell and Hail" to it—

"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not, 'Good night,' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'Good Morning!'"

DEDICATING THE BELLS.

Rev. William Horace Day.

The dedication of the bells was a labor of love performed by Rev. William Horace Day, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles. Mr. Day, both in his capacity as vice-chairman of the Eliza A. Otis Memorial Association and as pastor of the church in which she worshiped, took a very active interest in the erection of the memorial, and it was therefore with a feeling of great satisfaction that he officiated at the fruition of the project. He prefaced the christening and dedication of the bells with the following remarks:

"One year ago today we gathered in this beautiful city of the dead to lay to rest the precious dust of Eliza A. Otis. During this twelve months we have realized that she being dead yet speaketh; her deeds have lived after her. No such noble character can perish, though the veil of flesh upon which we looked has been burned out of our sight. We have come to this beautiful spot a second time that we might dedicate to her memory this chime of bells.

"It is appropriate that there be erected such a memorial. Christians have associated with bells the noblest ideals ever since Pope Sabinus, early in the Seventh Century, commanded that they become the 'Heralds of the Church.' Ever since, generous men and women have been dedicating bells to the work of reaching the ears and of touching the heart. To this end they were baptized and named as a sign of consecration to the service of God and the inspiring of man. He who has wandered among the cities of the Low Countries, among the Swiss mountains, the highways of Germany and France, or has lived in England or Spain, cannot fail to be thankful for the bells that pious hands have made and rung.

"We live in a land where piety early expressed itself in the ringing of bells. In the old mission days the sound of the Angelus was heard from San Diego to San Francisco. The bells themselves were symbols of no mean enthusiasm.

"'When the red, molten metals hotly glowed,
Ready those ancient Mission Bells to cast,
Matrons and maids of old Castile stood by
And threw therein the relics of the past—
Vases of silver, whence their Spanish sires
Quaffed the red wine; the chains and rings of gold;
And thus, with gifts and prayers, the Mission Bells
Were cast, and christened all for saints of old.'

"This tower, standing in a vale so fair, begirt with mountains and sloping yonder to the sea, surrounded with happy homes, is to be more and more the scene of the abundant life.

"May these bells serve to comfort the sorrowing as they toil for the dead. 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted,' said the Master, whose disciple this saintly woman was. May they gladden the joyful. Jesus also said: 'These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy may be in you and that your joy may be made full.' May they peal in joy for Christmas and Easter. May these bells serve to warn the imperiled. Today great bells ring to warn the mariner of peril. In the years to come may the ever present Spirit of the All Father use their message to deliver the imperiled soul.

"May these bells summon men and women to all forms of service. One of our modern seers has sung:

"'More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day,
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer.'

"May this chime of bells call careless men to prayer, and may the overshadowing God speak through them when His children forget Him and miss the crown above their heads they will not rise to receive.

"We dedicate this chime of twelve bells—one of Israel's sacred numbers, no less sacred in the Christian church—to the glory of God and to the service of man, to the work of comforting the sorrowing, gladdening the rejoicing, warning the imperiled, summoning to service and calling to prayer.

"Following an ancient custom, I shall dedicate each of these bells by name, using the twelve Christian virtues exemplified in the life of her in whose honor we are assembled."

Mr. Day then described the bells one by one, the ringer sounding each as the minister pressed an electric button on the table before him, beginning with the smallest one, producing the highest note in the musical scale, and concluding with the largest, sounding a deep-toned bass. He also gave the weight of each bell as it was sounded. The names and dedicatory remarks were spoken in the following order:

"Meekness [one stroke on the bell] I dedicate thee.
"Gentleness [one stroke on the bell] I dedicate thee.
"Patience [one stroke on the bell] I dedicate thee.
"Goodness [one stroke on the bell] I dedicate thee.
"In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit.
"Faithfulness [one stroke on the bell] I dedicate thee.
"Kindness [one stroke on the bell] I dedicate thee.
"Long-suffering [one stroke on the bell] I dedicate thee.
"Self-control [one stroke on the bell] I dedicate thee.
"In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit.
"Mercy [one stroke on the bell] I dedicate thee.
"Faith [one stroke on the bell] I dedicate thee.
"Hope [one stroke on the bell] I dedicate thee.
"All these abide, but the greatest of these is—
"Love [one stroke on the bell] I dedicate thee.
"In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit."

The speaker concluded by quoting the following stanzas from Tennyson's "In Memoriam:"

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

THE CHAPEL, THE TOWER AND THE BELLS.

LIBRARY
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CALIFORNIA

RINGING OF THE CHIMES.

No sooner was the dedication of the bells concluded than they began to ring out their message of good-will to all. They were rung by an authorized representative of the Buckeye Foundry of Cincinnati, of which establishment the bells are the product.

The first mellow notes that welled from out their molten throats were the beautiful strains of "Lead, Kindly Light," followed by "Holy, Holy, Holy," and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

The chimes were rung again, at the conclusion of the exercises at the grave and as the people were leaving the grounds. Among the selections given were "Rock of Ages," "Abide With Me," "Nearer, My God to Thee" and "America."

THE BELLS.

Names and Weights.

The twelve bells were all cast of Lake Superior copper and East India imported tin. The frame that supports them is of steel, and the playing-stand and attachments are of the most modern and perfect construction. The total weight of the bells is 8222½ pounds, and their individual weights are as follows: F bell, 265 pounds; E bell, 303 pounds; E flat bell, 368 pounds; D bell, 352 pounds; D flat bell, 334 pounds; C bell, 420 pounds; B flat bell, 544½ pounds; A bell, 600 pounds; A flat bell, 646 pounds; G bell, 921 pounds; F bell, 1538 pounds; E flat bell, 1931 pounds.

THE INSCRIPTIONS.

Lines Carved on the Bells.

On the large bell appears the following inscription:

To the Imperishable Memory of
MRS. ELIZA A. OTIS,
(Obit. Nov. 12, 1904)
Honored Wife of Gen. Harrison Gray Otis,
This Chime of Bells has been reared
by a host of devoted friends, loving hearts and willing hands joined together in the Memorial Association.
Dedicated with impressive ceremonies on this spot,
Nov. 15, 1905.
Farewell, high and noble soul, faithful friend, light of the home, charming writer and Christian gentlewoman, "until the eternal morning pales in its glories all the lights of Time."

OTHER LINES.

Upon the other bells are inscribed poems written by Mrs. Otis, as follows:

Beyond. (1904.)

The morning of my earth life, O how far
Lies it behind me! Past my noon am I,
When golden shines the sun within the sky,
I near the hour when shines the evening star.

Yet morning lies beyond—the better morn,
Which may be mine through Christ, the living way,
The glorious morning of a better day,
The clouds of earth will flee before its dawn.

Woman. (1895.)

. . . Yet today wide swing
The golden doors of Opportunity,
Where she may wisely enter if she but
Heeds the simple law of right: "Do first the
Duty that lies nearest thee." This doing,
Then bravely onward into broader fields,
Seize with thy might whatever duty yields,
Work for the world, hold to the good and true,
And Honor's crown, O woman! waits for you.

The Night. (1901.)

So as the darkness doth unveil the Vast,
Death shall enlarge our wisdom when we cast
The scales of flesh aside, and soul-life springs
Into full oneness with eternal things,
Drinking God's glory in until we rise—
The soul all eye, all ear—in Paradise.
Death shall bring the soul's morning as the night
Brings countless stars the daylight hides from sight.

Home. (1893.)

The world has nothing that is half so fair
As that green island in its desert waste
That we call Home. Oasis-like, it has
Its own delights, its pleasant atmosphere,
Its song and laughter, and its hearts that know
Not doubt, that breathe but faith and loyalty.
The sun shines ever there—the sun of Love.

Sunrise. (1900.)

O Sunrise gates! the gold of heaven
Has dropped between your bars,
And Light her shining curtain draws
Between us and the stars—
The silver stars that light the skies
When Night lies dreaming sweet,
And Morn behind Tomorrow's hills
Has stayed her coming feet.

Life. (1896.)

In Night's vast spaces countless stars are hung,
And the great-bosomed hills are glorified
With bud and blossom, while in the far wide
Vales, tremulous and breeze-kissed, grassy blades
Thrill with Day's glory till the sunset fades.

The Spirit Unfettered. 1879.)

What we call death is simply life's enlargement,
The dropping of the fetters that have bound
The spirit; the loosing of prison bars;
A sudden growth; the birth of a feeble
Embryo life to full and perfect being.

Man. (1895.)

Vast as God's thoughts and boundless as His will;
But still, O soul of mine; yet still
Vaster art thou than all things; no such span
Measures the stars as that which measures man.

California. (1879.)

Close by the gates of Paradise, sometimes ajar,
Broods endless summer o'er a wondrous land,
With shining skies and golden strand,
And beauty like the undimmed brightness of a star.

Love. (1892.)

'Tis always morning in the heart of Love;
'Tis always youth, for love does ne'er grow old,
'Tis summer always, doubt alone is cold,
Love's world is fair as any world above.

Immortality. (1901.)

No thought of good is ever lost to man,
And no kindly deed shall ever perish.
Today doth write itself upon the page
Of coming Time, and the great Tomorrows
Of our being are but the perfect blossoms
Of the budding Now.

The Pen Falls.

(Last lines, written on her deathbed, Nov. 8, 1904.)

. . . Here the Summer's breath
Still lingers, the many blossoms wake,
Color and sweetness from the sunshine take;
They show no signs of fading or of death,
The Summer trails her lovely garments still
And smiles at us from ev'ry vale and hill.

JEWISH ELOQUENCE.

Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger of San Francisco, with "Flowers From the North."

I come from the North with a message to the Southland; I come with a sweet burden of flowers to deposit them on the grave of a good woman; flowers of speech and love and tender sentiment. We, too, have known and loved her; we, too, were warmed by the glow of her spirit; we, too, mourned for her. And now, that her household and her community have united to honor her memory, we come to commune with you in this heaven-domed shrine and to salute you with words of peace and fraternity.

As I listened to the beautiful words of the orator of the day, as my soul was stirred with the music of the chimes consecrated to her memory, a thought came to me that I must not withhold from you. Graveyards have their object lessons. The cities of the dead, the trysting places of the innumerable pilgrims, contain tablets in the legends of which man may spell destiny. The humblest village churchyard and the huge deserts that hold the graves of empires—both announce the same message, that the generations of man, like the waves of a river, press each other onward to the sea, never to return. This is an eternal truth; if so, what remains of man?

It is the privilege of the archaeologist to reconstruct the life and activities of ancient times from the monumental inscriptions beneath his gaze. There he may read of the rise and fall of the ancient nations, the Babylonian city builders, the Assyrian charioteers, the Phoenician navigators, the Egyptian hierarchs and canal diggers, the Greek artists and colonists, the Roman conquerors; but everywhere he will be confronted with the same inexorable verdict: That nations and their institutions, their languages and religions, aye, their very gods! bend beneath the scythe of Time, and, expiring, sink prone upon the earth, the common mother of us all. He learns better than we can learn that the thousand years of empire must come to an end. I often think of this when strolling between the stones planted upon the graves in which lie our dead—must we, too, die? I mean no individual when I ask this potent question: must this people die? This people, heir to the fairest portion of God's earth, endowed with the potencies that evolve into greatness and strength—must it, too, bow to the law and expire with its thousand years of life? Here we are, living men and women, heirs of yesterday, parents of tomorrow—shall this gathering be a mere emblem of memory, a reminiscence of the things that were and will be never again, and shall these chimes sing only hymns of peace and rest, and address no stronger thought to the things that are to be? Have we, too, built our great cities only to enable a future race to spell out their crumbling ruins: have we, too, built tracks in the wilderness, only that the hands of Time may erase them; have we, too, made this land beautiful only that in aftertimes the ugliness of the desert may again rest upon it? Like you, I am always soothed and comforted with the hopeful messages of religion, peace and rest for the dead, eternal life for the spirit, everlasting redemption in God—but, I tell you, men and brethren, beyond these magnificent ideals of the human soul, those eloquent aspirations of the human heart as it ascends to touch the heart of God—beyond these should lie a wondrous national impulse to live, not to be overtaken by the fate of empire. We must live, California must live, America must live! We know the causes that led to the decay and death of ancient nations—can we avoid them? Can we rise to the maximum of civic righteousness, and so perpetuate the heritage of our children? I believe we can; I believe it with my heart and soul; I believe it with every energy that rushes on to contribute its modest share to the activities of the present day. How, then, can we escape death? Power crumbles like the rocks; wisdom changes like the flashes of the sunlight; wealth is the most perishable thing on earth. But character—character! The touch of God upon us! Is that not deathless? Well, then, this is the secret of life. Let us be righteous—let us endow our children with character. To whom shall we look for the performance of so glorious a task, if not to our wives and mothers, the sanctified character-builders of our nation? This, too, these chimes are whispering to me—that we shall live and not die, if righteousness be the attribute of our national life, for, "not by might and not by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord!"

This dear woman whose memory we cherish, whose soul was attuned to the highest and best thoughts of earth—was she not, then, above all things a character-builder? She, the gentle wife and tender mother, was she not greatest when she helped her kind to rise to higher levels? She sang of the heaving seas and of the budding earth, of the starry skies and the white-headed mountains; to her there was poetry in the opening eyes of a new-born babe and the fading countenance of a venerable mother; but her songs were the songs of character, and her aim was the life of her people, a life made glorious by righteousness, because illuminated by the soul of God! That, to many, must have been her greatest attribute, and, therefore, in saluting the memory of Eliza A. Otis, we salute the spirit of a great American mother, to whom we owe the rearing of one of the corner-stones of righteousness, the high attribute of a virtuous nation that, aye, unto the thousandth generation! shall love God and keep his commandments. And this shall be our high destiny, and this shall be our reward from Him on high, whilst the seas that kiss our land salute us and the eternal hills keep watch that the covenant between God and our nation shall never be sundered! and whilst thus we think and labor, these chimes may accompany the dead to their resting place, but, in Eliza A. Otis's name, will tell the living that for a righteous nation there exists no death!

AT THE GRAVE.

Dr. McIntyre's High Appreciation.

Over the green-swarded grave of the dead poet had been erected by loving hands a striking floral structure of chrysanthemums, fashioned after the peristyle of "The Bivouac," the home of which Mrs. Otis was the light, and where her sweet life passed out. A monument resembling a plain headstone, in white carnations, with the simple inscription, "Eliza A. Otis," indicated the occupant of the flower-decked tomb. Round about this mound the people gathered to hear the concluding portion of the memorial exercises, in which Rev. Dr. McIntyre, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Los Angeles, was the central figure.

Standing in the vehicle of Rev. Father Murphy, rector of the Roman Catholic Church of Hollywood, drawn up

in the roadway fronting the grave, Dr. McIntyre delivered an oration which for lofty eloquence, brilliant analysis and poetic language has seldom if ever been surpassed by any orator in the land. Its diction sparkled with gems; its delivery was matchless; its effect was thrilling.

He began his remarks by saying that in his ministerial work of thirty years, in which he had come into burial places to officiate at innumerable funerals, he could not remember that he had in all that time come back at the end of a year to stand again by the side of a grave to hold a further ceremony.

"This is a unique scene," he said. "I cannot remember any parallel to it. The woman we are met to honor did not belong to any nobility. She was a simple, sane, wholesome, industrious American woman, and yet when four seasons are gone by, we, her neighbors and friends, are here again. You never witnessed anything like this. This is the most eloquent occasion I have known in this city.

"We honor Mrs. Otis in standing here, and also we honor ourselves. We are told it is a mercenary age—that men are rushing greedily after wealth and women are mad after social honors. Here is the answer to that: I look today in a thousand faces of men of affairs and women of social prominence who have come here to honor a woman who cared nothing for wealth or social distinction; a woman who let others struggle for the empty bauble and gathered round herself the enduring things which pass not away.

"I do not know who planned yonder tower or who conceived those bells, but I will say there never was a more fitting or more perfect memorial since time began. These bells shall bring to us again, in memory, the gracious face and the musical voice of Mrs. Otis.

"What is a bell? All its poetry, all its pathos, all its power depends on the balance of the atoms contained in it. If there is one crack the breadth of a hair on your baby's forehead, every atom in that bell is ruined. Few men can stand the test of the bell. But the bell in which every atom is poised and set in harmony with every other atom contained in it, sets forth the character of Mrs. Otis perfectly. Never one tone from any bell was truer than the character of this godly woman. We dignify ourselves, our city and Southern California when we gather around this grave to honor this daughter of America."

Dr. McIntyre then went on to relate how he first became acquainted with Mrs. Otis and her writings. He said some years ago, while living in Chicago, he made up his mind that Southern California would ultimately be his home. He wanted to know something about the country, and the best place to get information about a locality is the newspaper. So he began to procure Los Angeles Sunday Times at the news stands of Chicago. One day, in the Magazine Section of The Times, he came across a poem on California by Eliza A. Otis. He read it to his wife and children. He had never heard of Mrs. Otis, but he had been a student of poetry and he recognized this poem as a gem. He cut it out and placed it in his scrap-book. He added to it other poems from the same gifted pen, until he had a fine collection.

He then told about coming to Los Angeles and getting up a series of author's readings. Mrs. Otis graciously gave her help, and at the first meeting read one of the most remarkable productions he had ever heard.

"But Mrs. Otis never wrote a poem as perfect as herself," continued the speaker. "She did for California what no one is able to do now.

"Mrs. Otis had taken hold of the soul of California. Only four California writers have done it—two in prose and two in poetry. The two in prose are Bret Harte and Helen Hunt; in poetry Joaquin Miller and Mrs. Otis.

"A hundred men are trying to write dialect poetry. Ninety-nine fail because they think the dialect is in the language, when it is in the thought. James Whitcomb Riley thinks dialect; that is why he is the only great dialect poet. Mrs. Otis got hold of the soul of California. She saw in the trees, the flowers, the foothills covered with cloth of gold, an entirely new theme. To her California lifted her veil.

"Every now and then God raises up a seer. Only one now is living who can get hold of the soul of California; that one is Joaquin Miller.

"There once were only three perfect flower poems, Burns's 'Mountain Daisy,' Wordsworth's 'Daffodils,' Bryant's 'Fringed Gentian.' Now there are four, for I challenge the critical scholarship of America to deny that Mrs. Otis's 'Hibiscus Flower' is worthy to live in the company of the classic three. It is as perfect as the flower; the bloom itself is not more beautiful nor more deathless than this poem:

> I think the sunset, jealous of your flame,
> Did pluck its crimson glory from your stem,
> And there, above the amber of the West,
> A glowing ruby from its diadem
> Has laid it shining on the dead Day's breast.

"She was the one seer of Southern California who could hear the footsteps of the dead of the historic past, and greet every bird and flower as it came to the front in the procession of the seasons.

"The early rains have wakened a million seeds in the soil, and in the capillaries of the poppies the hidden strength is rushing up through the sod. She was always first to greet them, but now they will look for her in vain.

"Riley tells how all nature ached with a sense of loneliness and loss when wee Mahala died:

"Little Haly, Little Haly," cheeps the robin in the tree;
"Little Haly," sighs the clover; "Little Haly," moans the bee;
"Little Haly, Little Haly," calls the kildeer at twilight;
And the katydids and crickets call for Haly all the night.

The medder 'pears to miss her, and the pathway thro' the grass
Where the dew-drops ust to kiss her little bare feet as she pass;
And the old pin in the gate-post seems to kind o' sort o' doubt
That Haly's little sunburned hands'll ever pull it out.

There's sorrow in the wavin' leaves of all the apple trees;
And sorrow in the harvest sheaves, and sorrow in the breeze;
And sorrow in the twitter of the swallows 'round the shed;
And all the song her red-bird sings is: "Little Haly's dead."

"When the poppies lift their golden cups to catch the sun they will pour libations to her who never failed to greet their earliest advent. How will they wonder where she fares, that she cometh not to meet them as of old! The mocking-bird in the tree above the home will call in vain; the shy hare will wait in large-eyed, timid expectation; the linnet in the hedge will flute the well-known welcome; the bee hid in the red blossom will question; the wood-dove will croon; the grass-hid cricket that kissed her sandals will chirp: 'Mrs. Otis, Mrs. Otis, where dost thou tarry?'

"Alas, small kinfolk of the field and wood; ye little people of the sky and glen; how will you change your exultant cadences to sobbing threnodies as through all your ranks doth run the wail: 'Our well-beloved is no more. She who spoke for us, sang for us, is gone. We cannot waken her. They have taken her away and we know not where they have laid her.' 'Mrs. Otis is dead,' sobs the sea, the cañon sighs, the pines whisper, the birds sing, the flowers mourn: 'Mrs. Otis is dead.'"

Approaching his peroration, Dr. McIntyre said: "When God sends a poet into this sin-cursed, brutalized old world, when He sends one sweet soul with singing robes, He gives a benediction to all mankind.

"We never know our great ones until they are gone. This gap cannot be filled. Not a poet can sing Southern California now. Heaven send us another such seeing eye, another such melodious soul!

"Mrs. Otis was a very near approach to the perfect woman. She was a home-lover, a helper, and never happy unless she had some one to do for. Hers was the great mother heart."

He then spoke of the fullness of her life as daughter, wife and mother, of her devotion to her husband, and her patriotism, and after extolling her many virtues he quoted Tennyson's immortal lines:

"Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

"That," declared the eloquent preacher, "fits her as music fits the words of a noble hymn."

Quoting the poem, "She is not dead, but gone away," Dr. McIntyre, raising his hands to heaven, dramatically exclaimed: "Are you people not conscious, standing here, of an unseen presence? It is the sense of immortality that tells us she is here. Do not tell me Mrs. Otis sleeps there! No woman in this congregation is as much alive as Mrs. Otis is now."

When Dr. McIntyre had concluded, Dr. S. Hecht, rabbi of Temple B'nai B'rith of this city, pronounced the benediction, prefaced by a few eloquent remarks in honor of Mrs. Otis.

CLOSING WORDS AND BENEDICTION

By Rabbi S. Hecht, D.D.

Our ancient sages speak of three crowns which may adorn the brow of mortals in life. These crowns are designated as the Crown of the Law, the Crown of Priesthood, and the Crown of Royalty; but, they add, there is a crown, surpassing all others in value, and that is the Crown of a Good Name.

Standing here today, near the mound consecrated by the dust of a noble woman, deposited here a year ago, I feel that I am justified in saying, without fear of transgressing the limitations of truth, that she who sleeps here that long, dreamless, eternal sleep, has gained the threefold crown during her life on earth, and that, adorned by the crown of a good name, her immortal, disembodied spirit has sought and found closer union with God.

The world is poorer in having lost Eliza A. Otis; the world is richer for her having lived on earth, for her having sent joy and sunshine, and happiness and cheer into thousands of hearts and homes.

Mrs. Otis was one of the uncrowned queens; her scepter, gently swaying over thousands of her fellow-beings, was love and kindness, and all who directly or indirectly came to know her willingly bowed to that insignium of her rule.

She wore the crown of the Law, that is, of knowledge, for she had drunk deep from the Pierian Spring, and she was a high priestess in the Temple of Knowledge, ministering to her surroundings and giving forth of the abundance of her mental, moral and intellectual wealth. And now that her voice is hushed, her widespread influence for good remains, a blessing to those who survive her, to the generations yet unborn.

Prayerfully attuned, our hearts turn Godward in this solemn moment, and with one accord, we, regardless of our peculiar views on religion, united in the one strong belief in His universal Fatherhood, say: O Thou Omnipotent One, in whom we live and move and have our being, be near us as we supplicate Thee in behalf of the living and the dead. Accept our thanks for that pure, beautiful and devoted life which Thou, in the abundance of Thy mercy, hast given and in Thy unfathomable wisdom hast taken. Make us strong to bear up under Thy visitations: bless those who in the taking away of Thy faithful child have felt their heart-strings a-tremble. May they feel and be convinced that she whom they loved and revered as wife and mother is not dead, and may we feel with them that for such as she was there is no death. May yonder bells, dedicated to her memory, when they sound forth their chimes, waft the name and memory of Eliza A. Otis as a message of cheer and strength and comfort and spiritual uplifting. May the inspiration of her life arouse the spirit of emulation in those who survive her. Fulfill Thy gracious promise of immortal life to her whose earthly remains are here bedded to eternal rest, and grant her that reward which Thou holdest in store for all the good and pure. And upon us and upon all Thy children, the whole human family, fulfil Thy gracious promise according to Thy word: May the Lord bless thee and protect thee; may the Lord cause His light to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; may the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and grant thee the blessing of strength through peace. Amen!

At length the day was done, and with it was done the deed that will not die. In the slanting shadows of the afternoon, as the twilight gathered over vale and hill, the concourse passed out from the company of the dead to life and the things of life again. Upon their faces was the light of a surpassing peace, the brooding spirit of the uplifting moments through which they had passed. In every voice there was a gentler tone; in every face there was a kindlier glow. It seemed just then that Death was robbed of all the terrors with which it had been before portrayed. Out under the open sky, under the shadow of the hills, God had communed with his own as He was wont to do in the days of old when His children were close to His heart of mercy. From the swaying tower again rang out the golden chimes of melody, and we said good night to her—good night to the Singer who sleeps content.

This descriptive account of the unique and inexpressibly beautiful dedicatory exercises is the joint work of Mr. John S. McGroarty and Mr. W. S. Livengood of The Times staff, who wrote with knowledge, appreciation and feeling.

FLORAL PERISTYLE OVER THE GRAVE OF MRS. OTIS.

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TRIBUTES FROM OTHER POETS.

THE MEMORIAL CHIMES.

[Dedicated to the Eliza A. Otis Memorial Association.]

BY MRS. GUSSIE PACKARD DUBOIS (PASADENA.)

What say the bells, the chiming bells of Hollywood?
From distant merge of sunset sea and cloudless sky
The echoes float, and far-off purple peaks their high,
Sweet tones send back, like belfried towers that long have stood
To garner melodies; yet never chimes like these
Have sea or mountain heard. They fling a message wide,
That brims the quiet, sunlit plain, a swelling tide,
And rolls, a sea of sound, above the sunset sea.
These bells were forged of flawless Love, white Charity
And silvery Hope. Of shining Faith a fine alloy
Was made, then priceless, ringing Truth, and tranquil Joy,
And lo! the bells were cast. Ring out o'er land and sea,
O chiming bells! Tell in mellifluous, mellow rhymes
The worth of her who sleeps beneath your chambered chimes.

Across the peaceful valley and the fruited dell,
Above the city's traffic, turmoil and unrest,
The liquid chimes peal out. And still, at her behest,
Who being dead yet lives, clear, through each twilight bell
Shall float her thought of peace. From out the matin blown
Shall ring her dauntless courage. Through the noontide air
Shall thrill a call to action like the trumpet's blare.
O silvery voices! one true voice within each tone
Pulsates and swells. Ye have no melody so sweet
Within yourselves as that sweet voice; yet, in its stead
Pour your sweet balm on sorrow over pain and dread;
Ring out your Angelus, and stay the passing feet
For strength and rest, that her clear singing still may seem
Borne over heavenly parapets as in a dream.

MEMORIAL BELLS.

BY MRS. J. TORREY CONNOR (OAKLAND.)

Oh, listen to the throbbing bells,
The sweet-toned bells a-chime!
A promise and a prophecy
Sound in their cadenced rhyme.
Each silver tongue a message tells;
Oh, listen to the chiming bells!

Ring out, ring out, Memorial Bells!
God is in heaven above;
Ring for the peace that earth shall know
Ring for the reign of love.
Faith conquers fear, and doubt dispels;
Proclaim the faith, Memorial Bells!

There's music in the pealing bells—
A grand, triumphant song;
They ring for noble thoughts and deeds,
For triumph over wrong.
Now, loud and clear the chorus swells—
Oh, hear the bells, the pealing bells!

Ring for the past, Memorial Bells!
Ring for the good cause won;
Ring for the struggle yet to be—
The brave fight just begun.
Wake echoes over hills and dells,
That all may heed, Memorial Bells!

Hark to the bells, the solmen bells!
They bid you doubt no more;
The ships of hope, belated long,
Will yet come safe to shore.
May you whose soul in darkness dwells
List to the message of the bells.

Ring on, ring on, Memorial Bells!
Recall the presence dear
Of one, a spirit, sweet, serene,
Who 'bode among us here.
Joy smiles while yet the tear-drop wells;
"Death hath no sting." Ring on, glad bells!

THE CHIMES OF HOLLYWOOD.

BY RUBY ARCHER (LOS ANGELES.)

Warm pulse the chimes adown the afternoon,
Their golden music all with sunlight blent,
O'er waking meadows, tremulous and clear,
To far blue hills, the floating tones wing slow,
Like birds enchanted, singing though unseen,
Through hours more wonder-bright than open flowers.

Pale, loosened rose-leaves fall upon the earth,
Dying to melodies of plaintive bells,
Til all the evening ways are blue with shade,
And mists, like dreams, are whitely drawing near.

Faint, sweet, mysterious as the wind-borne rose,
Comes answer to the yearning of all souls—
Hark!—in the bells one word: *Eternity.*

As turns the muezzin to his olden shrine,
Letting his hands their labors all forget.
When from the mosque resounds the call to prayer—
Thus, at this chime, rich graven with her words,
So thrilling in life's message unto life,
The hearts of all that listen cease their toil
And beat responsive to those tender tones;
Love knocks and enters with their wistful peal,
And countless lives are softened while they ring.
What fonder wish could trance a poet's soul
Than thus to live in Song's immortal power—
Yea, utter deathless beauty to the world?

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In Grateful Acknowledgment Whereof, and by authority of the Executive Committee, we have hereunto set our hands and affixed the official seal of the Association at Los Angeles this day of 1905.

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